

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

JULY
25c



Dorothy
Mackaill

THOMAS
WEBB

**BARRYMORE
GIVES
DOLORES COSTELLO
A NEW VOICE!**

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TORY

THE WORLD THUNDERS ITS WELCOME
TO METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
NEW STAR



HIS STEPS TO STARDOM



with Joan Crawford
in "Untamed"



in "The Big House"



with Greta Garbo
in "Inspiration"



with Norma Shearer
in "The Divorcee" and
"Strangers May Kiss"

ROBERT

MONTGOMERY



THE public has made Robert Montgomery its new idol—made him an outstanding star by the tremendous enthusiasm it showed for his great work. Here he is in one of the finest performances of his career—a glamorous, thrilling sea romance. He's a fighting, loving gob whether on the high seas or on the dance floor with the Admiral's daughter in his arms.

SHIPMATES

The **Greatest Sea Drama Ever Filmed!**

with ERNEST TORRENCE HOBART BOSWORTH
DOROTHY JORDAN CLIFF EDWARDS

Directed by Harry Pollard . . . Produced
in conjunction with the U. S. Navy.

DADDY LONG LEGS

with
JANET GAYNOR
and
WARNER BAXTER



Glamorous Janet Gaynor sweeps to new triumphs of enchanting appeal, as the bewitching, wistful waif who wins the love of her handsome millionaire guardian. A magical masterpiece of tears and laughter, tenderness and charm, with youth and years contending for the love of a little Cinderella mysteriously lifted from drudgery to delight. As dazzlingly joyous as a flood of sunlight — this latest directorial achievement by Alfred Santell.

ANOTHER **FOX** MASTERPIECE

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

July, 1931

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

Vol. XXIII, No. 3

FEATURES:

COVER PORTRAIT OF DOROTHY MACKAILL.....	Thomas Webb	
JUNIOR, HOW COULD YOU? <i>Caricatures by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.</i>		16
RACKETEERS OF HOLLYWOOD.....	Brian Herbert	18
JOHN BARRYMORE GIVES DOLORES COSTELLO A NEW VOICE!.....	Gary Gray	22
PHILLIPS HOLMES' OWN STORY.....	As told to Margaret Reid	24
HOLLYWOOD'S BAD HABITS.....	Alma Whitaker	28
"LET THEM STEAL MY PICTURES!" <i>Richard Barthelmess</i>	Carlisle Jones	32
STAR SHOTS.....	Malcolm Oettinger	34
STAR SHADOW CONTEST.....		35
WHAT DO SCREEN STARS THINK ABOUT?.....	Doris Denbo	52
TRIUMPHANT VETERANS.....	Alma Whitaker	54
RICH MAN, POOR MAN.....	Ruth Tildesley	56
MEXICAN DIVORCE. <i>Fiction</i>	Charles Winfield Fessier	62

PERSONALITIES:

CRY, BABY! <i>Delmar Watson</i>	Garret Fox	20
CALL HER TOBIN. <i>Genevieve Tobin</i>	Marie House	21
IT TAKES TWO! <i>Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay</i>	Wilton Chalmers	30
THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER. <i>Tallulah Bankhead</i>	Rowley Trench	51
DISCOVERY OF THE MONTH. <i>Brian Aherne</i>		61
THE RAINY THURSDAY GIRL. <i>Helen Chandler</i>	Mary Howard	66
LIVING ON LAUGHS.....	Joe E. Brown	83
DUNNE LUCK. <i>Irene Dunne</i>	Evelyn Ballarine	130

SPECIAL ROTOGRAVURE ART SECTIONS:

STAR SHADOW CONTEST.....		35
GRETA GARBO ETCHING.....	Elliot Keen	38
FASHIONS. <i>Billie Dove</i>		42
THE BIG RACKETEER. <i>William Tilden</i>		48
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH.....		50
SCREEN BEAUTIES IN BEACH FASHIONS.....		67-82
PORTRAITS: <i>Fredric March, Kay Francis, Harold Lloyd and Harold, Jr., Richard Barthelmess and William Powell, Will Rogers, Constance Bennett.</i>		

DEPARTMENTS:

REVUETTES. <i>Guide to Current Pictures</i>		6
SLAMS AND SALVOS. <i>Letters from the Audience</i>		8
SUMMER SPECIALS. <i>Dorothy Mackaill's Salad Recipes</i>	Blanche Meredith	12
HONOR PAGE. <i>Jackie Cooper and Bobby Coogan</i>		14
EDITORIAL.....		17
REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES.....	Delight Evans	58
HOODLUM PARTIES AND HOUSE WARMINGS.....	Grace Kingsley	60
THE STAGE IN REVIEW.....	Benjamin De Casseres	64
CRITICAL COMMENT ON CURRENT FILMS.....		84
THE RIGHT OF WEIGH!.....	Anne Van Alstyne	86
SCREEN NEWS.....		88
THE TRUTH ABOUT COSMETICS.....	Mary Lee	94
ASK ME.....	Miss Vee Dee	95
CASTS OF CURRENT FILMS.....		98
ADDRESSES OF THE STARS.....		114

ARE YOU A SHADOW SLEUTH?

How well do you know your stars? Here's a chance to prove it. Turn to our Star Shadow Contest, on the first pages of the first roto-gravure section in this issue, and have some fun. And not only fun—\$2,500 in cash prizes for the winners!

The contest will run for four issues: this issue, July, the next issue, August, September, and October. You'll find it more fun as you go along. It will sharpen your wits, intrigue your imagination, and develop your interest in your film favorites. You may think you know your Hollywood celebrities as well as your next-door neighbors—that you'd even recognize their shadows. Well, go ahead! We're backing you—and may the best shadow sleuth win!

Here are the new motion picture favorites

Your Favorite Stars!

HAROLD LLOYD
MARLENE DIETRICH
MAURICE CHEVALIER
GEORGE BANCROFT
MARX BROTHERS
RUTH CHATTERTON
GARY COOPER
NANCY CARROLL
CLARA BOW
JACK OAKIE
RICHARD ARLEN
FREDRIC MARCH
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
CLIVE BROOK
CHARLES ROGERS
JACKIE COOGAN



TALLULAH BANKHEAD



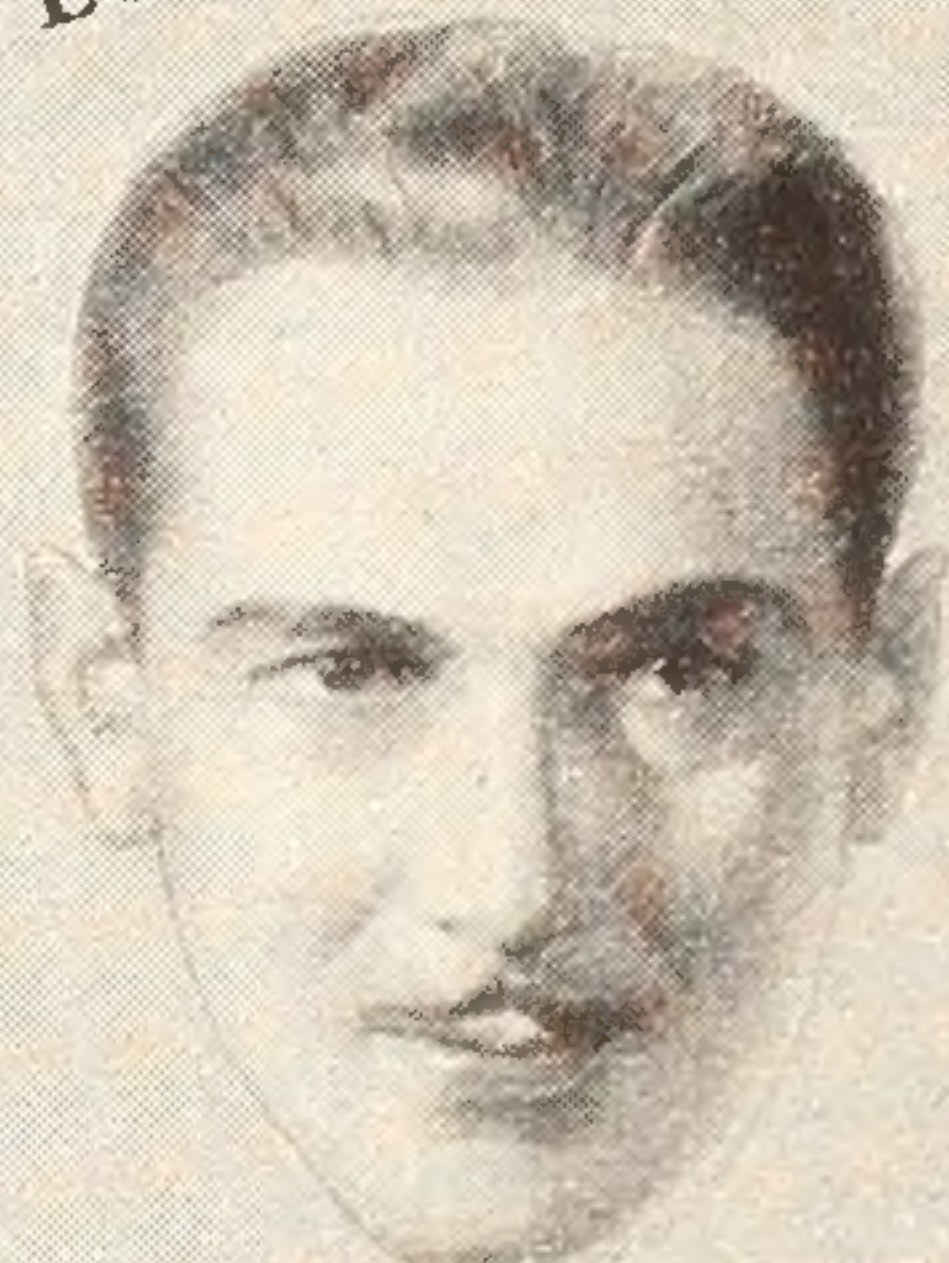
MIRIAM HOPKINS



CAROLE LOMBARD



PHILLIPS HOLMES



PAUL LUKAS



CHARLIE RUGGLES



CARMAN BARNES



SYLVIA SIDNEY



ROBERT COOGAN

Be sure to see:

NANCY CARROLL
Fredric March
in

"THE NIGHT ANGEL"
Edmund Goulding Prod.

"THE VICE SQUAD"
Paul Lukas—Kay Francis

"UP POPS THE DEVIL"
Norman Foster, Carole Lombard
Skeets Gallagher, Stuart Erwin

"THE LAWYER'S SECRET"
Clive Brook, Richard Arlen,
Charles Rogers, Fay Wray

PARAMOUNT, with already the greatest stars in motion pictures, is constantly enriching the screen with new personalities. From the New York stage, from Hollywood, from all over the world they come! Attracted to Paramount for the opportunity to play in some of the world's greatest stories. Under expert showmen. And in the most lavish productions. Watch for these new favorites in current Paramount Pictures! And in Paramount's greatest triumph . . . the 20th Birthday Jubilee Program! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount



Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.

PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.



Andy Clyde, Harry Gribbon and George Wilson as they appear in "In Conference." It's a grand burlesque on the talkies—the strong, silent he-man hero breaks his silence with a falsetto voice!

REVUETTES

SCREENLAND'S First Aid to the Movie-Goer—Read These Revuettes and Let Your Good Sense Be Your Guide!

Class A:

★ **A CONNECTICUT YANKEE.** Fox. Will Rogers scores in this very funny Mark Twain story. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson carry on a pleasant romance.

★ **A TAILOR MADE MAN.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. William Haines handing out plenty of laughs as a brash pants-presser. Dorothy Jordan is the lovely heroine.

★ **CITY LIGHTS.** United Artists. This Chaplin classic is worth waiting two years for. Virginia Cherrill and Harry Meyers contribute pleasing performances.

★ **CITY STREETS.** Paramount. A thrilling gangster story with plenty of action—with Gary Cooper at his best and Sylvia Sydney, from Broadway, as the charming heroine.*

★ **DIRIGIBLE.** Columbia. Spectacular air thrills, a good story and entirely human people. Ralph Graves, Jack Holt and Fay Wray present the eternal triangle. See it.*

★ **IRON MAN.** Universal. A plausible romance of the ring with Lew Ayres taking it on the chin from his unfaithful wife, Jean Harlow. Robert Armstrong, as the prize-fighter's manager, is excellent.*

★ **SKIPPY.** Paramount. Corking entertainment for the whole family. Jackie Cooper and Bobby Coogan are natural actors. Don't pass this by.*

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Norma Shearer at her best in her best picture to date. It's a sophisticated tale of an ultra modern maiden. Robert Montgomery, Neil Hamilton and Marjorie Rambeau are splendid support.

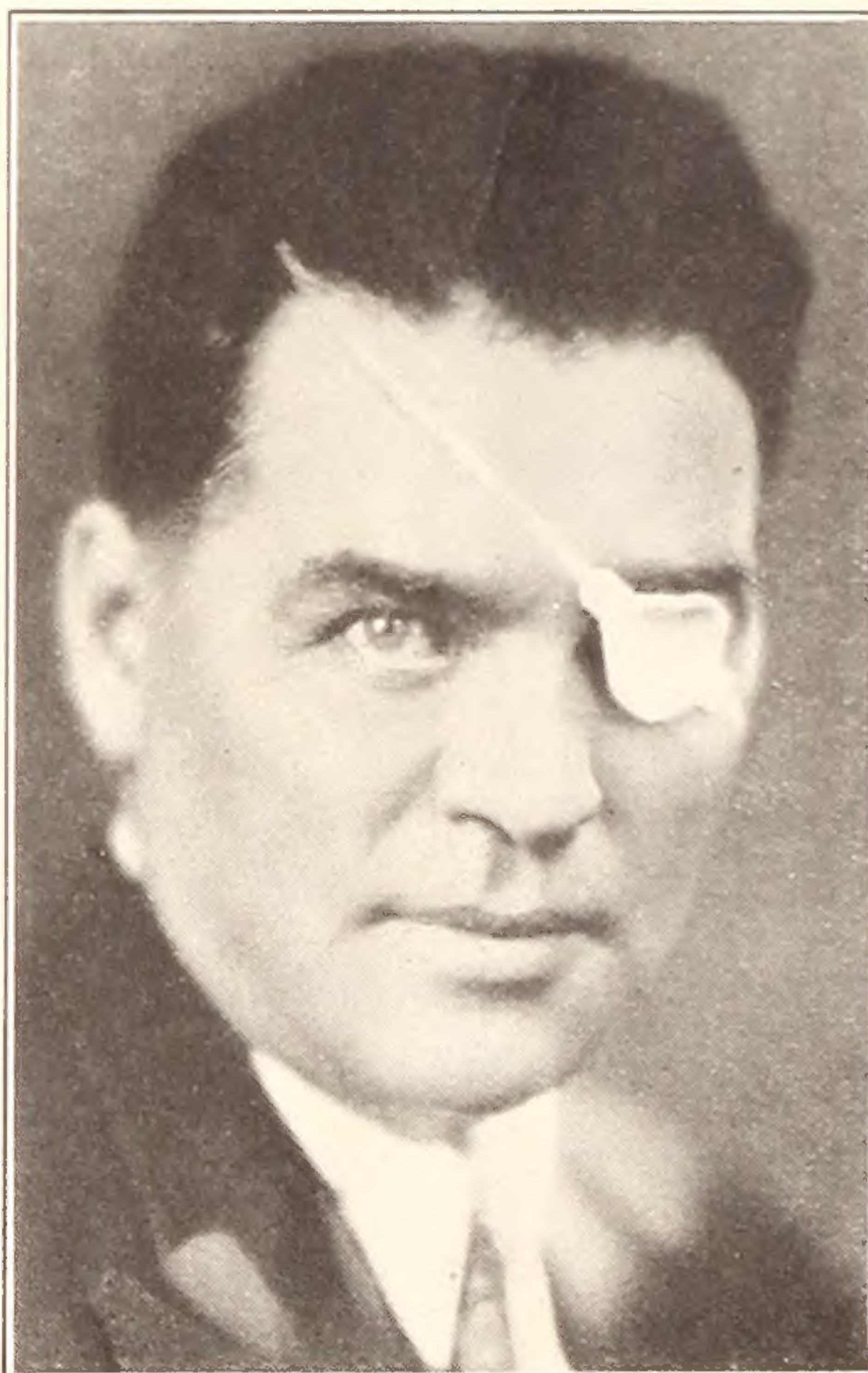
★ **SVENGALI.** Warner Brothers. John Barrymore comes through again with an impressive performance. Marian Marsh is a captivating Trilby. See this one.*

★ **TAPU.** Paramount. A thing of beauty—with an all-native cast. Charming photography and natural acting. A silent film.

★ **THE FINGER POINTS.** First National. A newspaper yarn with Richard Barthelmess giving a grand performance. Fay Wray and Regis Toomey are interesting support.

★ **THE FRONT PAGE.** United Artists. Sure-fire entertainment. Drama, comedy and pathos packed in this newspaper tale. Adolphe Menjou and Pat O'Brien are great.

Make this your guide to the worthwhile screenplays. Note the pictures selected as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval. See page 98 for complete casts of current films.



Introducing Floyd Gibbons, famous war correspondent and renowned radio personality, who will make a series of short features for RKO-Pathé.

★ **THE MILLIONAIRE.** Warner Brothers. George Arliss is splendid in a delightful screen treat. Evalyn Knapp and David Manners supply the romance. Don't miss this one.*

Class B:

★ **BAD SISTER.** Universal. This is a trifle old-fashioned for our sophisticated tastes. *Bad Sister* flirts with all the boys including *Nice Sister's* beau. Sidney Fox and Bette Davis are new and nice.*

★ **BEYOND VICTORY.** Pathé. A fair war drama. This one concerns four buddies and their experiences. Bill Boyd, Marion Shilling and James Gleason give ace performances.

★ **BIG BUSINESS GIRL.** First National. A sophisticated tale of how "Miss 1931" manages love and business with Loretta Young as the heroine and Frank Albertson and Ricardo Cortez as the male interest. A good picture.*

★ **DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS.** Warner Brothers. A marital mix-up with James Hall, Irene Delroy, Lew Cody and Natalie Moorhead and spicy dialogue.*

★ **DUDE RANCH.** Paramount. A swell burlesque on the "wild west." Jack Oakie is a riot as an actor putting on a brave front. June Collyer is lovely; Mitzi Green and Stewart Erwin are howls.*

★ **FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN.** Warner Brothers. An amusing light comedy with Olsen and Johnson clowning. The story is weak but Technicolorful.

★ **GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN.** Warner Brothers. Frank Fay is an amusing Don Juan in this farce. Laura La Plante, Louise Brooks and Joan Blondell are Frank's girl-friends. Good gags and lots of laughs.

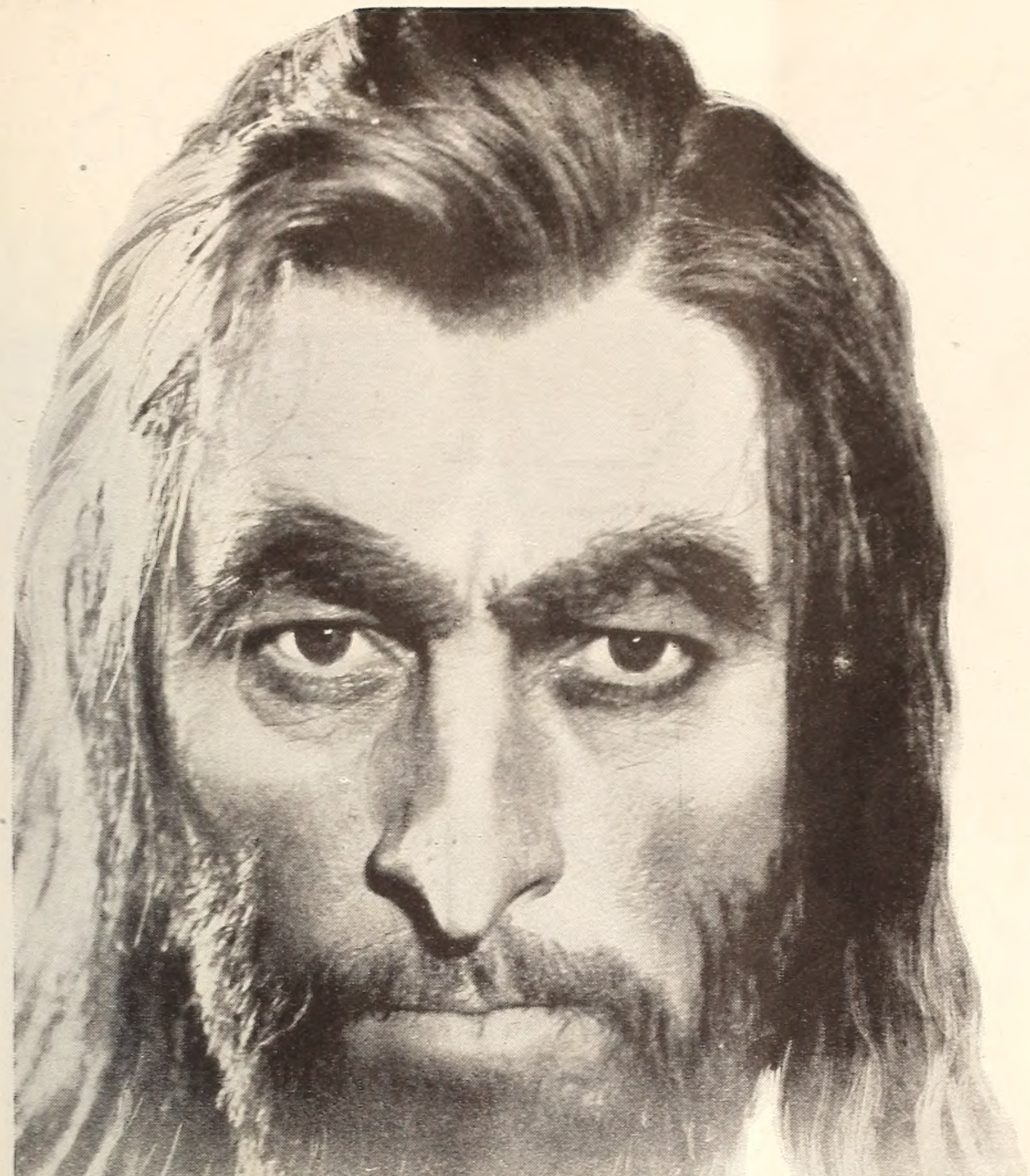
★ **GUN SMOKE.** Paramount. A thriller—this two-fisted cowboy picture with Richard Arlen as the strong but talkative hombre and Mary Brian as the sweet heroine.

★ **LAUGH AND GET RICH.** Radio. Edna Mae Oliver, Hugh Herbert and Dorothy Lee make this homely boarding house comedy interesting by their characterizations.*

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval.

(Continued on page 124)



JOHN BARRYMORE *as* "SVENGALI"

The Hypnotist

MARIAN MARSH

as "Trilby"

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO
Based on the novel "Trilby" by DU MAURIER



"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of
The Vitaphone Corporation



HE is genius—madman
—lover! His hypnotic
spell reaches out of
darkness controlling
love—hate—life itself.

SHE is the beauty who
has all Paris at her
famous feet—who wins
men with a smile—who
hates Svengali the sinis-
ter love maker—until
his magic spell forces
even *her* heart to beat to
his *manufactured love!*

Don't miss the newest beauty of the screen, alluring Marian
Marsh, selected for this great part by Mr. Barrymore, himself.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.

SLAMS and SALVOS

Send us your screen views. We'll pay for the best letters

THE FAN'S STAND

Garbo still holds her throne—she reigns supreme. But the fans want to crown John Gilbert—that is, they think he belongs by Garbo's side, cinematically speaking, of course!

Marlene Dietrich manages to hold her own and then some.

Clara Bow, the film flapper, is still blazing with the fans. We hope she kicks in with a good performance in "Kick In."

There's a trend toward musical movies with Lawrence Tibbett nominated as head man.

Charlie Chaplin can make all the silent films he cares to—he has the crowd with him.

More "kid" pictures wanted. We'll get more—Paramount is going to make "Huckleberry Finn" with Jackie Coogan playing Huck.

Apparently Charlie Farrell's marriage to Virginia Valli hasn't wilted the interest in the Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell films. Some one suggests "Kitty," by Warwick Deeping, as a suitable vehicle for them.

The blond Phil Holmes continues to be one of the most popular screen juveniles. Read his life story on page 24. It begins in this issue.

WHAT ABOUT "SKIPPY"?

(First Prize Letter)

The movies have taken the place of Goldilocks and Cinderella in the make-believe of our children. A group of eight and nine-year olds were playing outside my window. "I'm Loretta Young," one of them announces, "and my sweetheart is Arthur Lake." "I'm going to be Clara Bow," one daring mite discloses.

What are we going to do about it? We can't have censorship—it is an affront to adult intelligence—but our children certainly cannot have the moving-pictures as they are at present. No matter how much I like Greta Garbo, Ruth Chatterton, and William Powell, I cannot permit my children to see them in their glorifications of gangsters and illicit loves.

But it does seem cruel to keep them away from the theatres altogether, when they so love the charm and fantasy of the screen. Please, producers, come to the rescue of the poor youngsters!

SUE F. COPE,
2525 Jennings Ave.,
Fort Worth, Texas.

THAT HOLLYWOOD TOUCH

(Second Prize Letter)

Even though it makes me froth at the mouth when the producers take flagrant liberties with the title and plot of well-known books, yet sometimes I am glad. They make the ending so much more satisfactory than it was in the book. For instance, there is "The Divorcée" which made my spirits soar as they didn't when I read "Ex-Wife." Marion Davies' "The Patsy" was grand; the play, when I read it, lost its zest after I had seen the Marion Davies version. And then there is "Dracula." As a piece of literature, I honestly believe it was a fizzle, but as a movie, with that Hollywood touch—it was something worth remembering! All of which makes me wonder why the producers don't buy authors' unsuccessful brain-children; they seem to know the secret of making something out of nothing.

SAMELA KAY PARKHURST,
1146 West 63rd Street,
Seattle, Washington.

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in a scene from "Love," one of their old silent pictures. "Garbo and Gilbert belong together—without each other there is something lacking in their acting," chants one of their public. All those in favor of re-uniting John and Greta, clap hands!



DAT OLE DAVIL GOSSIP!

(Third Prize Letter)

A "choice" piece of news may seem no more harmful than a bit of thistle-down blown against one as he walks along. But the sharpest knife could not hurt more terribly than the thorn of a bit of thistle-down.

That's why I believe that the divorces and marriages of the film people should be locked away from the public. If you *don't* love your "bitter half" of the marriage bargain, it does make you feel exhilarated to flaunt your broken marriage in the face of the four winds. But if you do love that person and are sanctioning a divorce only because of necessity—well, all that rumor hurts. Fed by the facile

Let's get together in this department every month and see who can write the best letter. The most sincere and constructive letter will win the first prize of \$20.00. Second prize, \$15.00. Third prize, \$10.00. And there's a fourth prize, of \$5.00. All winning letters, not over 150 words, will be printed. Mail your letters so they will reach us the 10th of each month. Address Slams and Salvos Department, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

pens of writers and press pull, these legends become Brobdingnagian in appearance. As a result, film-players live in a shell and paint on its surface a gay mask which is anything but fun.

KAY MATTHEWS,
6300 14th St., N. W.,
Seattle, Washington.

A BOOST

(Fourth Prize Letter)

Some things Talkieland can be mighty proud of:

Clarence Brown's directorial ability;
Greta Garbo's eyes;
Clara Bow's curves;
Ruth Chatterton's voice;
Norma Shearer's poise;
John Gilbert's pluck;
Garbo's personality;
Marlene Dietrich's legs;
Janet Gaynor's youthfulness;
Constance Bennett's sophistication;
Mary Pickford's lasting youth;
Gloria Swanson's finesse;
Marie Dressler's talents;
Ann Harding's fragile beauty.

RALPH C. BYFIELD,
620 Oregon Street,
La Fayette, Indiana.

(Continued on page 97)



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. in "CHANCES"

with
ROSE HOBART

The picture thousands of fans have waited for, clamored for, actually demanded—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in a greater role than in "The Dawn Patrol" . . . He reaches full-fledged stardom in "*Chances*" where men sport with fate, honor and life; and love tramps the shambles of the battlefield . . . "The Dawn-Patrol-Fairbanks" as you would have him in war and love—with the gorgeously beautiful Rose Hobart.



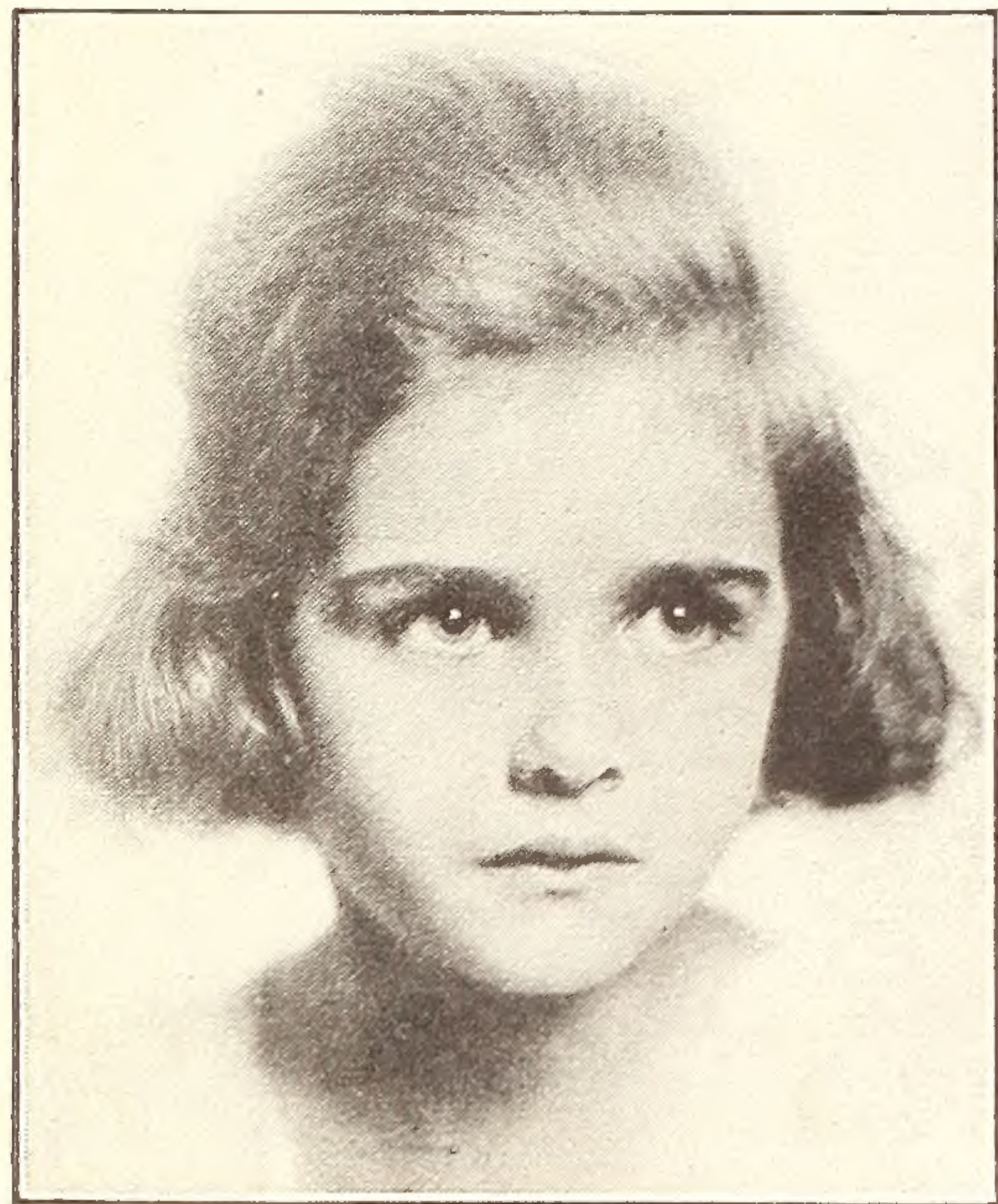
"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation



Directed by ALLAN DWAN
Story by A. HAMILTON GIBBS
Adaptation by Waldemar Young
with a cast including
**ANTHONY BUSHELL
HOLMES HERBERT
MARY FORBES**

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Because she was the daughter of a famous actor, Joan became camerawise at the age of seven. Very, very dignified!



Brandenburg, N. Y.

When the youngest Bennett was twelve, before any thoughts of a stage or screen career had entered her dainty blonde head.

Having made a stage debut with her father in "Jarnegan," Joan went into films opposite Colman in "Bulldog Drummond."



JOAN—SO FAR!

A pictorial account of little Miss Bennett's career—like herself, short and sweet



And now the Joan of today—the pretty Bennett, barely out of her teens, whom you'll see in "Doctors' Wives" and other Fox films. Cecil Beaton, that authority on loveliness, says Joan Bennett's little-girl wistfulness is her greatest charm.

SHORT AND SWEET



THE shortest speaker may be the most important. It's a cinch he's the most interesting.

The shorter items on the movie program, too, may be the most important. Certainly those short comedies and novelties bearing the "Educational Pictures" trade-mark always challenge the best of feature pictures for first honors as entertainment. Product of the industry's only big specialists in short features, they bring you, minute for minute of your time, more real amusement than almost anything else you'll find on the screen.

So it's always good judgement, not only to pick your feature picture, but to find out also what short features are on the program. You won't want to miss such excellent comedies as Sennett's "*Cowcatcher's Daughter*" and "*Ghost Parade*", or those HOLLYWOOD GIRLS in the Ideal Comedy "*The Lure of Hollywood*"; the thrills of the latest William J. Burns Detective Mystery, "*The Strangler*"; the beauty of the Romantic Journey "*Cross Roads*", or the delightful cartoon whimsicalities of the latest and funniest Paul Terry-Toon, "*The Sultan's Cat*."



EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.
E. W. HAMMONS, President—Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.



Try Dorothy Mackaill's summer salads—you'll like them.

Dorothy is one of Hollywood's grandest hostesses—and when she serves her crisp summer salads she gives you one of the famous Mackaill smiles, too!



SUMMER SPECIALS

Referring to Dorothy Mackaill and her favorite warm-weather recipes, which she divulges here for your delectation

DOROTHY MACKAILL has a grand maid, Cecelia, who has been all over the map with her, and if she keeps on making the kind of salads Dorothy likes she will be the gorgeous star's right-hand salad-maker *de luxe* for many more years to come.

But this story is not about Cecelia. She may make the delectable epicurean tid-bits into tasty concoctions, but the brains of the outfit is our own little Dot. She is a self-admitted connoisseur. Her observations have been taken from Hollywood to Hull, England, her old home town, and from New York to Honolulu and waypoints in between. But after gathering salad statistics at random and by blandly inquiring of waiters at such impressive hostelryes as the Ritz-Carlton in New York and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu as to what goes into the vivid parti-colored dish set before her, to the amazement of her more formal and restrained friends, she has the salad situation well in hand.

As she says, "Believing that thousands of rabbits thrive on lettuce yearly with scarcely a newspaper line telling of an early and untimely death of one from eating the stuff, I guess it won't hurt me, and I eat it with a vengeance!"

But what goes on the lettuce leaf is quite another and important matter, which should be gone into directly. First into the little green-garden, a specially reserved and cultivated plot in the backyard of her Santa Monica Beach home. Yes, movie stars do grow vegetables,

By
Blanche Meredith

believe it or not, and Dorothy's garden contains every kind of green vegetable from broccoli to spearmint grown for her household consumption.

Furthermore, she may, on occasion when her studio duties permit it, be found fondly digging around the roots of an aspiring bean vine, now and then furtively plucking a very young onion from its bed and unabashedly popping it into her mouth. Of all the vegetables invented by Nature and Burbank, Dorothy bends toward the young onion, and this little member of the "liliaceous" tribe, commonly considered an offender by individuals less frank and direct than Dorothy Mackaill, occupies a warm and seasoned spot in her heart.

All this salad discussion developed the idea for this story while Dorothy, clad in a sporty pair of lounging pajamas, reclined in a wicker lawn chair during a moment's respite from her picture under production. Cecelia had hunted up a pet recipe book containing some hundred of Dorothy's immortal salad works, and just for a surprise had painstakingly followed the directions and concocted three of her most luscious ones for her luncheon. Dorothy wandered up to the little informal table set in the sun in a beautiful rose-bowered corner to find one of the most inviting lunches of her career all ready and waiting.

"Well, 'Celia, which number is this?" she asked, poking an inquiring finger at a spring strawberry perched on a mound of whipped cream.

"Tha's numbah fohty-th'ee, (Continued on page 102)

Indiscreet

*Through one indiscretion—a woman with
a future became a woman with a past*

A new **year** A new **life**

So Jerry Trent (Gloria Swanson) made her
New Year's **resolution** Her past was a closed book
.... Her **romance** with Jim Woodward was forgotten
.... On fresh, clean pages she'd write
the story of a
new and
greater
love ... But the
winds of **fate** blew...
Love demanded a **sacrifice** ...

Joseph M. Schenck presents

A DeSYLVA, BROWN and HENDERSON
Production

GLORIA SWANSON

in

"INDISCREET"

with

Ben Lyon Arthur Lake

Directed by Leo McCarey

A U N I T E D A R T I S T S P I C T U R E
"UNITED FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT"



"Skippy" is a "kid picture," but it is for grown-ups, too. No matter how young or how old you may be, you'll get a great kick out of the screen adventures of Percy Crosby's cartoon characters. We wish we had room here to cheer Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green as well.

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

Won by

The Boy Stars of "Skippy"



PRESENTING the youngest stars ever to win our Honor Page—Jackie Cooper and Bobby Coogan, who score in "Skippy." Jackie, because he is not only a delightful little boy, but a really gifted actor who troupes with all the assurance of a Barrymore. Bobby, because he is an endearing kid making his first screen appearance and trying oh, so hard to make good.



Jackie Coogan's little brother Robert—Bobby to you—makes a hit in his first picture, "Skippy," just as Jackie did in Charlie Chaplin's "The Kid." Same big cap and sweater and wistful look.



This is a close-up from the picture showing Jackie Cooper as he cries over the loss of his dog. The screen has never seen a more touching scene. Master Cooper is a former member of "Our Gang."

Two boys and a dog—and what fun and what pathos they provide in "Skippy." It's the picture that will silence all censors of the screen.

THE RADIO TITAN, INDOMITABLE SYMBOL OF SCREEN LEADERSHIP, UNFURLS THE GOLDEN BANNER OF A GLORIOUS NEW SHOW SEASON!



Look To RKO-
RADIO For Your
Pictures Next
Year!... Each A
Star-Strewn Path
to Greater Enter-
tainment!



RICHARD DIX



IRENE DUNNE



DOLORES DEL RIO



LILY DAMITA

When Colossal "CIMARRON" swept triumphantly to the screen, RADIO PICTURES set a new standard for itself and the amusement world!... A standard of artistry and entertainment that inspires RADIO'S 1931-32 program.

Thirty-six superlative productions... among them "THE BIRD OF PARADISE," Richard Walton Tully's immortal play with Dolores Del Rio.

"MARCHETA," Glamorous romance of old Spain and "FRONTIER," companion spectacle to "Cimarron" with its stars, RICHARD DIX and IRENE DUNNE.

Fanny Hurst gives you "SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION," intriguing story of Hollywood; and Wesley Ruggles, great director, brings a penetrating drama of today, "ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?" Other attractions of road-show calibre are "MIRACLE CITY" by Howard Estabrook and Willard Mack's "THE DOVE" with Dolores Del Rio.

Great Pictures... Great Stars... Great Entertainment, the reward for those who follow the RADIO TITAN on his Triumphant March to New Conquests.



RADIO PICTURES

Charlie Chaplin, as his friend, young Fairbanks, sees him. He may be the world's greatest pantomimist, but he is just a funny face to Doug!



Joan Crawford is a devoted wife. We believe it—she has seen her husband's caricature of her, and they are still speaking.

Can this be the face that a million maidens sigh for? No—it's just Junior's impression of John Gilbert. Incidentally, Jack and Doug are good pals.



JUNIOR, HOW COULD YOU?

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., caricatures a few of his Hollywood friends. Are their faces red!



As Junior sees Senior. Did Douglas Fairbanks take one look at sonny's sketch and decide to hunt tigers in India?



Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., or our Mary of the curls, the pout, and the purposeful chin—caught by Doug, Jr.



Here's the profile that is said to have inspired young Doug in his own career. It belongs to Jawn Barrymore.

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE



Delight Evans

IT'S about time to do a little attention-calling!

The most exciting thing about this motion picture business is the swift, sudden discovery of new stars. Things may be a bit dull; then—*wham!*—along comes a fresh, smart youngster; or a blazing new beauty; and Hollywood and the world perks up and looks about and takes a new lease on life.

And here's where you come in. You, and you, and—yes, you over there. Without your okay a new find has about as much chance as a 1910 silhouette on a 1931 beach. It's your approval and applause that securely establishes a newcomer. That's why I wish you would keep your eyes open—well, if they *are* open, then open them wider. You can be my little scouts and watch out for talent. Do a Sam Goldwyn—you know Sam picked Bill Haines, Eleanor Boardman, Ronald Colman, Lily Damita, Constance Bennett—and pick your winner and then let me know. I'll put him or her over for you. Fame and fortune positively guaranteed in two years! All I don't guarantee, in fact, is that I can get you a personally autographed photograph once the star is "over." No—I can't promise that.

This Magazine has a way of picking them. 'Way back in 1925—if it hurts to think back so far, just make that "some time ago," but stay with me—SCREENLAND ran a piece called "The Most Valuable Baby on Earth." At the time, this baby was just a few minutes old; but here was his horoscope which said that by the time he was eight, he'd be world famous. The name of the baby? Bobby Coogan!

If you've seen "Skippy," and I hope you have, you know that the littlest Coogan is

already well on his way. He is a sweet, sensitive kid with eyes as big and brown and wistful as his big brother Jackie's. Paramount has signed Bobby, too, to a real contract. And right here it might be interesting to review some of the points brought up by the astrologer who doped out Bobby's destiny. It seems that Baby Coogan will be a screen star of unusual ability, along emotional lines; and that he will be a great financial success as well. According to that horoscope there is artistic genius of a rare sort, and it is added that if Bobby's directors are wise, they will only suggest to the child what they want him to do, and leave the details to the new Kid's original imagination. Jackie, if we can believe the 'scope, will help Bobby at the start, but later each may go his own way for business reasons. Fair enough.

Watch Bobby Coogan. And don't forget we told you. And here are more "I told you so's."

It was in 1929 that we selected Lew Ayres as a coming star and invited you to watch him—no hardship at all. When Connie Bennett came back to pictures we told you, in her own words, why she came back—and predicted she would be a bigger hit in her second screen career than in her first, which she left for marriage. We told you about Tallulah Bankhead first, and advised you not to miss her—and now they are saying that this blonde Alabama girl has them all stopped. Wait and see. But meanwhile watch the youngsters like Carman Barnes and Sidney

Fox and Sylvia Sidney and Evelyn Knapp—we picked them, too. And we gave you Phil Holmes first—and how you took him!

And now if you have any other candidates let me know. How about picking Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore as the coming star of 1947?

**Have you heard about
the Scotchman who
wants to marry Greta
Garbo for her money?**



Ben Lyon reveals that he is bombarded with demands touching every branch of flying. Ben, with his mother.

RACKETEERS

Oh, yes—movie stars are fortune's darlings. But they are also open targets for more scheming sharp-shooters than any other notables. Read why they must learn to say "No!"

THE successful Hollywood screen star is a target for more scheming sharp-shooters and petty racketeers than any other notable in the public gaze. Experience forces him to look with suspicion on every stranger who approaches him, and much time and money have been saved by the almost universal film-land custom of saying no to every question and demand.

Repeated burnings have made Hollywood not only afraid of fire, but of smoke; sparks and dead embers as well.

Borrowers of money are the chief and most frequent offenders. Salesmen offering everything from a 40-acre estate in the south of France to a chance in the Havana lottery stand on almost every street corner and at every studio gate, waiting for star victims.

Whether Hollywood wants it or not it has the reputation of being an easy money town, and the "gimme boys" are out to get some of it. And not only the boys who operate within the shadow of the studios. Each incoming mail brings pleas, threats, demands and proposals from all over the world, and from all sorts and conditions of people.

The most frequent request made of women stars is for dresses and dress accessories, according to Bebe Daniels. An especially well-chosen and attractive gown, worn in the briefest of scenes in a picture, will be noted with envy by millions of women, and of these millions five hundred or more will write in to praise it—and to ask for it.

"I could give away not only my entire wardrobe, but a wardrobe ten hundred times its size every month," Miss Daniels

admits. "Many of the letters are from obviously deserving cases. In reply to them I do what I can, but I'd have to have the combined fortune of the Rockefeller, the Fords and the Morgans to meet every request made of me."

Ben Lyon reveals that he is an open target for every fly-by-night (that is not an attempt at humor) airplane and aviation scheme on two continents. Ever since the world became aware that he is one of Hollywood's most ardent and active aviation pilots, he has been bombarded with offers touching every branch of the flying industry.

"Much of my mail of this sort comes from inventors and pseudo-inventors who claim to have a device or ship which will revolutionize aviation," says Lyon. "Jules Verne had no imagination at all compared to that manifested by some of the cranks who write to me, describing

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a favorite for the marksmen, had fourteen new telephone numbers in ten months!



Dorothy Mackaill had to dodge an oil-stock salesman who said he'd been sent by "your friend, John Barrymore."



of HOLLYWOOD

By
Brian Herbert

a contraption or contrivance in which they want me to invest."

An offer frequently made to screen stars is that seeking their help toward a Hollywood career. Many have been approached on the street and through the mail by ambitious souls who offer a percentage of their wages if the star only will help them get a job before the cameras.

"You can do it easily," they say, "and I'll give you half of what I earn for the next five years. All I want is one chance."

Dick Barthelmess seems to be the particular victim chosen by these ambitious hopefuls. Especially during his frequent visits to New York. Hotel bellhops, waiters, waitresses, the man on the street, and even cab drivers tell their troubles to Dick and wind up with the plea, "Get me in the movies!"

Radio salesmen, bond salesmen, vacuum cleaner salesmen, automobile salesmen, real estate agents, oil promoters, race track tipsters, and easy-money operators of all descriptions track and trail the famous screen star in all his wanderings. Some are unbelievably ingenious in finding out telephone numbers, and for this reason the average Hollywood star has the 'phone company give him a new listing once each month or oftener.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a favorite for the marksmen, had fourteen new telephone numbers in ten months.

"I changed it so often I never could remember it myself," he admits with the grin that has done so much to advance his career.

Fraudulent charity schemes are bobbing up in Hollywood almost every time the clock ticks. Lacking the time to investigate them all, the average screen star makes it a practice to ignore them, and only when the Community Chest or the Motion Picture Relief Fund solicitors come around does he get out the well-worn check book.

Studios take extreme care to see that players and directors are protected while on the lot, but occasionally some wily book salesman or insurance peddler will find a hole in the fence and slip onto the stages.

A few days ago one such individual sneaked his way to the set where



A flunky in a New York hotel serves the tea and says to Dick Barthelmess: "Get me in the movies, yes, sir?" Dick seems to be the victim of the hopefuls.



"I could give away not only my entire wardrobe, but one ten hundred times its size every month," says Bebe Daniels.

Dorothy Mackaill and her company were filming "The Reckless Hour" at the First National studios. Approaching Miss Mackaill, Conrad Nagel, H. B. Warner and other members of the troupe in turn, he represented himself as having been sent by "your friend John Barrymore, who did not want you to miss this opportunity for quick return." The man was selling stock in a newly-formed oil company. Barrymore never had seen him.

When all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing productions were the vogue Hollywood was over-run with dancing schools of all kinds, sorts and sizes. Tap dancing, ballet, acrobatic, soft shoe, eccentric and "Spring-is-here" studios were on every corner, street and alley. But now the racket has somewhat abated. The same could be said for schools of the voice when talking pictures first appeared. Some were legitimate. Many were not.

Until recently one of Hollywood's chief sore spots was the schools for motion picture acting that attracted a gullible and eager clientele. Recent activity by the Los Angeles city prosecutor relieved this situation.

It is true that Hollywood is an easy-money town. But it's not nearly so easy as it was.



CRY, BABY!

MR. and Mrs. Coye Watson have done more than their bit for motion pictures. For 10, these many years, they have been contributing actors and actresses to the sum total of the Hollywood scheme until today they have, if you please, eight little Watsons working in the studios! And of the eight, Delmar, age four, is the brightest and busiest; I'm going to tell you about him.

The Watson clan is Hollywood's royal family of the screen, from a standpoint of talent as well as numerical weight. From Coye, Junior, now 18, to Garry, two years of age, they are by, of and for the cameras. Eight youngsters: five boys and three girls, all of them trained and ready for the first part that comes along, each of them an experienced Thespian.

Coye Watson, progenitor of this amazing Rooseveltian family, is the coach, guide and counsellor of the fireside circle. He has trained for the cameras in turn Coye, 18; Vivian, 16; Gloria, 14; Louise, 11; Harry, 9; Billy, 7; Delmar, 4; and Garry, 2. Coye, père, knows his motion picture art. He has been a part of the business for 15 years, specializing, as one of his several cards reads, in: "Motion picture piano wire and mechanical gags."

A "piano wire" or "mechanical gag," if you must know, is the thing that made the magic carpet fly in



**Don't feel sorry for the little boy who cries in "We Three."
It's his job and he loves it!**

On the "We Three" set, with Coye Watson—the man kneeling, with cap—coaxing tears from one of his eight little acting Watsons, Delmar.

Here's Delmar between scenes. He's a happy little boy who only cries when daddy asks him to. It's all a game to him.

By
Garret Fox

Douglas Fairbanks' picture, "The Thief of Bagdad," the 54 swimmers swim in "The Black Pirate," and the Hairy Brute climb in "The Gorilla." Coye Watson, while not coaching a little Watson for a part, did those things.

The bright particular star of the family group is Delmar, the four-year-old. A few Sundays ago, in that magazine section that comes as a part of your Sunday paper, you

saw Delmar's picture in a very special pose. He was that little fellow whose likeness hangs in the London Salon of Photography, under the title "Broadcasting"; a picture of a wailing infant, clad in overalls, standing with mouth wide, tears on cheeks; one hand to his ear and the other extended in an Atlas-like attitude. That picture bids to make Delmar internationally famous.

Just now, today that is, Delmar is the only one of the family working. He is playing an important part with Ben Lyon and Rose Hobart in First National's "We Three." Together they are the trio of the title. As far as the picture itself is concerned Delmar probably will walk away with it. No adult actor has a chance against a youngster—any more than he has a chance in a scene with a flag or a dog. And no aspersions cast at any of them.

The simple secret of the (Continued on page 106)

Call Her TOBIN

That's what Genevieve calls herself—and she should know

By
Marie House

SHE calls herself *Tobin*. She's the golden-haired Genevieve of the Universal lot.

But of course you've heard of Genevieve Tobin. When all of the hair-tearing producers of talkies went prospecting in New York, "Tobin" became the trophy out at Universal City. One of those big names featured in expensive Broadway lights—and what chagrin, Cinemaland refused to be impressed! What if she was *Polly* in "Polly Preferred?" What if she did co-feature with Henry Hull in "The Youngest?" What if she *did* score in London in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" or was the reason why "Fifty Million Frenchmen" couldn't be wrong? What if she played in "Little Old New York" for seasons? Everyone knows "Little Old New York" was a Marion Davies picture! But since "A Lady Surrenders" movieland has, too—and it's a different story about "Tobin." Just wait and "Seed" will show them something else again!

Genevieve plays the part of the woman who wins a husband away from his wife and five large-eyed children.

"It's really too bad," mourns Tobin. "All of the

sympathy is bound to be with the wife. I feel sorry for her myself. I can't help but feel that as the woman who is the man's real inspiration, I haven't any right to him and when the audience takes one look at those big brown-eyed children—they'll feel that way, too!"

Oh well, lots of other "other women" are popular; we try to be consoling. Look at Dietrich and Garbo and sirens like that. They steal the men and just look at them.

But that is different, insists Genevieve; and on second thought, it is.

Genevieve, domiciled with her mother—she's one of those "mother knows best" kind—is a nice girl. It's too bad but you simply can't dig up any scandal about her. She's vivid, with lots of vivacious gestures. She's pretty, and very smart and correct. She wears the right thing, being well dressed without making a fuss about it. Well dressed in the manner of English women who wear their clothes as if they'd always had them.

Picture her curled up with her feet under her in a big chair, wearing a swagger and quite inconspicuous suit of brown woolen, with short-sleeved yellow knitted sweater, brown and white sports pumps, and

(Continued on page 123)

She's very smart and correct and vivid, with lots of vivacious gestures, this Genevieve Tobin who is Universal's trophy from the Broadway stage. You liked her in "A Lady Surrenders." You'll like her even more in "Seed," with John Boles.



John Barrymore

How her husband coached
Dolores for her screen come-back

By
Gary Gray

The Barrymore Voice is famous on stage and screen. Now John is teaching Dolores Costello all the intonations for her new screen career. Here's a husband who not only gives his wife everything she wants in the way of a beautiful home, cars, and jewels—but is giving her a grand new voice as well!



JOHN BARRYMORE has given Dolores Costello a new voice!

Not an easy matter, perhaps. Not so easy as more material things.

As, for example, when Mrs. John Barrymore needs a dress-maker, a hair-dresser, a dentist, a doctor, she sends for the best she can get like any other American woman versed in the art of comfortable living. But when she desired to lower her voice for her return to the talking screen, that was something else again. And she found all of the help she needed right at home.

You will remember, no doubt, that Dolores Costello helped to usher in the era of talking pictures at the time the Warner Brothers brought about no small upheaval into the industry with the début of the Vitaphone. In those days her voice, naturally soft and well-modulated, recorded in a higher pitch than it actually seemed to possess.

This was not considered detrimental in the youthful ingénue rôles Miss Costello was playing at that time. But with her return to the screen and with her deci-

sion to play more mature and sophisticated parts, such as *Noyla Noyes* in her return picture, "Expensive Women," it was believed both by studio and star that a lower voice was more desirable.

When Mrs. John Barrymore needs a dress-maker, a hair-dresser, or a dentist, she sends for the best she can get. But when she wanted to lower her voice for her return to the talkies, she found all the help she needed right at home!

The Barrymore family is probably more famous for its voices than for any other one histrionic gift. They are low-pitched voices, almost throaty. Ethel Barrymore has one of the lowest, most unusual voices on the American stage. When John Barrymore planned his famous production of "Hamlet"

gives Dolores Costello A NEW VOICE!

some years ago, he took a series of lessons from a famous voice teacher for the sole purpose of perfecting his own qualifications, generally considered more than good enough, to read those immortal lines.

"I had to make over my voice," Barrymore declares, "and work unceasingly on intonations."

So what could be more natural than for Dolores Costello Barrymore to receive help and expert tutelage from her husband in the privacy of the Barrymore home during the months of preparation for her return to the screen?

Voice experts agree that nothing so improves and enriches the human voice as exercises reading profound and serious literature, particularly blank verse, and more especially, Shakespeare. Barrymore adds "The Sermon on the Mount" and Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" as "simple things of great beauty" which are valuable for the same purpose.

Rules were laid down by Barrymore and passed on to his wife

from his own experience. There was much reading aloud from these masterpieces. There were diaphragm exercises, instructions as to proper breathing, care with intonations, use of the soft pallet or the nasal cavities.

There is no evidence that Dolores Costello rehearsed the now famous guttural line always connected with Ethel Barrymore, "That's all there is—there isn't any more." But she did spend long, leisurely hours with her husband practicing intonation and low register diction.

And now that she has acquired a new voice—a Barrymore voice—she is ready for a career again.

She has returned to the talking screen after two years of happy retirement with reservations. Her contract with the Warner Studio is an optional one with

Miss Costello exercising the options. She is to make one picture and then decide.

When that one picture, "Expensive Women," is completed, she will embark on a summer cruise with her husband and their infant daughter, Dolores Ethel Mae, aboard the *Infanta*. By then she will know if it is possible to combine happily the business of being wife and mother with what she considers the less important business of being a motion picture star.

"I hope I can," she says.

Dolores Ethel Mae was almost a year old when her mother returned to the studio to begin her picture. Only a few months before, the mother had been questioned about her probable return to the screen. She had only smiled, thoughtfully.

"I have been so completely happy here," she countered, looking about her in the garden of the interesting hill-top home. "I dislike to think of leaving, even

(Continued on page 118)



Lovely as ever, isn't she? Here's a close-up of Miss Costello as she looks in her new picture.

If "Expensive Women" is a hit, Dolores will stay on the screen. If not, she'll be perfectly happy to retire permanently as Mrs. John Barrymore.



Dolores, as svelte as when she first appeared in "The Sea Beast," stages a come-back in "Expensive Women."





Phil Holmes today, who tells you his own story, beginning in this issue. He said: "It will probably be a rotten continuity job!" but we told him to go ahead—to be himself and let us worry about the results. Well, we're not worrying, for we know you'll like this frank account of the life and times of a young actor who, one of these days, will be second to none among the stars of the screen. Remember SCREENLAND first called your attention to Lew Ayres—and look at Lew now!

I HAD every intention, before this was begun, of reading up a few of the better biographies, studying the accepted form and thinking up a few bright innovations of my own. But what with one thing and another, I just didn't seem to get around to it. Therefore, my life story—as if anyone cared—will probably be piecemeal and a rotten continuity job. My memory is nothing if not spotty. I can remember incidents which took place when I was four or five—and very dull incidents they are, too—but that doesn't mean anything, for there are whole periods in my life which are completely blank (in retrospect). As I look back, it would appear that I went into frequent comas—making gaps in my recollection that can only be traced by the school I went to that year. And you will see that I apparently did little besides change schools!

To begin at the very beginning is the simplest plan, I suppose, but it will annoy Mother, who is, to this day, painfully embarrassed about the circumstances surround-

Phillips HOLMES' OWN STORY

The life and career—so far—of the fastest rising young man on the screen. Watch Phil. SCREENLAND predicts he will be among the first great stars in popularity and performance within two years. And we picked Lew Ayres!

As told by
Phillips Holmes
To Margaret Reid

ing my birth. I don't like to annoy her by revealing them, but who am I to disregard a claim to a unique entry into the world?

My mother was Edna Phillips before her marriage to Taylor Holmes, my father. She was a Shakespearean actress and met my father during E. H. Sothern's first production of "Hamlet," in which Mother was the *Player Queen* and Dad played *Rosencrans*. They are, incidentally, just about the grandest people I've ever known—and that, regardless of our relationship. After they were married, they both continued on the stage. At the time of my anticipated arrival, Dad was under contract to Belasco. He had just finished a tour in "The Music Master" and was playing a brief engagement in Ramona Park, a suburb of Grand Rapids—principally because Mother thought it would be a fine idea to go there so she could shop for furniture!

They liked the lake at Ramona Park, and one day decided to go fishing. They did, had a grand time, caught their first fish, and had it cooked at the hotel for dinner. The next morning, Mother woke up in acute discomfort. As the pain intensified, she and Dad were alarmed and wondered what it could be. Then they realized—the fish they had caught and eaten yesterday had not been good, and here was Mother with an attack of ptomaine poisoning. Dad hastily summoned a doctor, who listened to their explanation, looked at Mother and smiled indulgently at these young babes-in-the-wood. And a few hours later, I was born—removing all stigma from the fair name of the accused fish!

I was probably the homeliest baby that ever wounded

a mother's pride. I was red and completely bald—devoid even of fluff on my shining pate until I was a year old. But to Mother, who had immediately become rather fond of me, I was beautiful—but only for a short while. As soon as she was able to travel, Dad took her home to New York, where all the layettes and what you call 'ems had been prepared in expectation of a more timely arrival. On the train were two ladies—the kind who coo and gush over any baby, just because it's a baby. They promptly accosted Mother.

"Oh, we just *must* see the baby," they twittered. "Do let us have one little peek."

So Mother opened the coverlets and proudly exposed my countenance. The ladies took one look, then another—and after an embarrassed pause, walked away without saying one word. Poor Mother!

When I was two months old, Dad was doing "The Grand Army Man" in New York and they needed a baby to be carried on in the third act. Mother took me down to the theatre but David Belasco looked at me and decided that I wasn't the type, that I would probably start crying in the middle of the scene. I guess I gave the appearance of an irascible infant who would bawl at any moment—and did.

It was, however, not until I was eighteen months old that I seriously set about being a nuisance to my parents. By then, Dad was touring in "The Grand Army Man" and Mother was doing a vaudeville sketch called



Phil was always a snappy dresser! He was pretty proud of his new hat when, at the age of six, he posed for this photograph.

Those big, blue eyes that are making girlish hearts flutter these days look wide and serious in Phil's baby picture.



A kindergarten group which included a future film star. There's Phil on the right with the anchor on his chest, and next to him, with the ribbons, Ruth, his first romance!



"Lost, A Kiss." I was in Chicago with my grandmother, and proceeded to contract pneumonia in an important way. Mother heard of it in New Orleans and rushed frantically to Chicago. Dad had just gotten back to New York and was tied up there with a new show, and going crazy with worry about me. And at that moment, the wires between Chicago and New York were blown down by a storm and there was no means of telegraphic communication. Dad was

wandering around the Players' Club, looking like a ghost, when a newspaperman—a friend of his—spotted him and asked what was the matter. When Dad told him, the man rushed him out to the newspaper office, pulled about fifty strings and turned over to him the use of the special Associated Press wires, the only ones repaired. And for three days I was News, Mother and Dad communicating over the sacred Press wires.

I remember being four years old, because that was the time of my first great love. Her name was Ruth and she attended the kindergarten in New York which I had just entered. Ruth was extremely beautiful, with big eyes and alluring curls and, during school-hours, I sat and gazed at her, completely enslaved.

From there, as I said, my recollections are sporadic. My childhood seemed to consist, principally, of a succession of schools. You see, Dad often played engagements in Chicago and Mother, not wanting to be separated from him, would pick me up and go along. In Chicago, we usually lived with my grandmother—Dad's mother.

The first school I attended after kindergarten was the Le Grange School in Chicago. I remember little about that period except skiing—very badly, but with great aplomb. I *do* remember our departure and my noisy anguish because I wasn't allowed to take my kitten, which Grandmother had given me, back to New York. I sat on her comfortable lap and argued that I didn't see why the kitten couldn't be packed in one of the trunks. Grandmother gave me very good reasons why this was impossible.

"And besides," she added, "it would be better, anyway, for you to get another one in New York. This little cat has fleas."

"Well, Grandmother," I reproached her sagely, "we all have to have *something*, you know."

The dialogue of this incident, I admit, was recalled to me by Mother, who was impressed by such profundity—after the manner of mothers. It is Mother, too, who recalls the circumstances of my first spanking—my only one, by the way; which should warn parents to smack their children often, lest they grow up to be movie actors!

Anyway, I was on an allowance of ten cents a week—the idea being to teach me the value of money. Vain hope! I began coming home with picture-books and toys and marbles—things I could never have purchased legitimately. Mother asked me where I was getting them and, after stalling around a bit, I admitted that a kind gentleman, whom I met every morning on the way to school, gave them to me. Mother was highly shocked and threatened to stop my allowance then and there.



The Holmes family. Left to right, Taylor Holmes, Phillips, his mother, his brother Ralph, and his sister Madeline. Phil is named after his mother, whose maiden name was Edna Phillips.

"All right," I cried, "you can keep your old allowance. I can make more money on the outside, anyhow."

Perhaps it was the whaling I got that intercepted what might have been a brilliant career in larceny.

We moved to Forest Hills when I was seven. The identifying time-marks are the beginning of the War and the birth of Madeline, my sister. And I also remember my teacher at the school I went to in Forest Hills. She was a young German woman—gentle, intelligent and marvellously understanding. I remember taking walks with her, when she tried to explain to me the beauty

of tolerance and warned me against falling prey to the hatred of the entire German race that prevailed at that time. I was an ardent, though uncomprehending, disciple—mostly because she was such a very pretty teacher.

Oh, yes, and it was also in Forest Hills that I acquired my first chum. His name was Dick Fancy and he used to lick me regularly because I said I was going to Harvard and he claimed Yale as the only possible spot for a man. Dick and I used to sneak through the fence at Forest Hills and watch the championship tennis tournaments. And one day I showed up at home three hours late for lunch. Mother put me to bed for the rest of the day. That punishment, too, was the first and last of its kind—Mother apparently being a very faint-hearted disciplinarian. It didn't work out so well anyway, since Molly—my sweet Canadian nurse—couldn't stand it any longer by five o'clock and let me up, gave me a dime to buy some seeds and I spent the twilight planting a garden, with the calm self-satisfaction of a rewarded martyr.



A production of "Twelfth Night" by the Harvard Military Academy included among the cast one Phillips Holmes. He's the last boy on the right—and will you look at that wig!

Phillips Holmes' life story—short in years, but packed with color and interest!

When I was eight, I attended the Collegiate School on Seventy-seventh Street in New York. The pupils wore military caps, rather like those worn in the Civil War, and flashing swords. I never lost the thrill of wearing those insignia of importance. Each time I crossed Broadway, to and from school, I was quite convinced that, were I to hold up my hand, all traffic would immediately stop and the policemen come to attention. I wanted terribly to try it, but something inside warned me not to—so I continued blithely in my earnest belief.

I think that the next in the education series was that interval which stabbed my soul with an agonizing shame. We were in Chicago and Mother sent me to the University for Girls. It is true that they had classes for small boys, but the humiliation of attending a girls' school could not be qualified. I sulked continually, but Mother refused to heed because the French teacher was excellent and I was learning such beautiful French. I remember thinking—"just like a woman!"

It was during this period that Ralph, my brother, was born. Dad was playing in "His Majesty Bunker Bean" at the time and his managers wanted Mother to name the baby "Bunker Bean, Junior." Finally, with considerable disgust, she did relent enough to put "Bunker Bean, Junior" in the corner of the announcement cards.

The next school was Swift, also in Chicago, where I was subjected to a Navajo coat which I loathed and where a boy named Herbert Cline persecuted me. He was, even then, a clever artist and would draw pictures of me lying on the ground with a black eye and in the last death throes and captioned "This is how you'll look when I get through with you after school!" The terror this instilled in me grew so intense that one day I just wouldn't go to school at all. Finally, Molly wormed out of me what was the matter and urged me to go and lick him. She bolstered up my courage so that I went to school next day and was so fresh that Herbert didn't offer to fight, drew no more pictures and we even became friends. Just a few days ago, I had a letter from him—he is now a promising commercial artist.

We returned to New York when I was nine, but I had hardly started in at Collegiate again when Dad signed with the old Triangle company. That meant California and we all trekked across country to make our first acquaintance with Hollywood. New Yorkers all, we turned up our respective and collective noses at the sight of the shabby old Santa Fé Station in Los Angeles and



A remarkable study of Phillips Holmes as Clyde Griffiths in "An American Tragedy," the picturization of Theodore Dreiser's novel, directed by Josef von Sternberg. In this picture Phil gives a performance that tops his portrayals in "Her Man" and "The Criminal Code."

continued to sniff audibly all the way out to the strange conglomeration of orange groves, cheap stores, patches of desert aridness and monotonous bungalows that was Hollywood at that time. Most people, thinking of me as a comparative newcomer, forget that I can stroke a long, white beard and remember Hollywood "when."

I think we were here for about two and a half years that first time, but always with trips east every few months. I went to Harvard Military School in L. A. and one of my classmates was Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. It was in the nature of a reunion, since my family had known his family in the east and young Doug and I were already old friends.

Ralph and Madeline and I were allowed very little contact with Dad's new trade, the movies, so I have no reminiscences of pictures in The Old Days, although it was then that I was first intro- (Continued on page 110)



Robert Montgomery has the scribble-pad habit, not only while talking at the telephone, but even in general conversation. His friends often feel his thoughts are elsewhere when Bob gets that far-away look.



Joan Crawford loves to sit on one foot. She will start demurely with both feet on the floor like a well-behaved young lady—but pretty soon she forgets! Above, Joan's favorite pose.

In spite of her poise in pictures, Norma Shearer has a little nervous school-girl giggle that is most unexpected—and most endearing, too.



Wally Beery can be a perfect gentleman for ever so long, but the moment he sits down to table, he lets himself go. Good food is Wally's pet diversion.

Hollywood's BAD HABITS

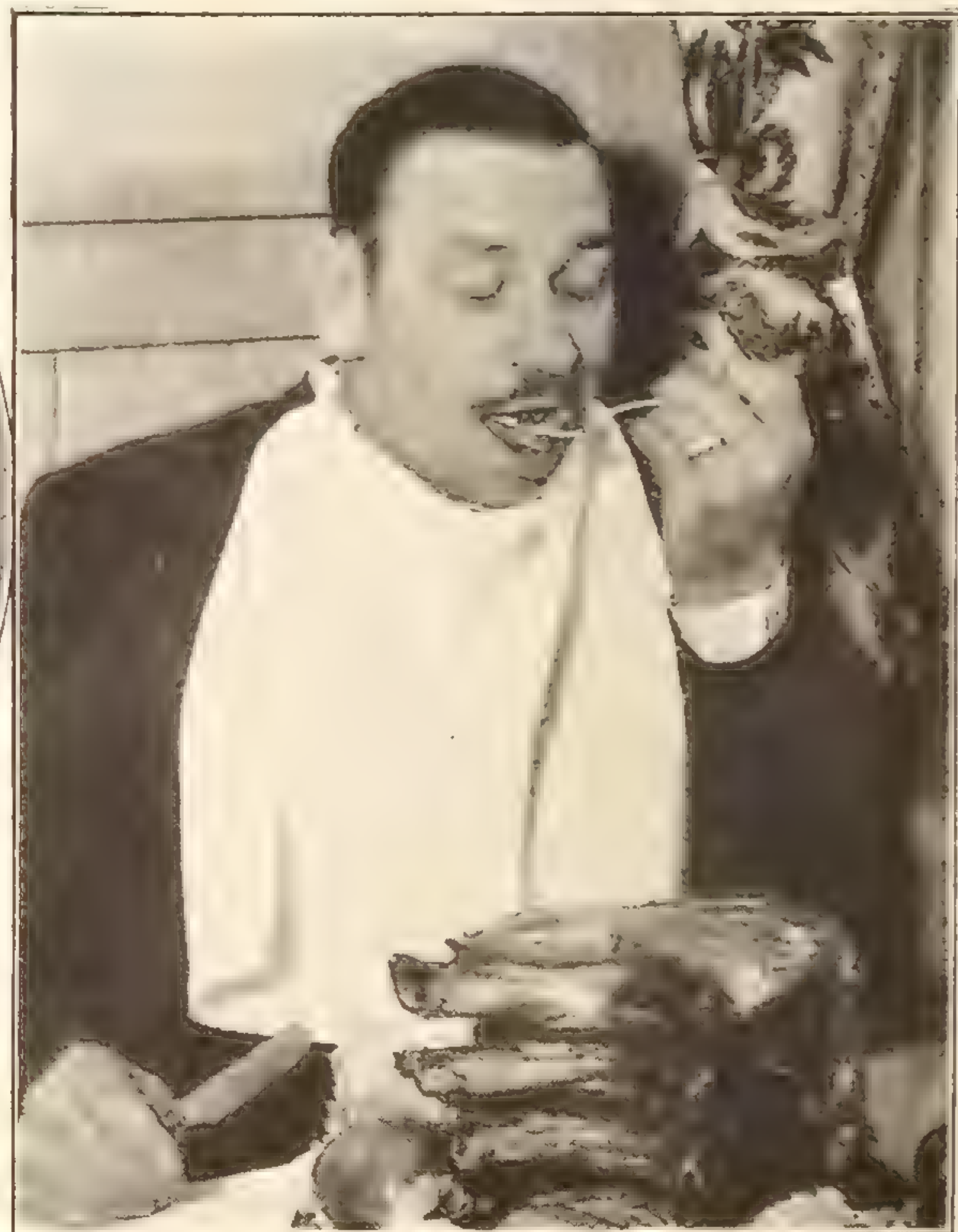
OF COURSE, you understand, in a general way, our manners in Hollywood are impeccable. But most of our starry ones have managed to retain some naughty tricks that Emily Post would shudder to observe!

There was an old Phil May cartoon which depicted a horrified cockney spouse gazing at her erring husband, who held a saucer full of tea poised for easy blowing. "Good 'eavens, Bill," she was gasping, "it's orl right to slush hit hin the sorcer, but yer mustn't *blow* hit!"

In somewhat the same way our glamorous Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks evidently think it is quite all right to chew a little gum once in a while, so long as they do it in the dark. What a chuckle we had one night at a grand premiere in Hollywood, watching Doug and Mary chewing solemnly, in the firm belief that no one would know in the dark. We never did discover how they parked their gum, though.

Doug, too, has a naughty little trick of balancing himself back and forth on his toes while he is talking. Can't keep still. But, of course, the doctors say that is very good for the tummy line.

Charlie Chaplin's worst habit is being temperamental about working hours. The entire staff must be on the lot on time, just in case Charlie might want to work that day—but he is quite likely never to show up for days



\$2,500.00 *in* PRIZES!

STAR SHADOW CONTEST!

First Prize	\$1,000.00
Second Prize	500.00
Third Prize	200.00
Fourth Prize	100.00
Fifth Prize	75.00
Ten Prizes of \$50. each	500.00
Five Prizes of \$25. each	125.00

Dorothy Lee

Brown
Brothers

Here's Dorothy Lee in the act of doing what you'll be doing—selecting a picture of a star in SCREENLAND and planning to fit it to its shadow in our contest. No—you won't find a clue here; this picture is for decorative purposes only. But you may be sure that Hollywood is as keenly interested in this contest as you are. Now turn the page and read the rules; then do a Dorothy Lee and be a winner.

Do you know the stars?
Can you tell them by their shadows?

How accurate is your memory?
Do you retain correctly in your mind the form and proportions of your screen favorites?

Personality is the inseparable attribute of each of us. Even our shadows bear the indelible imprint of our characters. Can you tell which stars cast the shadows printed on the next two pages?

If you can, you are in line to win one of the prizes offered in this novel contest!

SEE NEXT PAGE—TRY FOR A PRIZE



Somewhere in this issue of SCREENLAND are the pictures of the stars which conform in size and shape to the silhouettes printed on these two pages. There are four star shadows—can you find their originals? Some page in this issue bears the picture of the star which exactly fits each shadow. These heads when cut out or traced or copied will match up perfectly with the black flat silhouettes you see here.

Can you spot them? Can you carry in your mind's eye the proportions of the shadow and, as you look through the magazine, mentally test each photograph-head for shape and size? It will be a fascinating game, and to the successful contestant the prize money will be a fitting reward for the skill and care expended.

After you are convinced that you have found the head that fits the shadow, cut out or trace or copy the head carefully and paste it upon the silhouette. Then remove or trace or copy the puzzle picture—that is, the original shadow with its correct photograph or copy pasted upon it.

If you have found the correct picture in the magazine, you will find that the head just matches the shadow, so that when the head is pasted upon the shadow, none of the black will show. Of course you must match the amount of bust to be left with the head, but that is a part of the puzzling details! And of course you will follow the same procedure with each of the four pictures and shadows in this issue.



HOW TO ENTER THE



Here are their shadows—can you find the photographs to fit them? Each picture of each star is on some page in this issue of SCREENLAND. When you find a star whose picture would just fit this or that shadow, cut out or trace the head and as much of the body as needed to cover all the black. Place the picture over the black and write or typewrite the name of the star beneath the pasted picture—you will see the dotted line and space left for you to fill in.

The best way to do is to decide first whether the shadow is that of a man or a woman; then, fixing in your mind's eye the size of the head, look through this issue of the Magazine. You will be surprised how hard it is, but for those who accomplish it, the prize will well repay them. When preparing your solution for submission use all your skill and care, for it is your neatness and accuracy that will count.

There is no ruling as to the method of mounting the sixteen pictures when they are finished, nor is the matter of assembling the sixteen a matter of rule. Just use your taste and good sense and the judges will use theirs—and may the best boys and girls win!



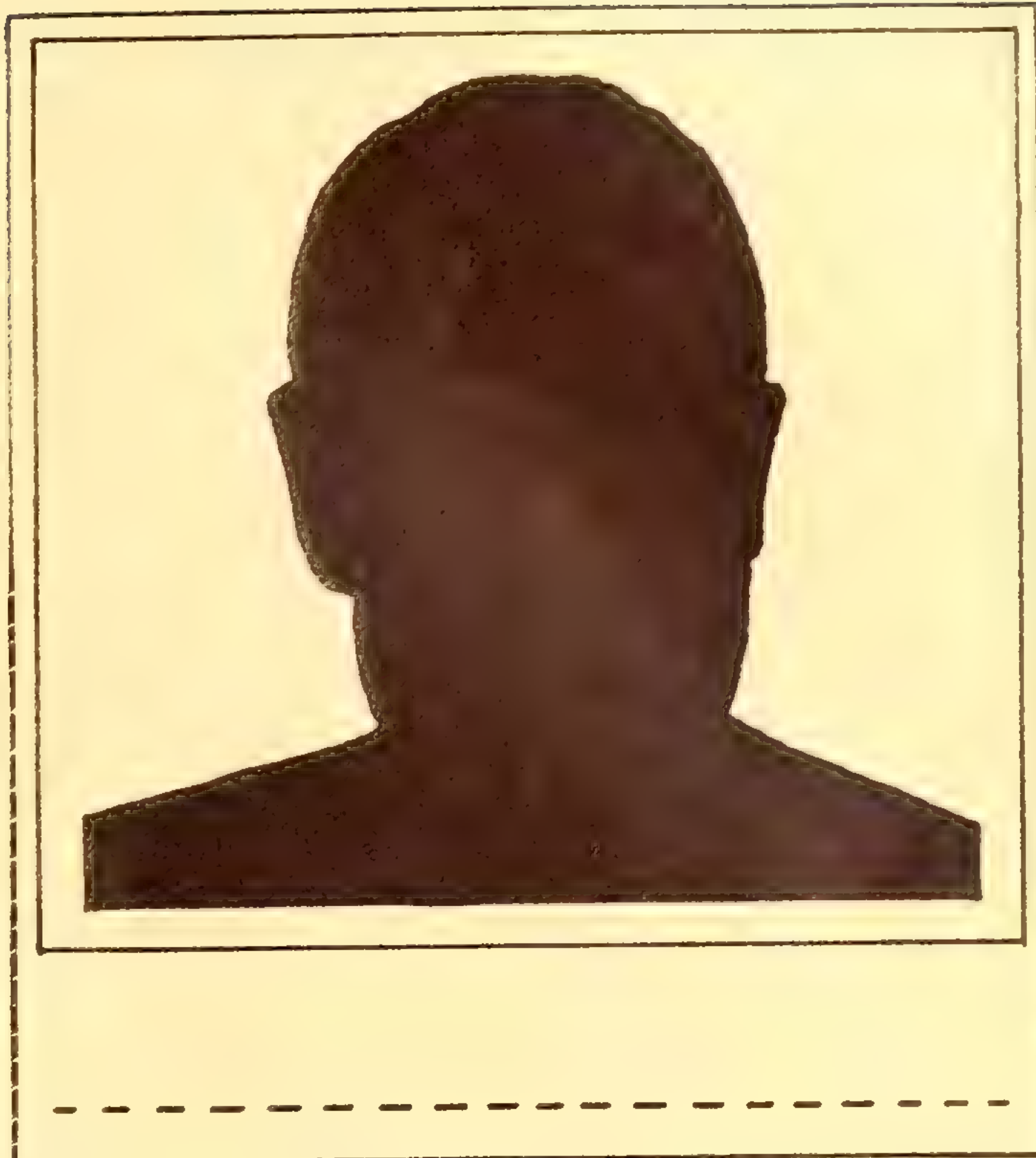
STAR SHADOW CONTEST

All set? Read all the rules and advice on these two pages and you'll be ready to enter this Star Shadow Contest. The whole thing should be done with neatness and accuracy and taste, if you want to win some of that \$2,500.00 prize money!

The name of each star must be filled in on the dotted line beneath each star shadow, when you have completed the identifying process.

After you have completed the puzzle pictures, hold them until you can send in the entire set of sixteen at the same time. Four of the sixteen are presented here. Next month—the August issue—there will be four more, followed by another four in the September number, and the final set of four in the October issue.

In other words, Star Shadow puzzle pictures for your entertainment and profit in four issues of SCREENLAND. Sharpen your wits, get the whole family together 'round the good old library table, use your imaginations, and have a lot of fun—then send in your sixteen completed, pasted-up Star Shadow pictures to the judges.

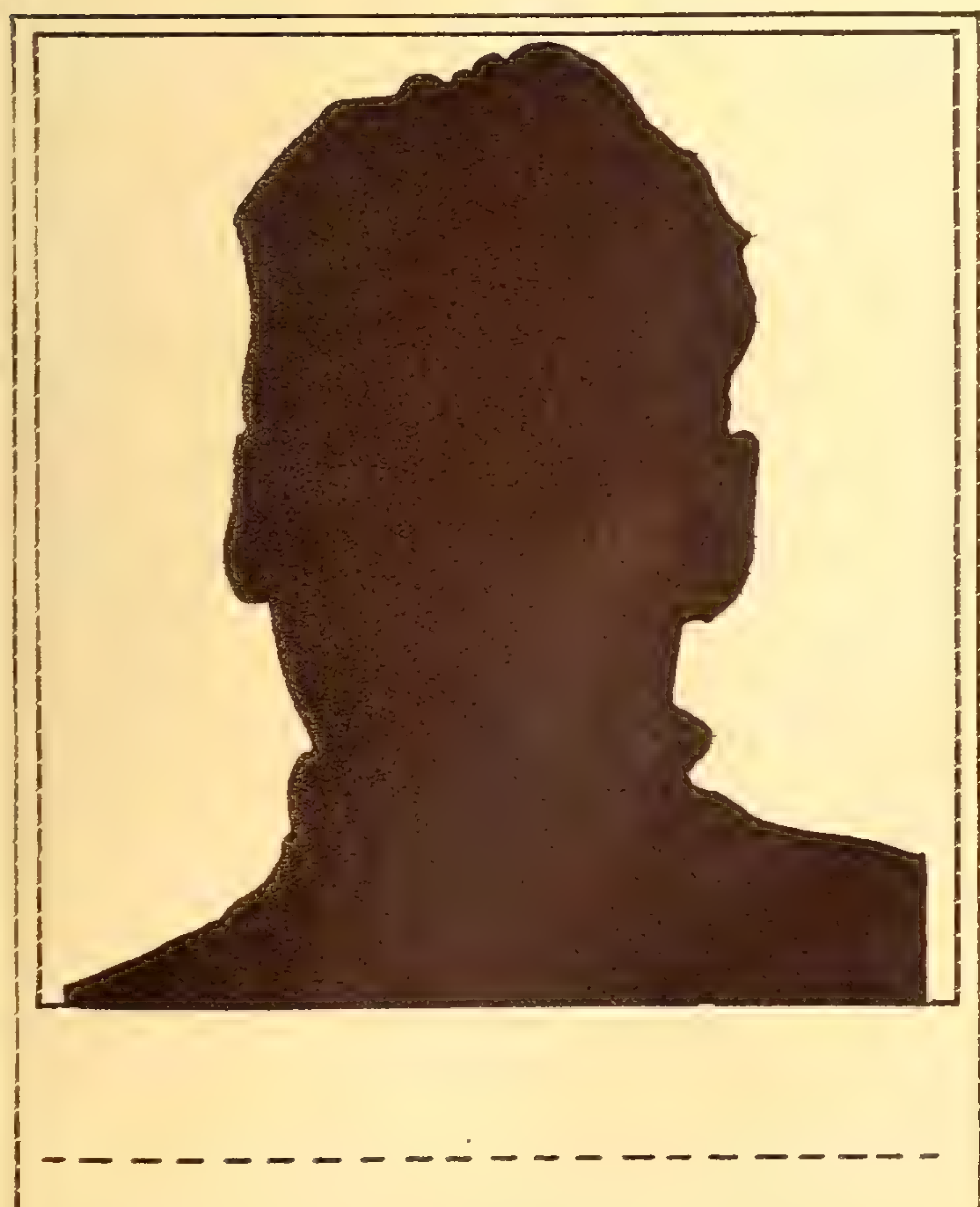


The Rules of the SCREENLAND Star Shadow Contest:

1. Twenty cash prizes will be paid by SCREENLAND Magazine as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,000.00
Second Prize.....	500.00
Third Prize.....	200.00
Fourth Prize.....	100.00
Fifth Prize.....	75.00
Ten prizes of \$50.00 each.....	500.00
Five prizes of \$25.00 each.....	125.00

- In four issues—July, August, September and October numbers—SCREENLAND is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four complete cut puzzle pictures will appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of a silhouette, or shadow. In the same issue of the magazine with this shadow will be a photograph of some actor or actress which will exactly fit the silhouette or shadow. When the photographs are properly located, cut out and pasted upon the shadows, the names added and the whole rectangular puzzle picture removed from the magazines, there will be sixteen separate portraits. \$2,500.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged sets of sixteen portraits.
- Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures have appeared in the October issue. Assembled pictures on the shadows must be submitted in sets of sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each complete portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all solutions should be sent to The Star Shadow Contest Editors, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Be sure your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.
- Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of SCREENLAND Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in SCREENLAND Magazine, and assemble the copied portrait with the copy of the shadow. Copies of SCREENLAND Magazine may be examined at the New York offices of the Magazine or at public libraries, free of charge.
- Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.
- The judges will be a committee of members of SCREENLAND Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household or anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.
- In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.
- The contest will close at midnight on October 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on October 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with SCREENLAND Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the October issue, which will be on sale on the newsstands on or about September 1st. The prize winners will be announced in the February 1932 issue of SCREENLAND.
- Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them.





GRETA GARBO

An Etching



The Vikings' Daughter

Verse and etchings by Eliot Keen

The sagas of the Norsemen ring
With lusty paeans of conquests won;
But, Greta dear, until you came
No Viking liking had begun.
O Scrumptious Scandinavian!
Your charm is quite enslaving an'
Persuades us to convictions legion
For sveltes and Swedes and things Norwegian.
Now Viking claims are understood:
Garbo-like, they landed first—
They would!





Shalitt

HE DID a Barrymore in "The Royal Family." Now there are plans over at Paramount to star him in a new version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." But if you think Fredric March will do a Barrymore in that, you're wrong. He'll give his own conception of the character.



Ray Jones

EVER since that clever young Englishman, Cecil Beaton, descended on Hollywood with wit and camera there has been a vogue for "different" portraits of screen celebrities. This new picture of Kay Francis with its stunning lights and shadows shows the Beaton influence.

Right, an ensemble of "heavenly blue" crêpe, with an interesting jacket, cut with a novel sleeve treatment and circular peplum.



Billie, above, makes a beautiful picture in this cool, serene white chiffon, which clings to the svelte Dove figure. The slight fullness in the skirt is achieved by godets of tiny ruffles.

A LITTLE FASHION SHOW

The dress of the ensemble pictured above. It is trimmed with small mirrors surrounded with rhinestones; slightly bloused, then form-fitted to the knees and falling in soft folds to the floor.



The black taffeta model at the left shows the separate sleeve treatment. All edges are finished with a small pointed scallop. Like it?

Elmer
Fryer



Ivory white satin, bloused at the waist line, stresses the tubular silhouette. The back treatment is of particular interest with its crossed bands and loops from the shoulders to the waist.

STARRING BILLIE DOVE

Billie's pet pajama suit, which she is wearing at the left, is carried out in her favorite colors—blue and white. The bodice is of blue flat crêpe, the trousers are white shantung.





Kornman

THE proudest man in Hollywood today and the luckiest baby. Here's one of the very first formal portraits of Harold Lloyd, Jr., whom his father calls "Bud." The baby is still a little camera-shy but he'll get over that when he knows us better.

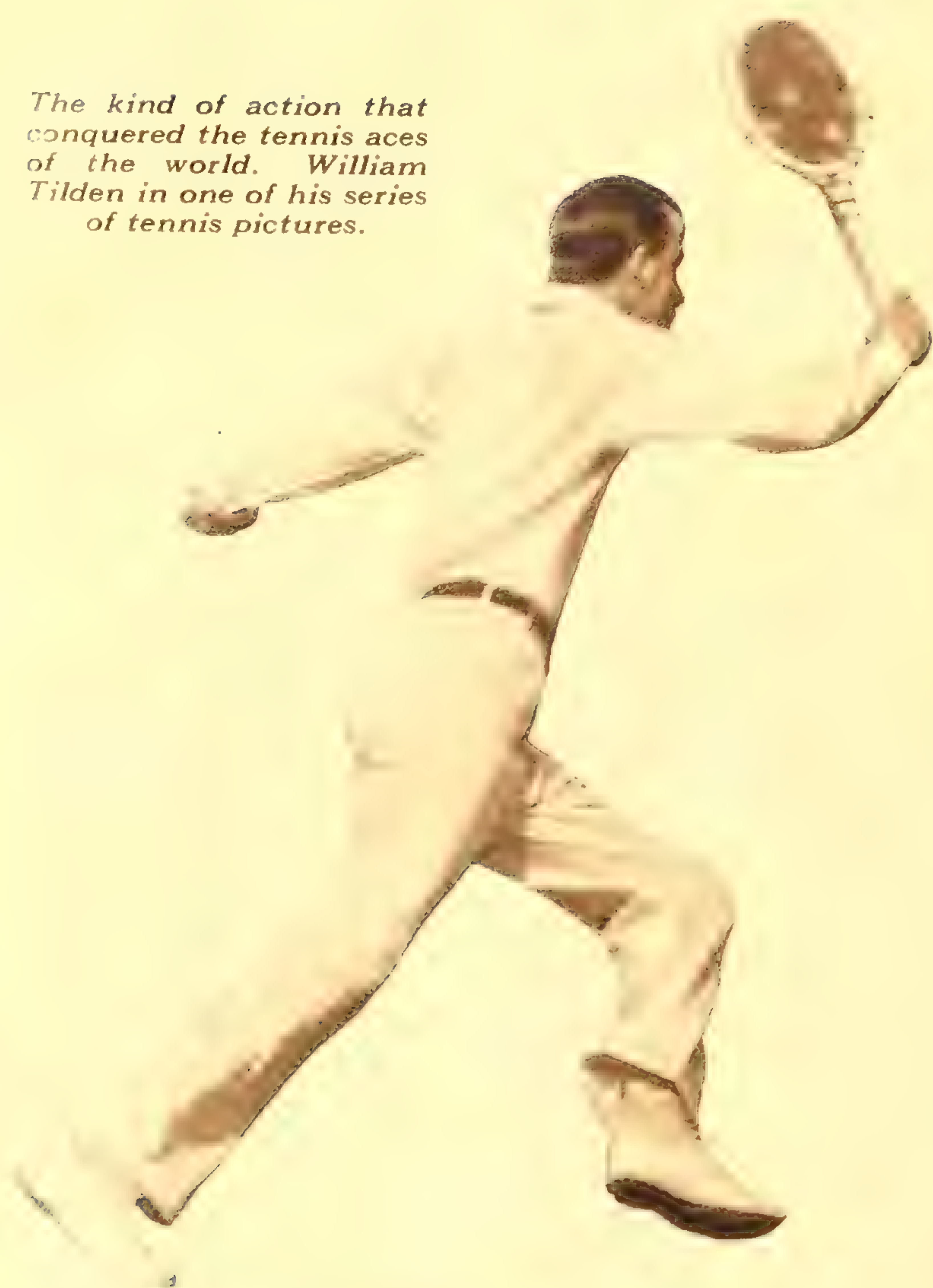
CONNIE!



When screen audiences begin to call a girl by her nickname, she has not only arrived; she has come for a long stay. Right after she made a little box-office history in "Common Clay" you began to write us letters about "Connie." And so we knew that you had picked a new star and intended to keep her in the manner to which her million had accustomed her.

Now you've seen her in "Born to Love" and she seems warmer, more sympathetic than ever to you. To her superb sophistication and talent for clothes she has added a human touch. Her forthcoming film, "The Common Law," gives her her most popular rôle so far.

The kind of action that conquered the tennis aces of the world. William Tilden in one of his series of tennis pictures.



In his film series for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Tilden shows some of the shots that won so many honors for him.

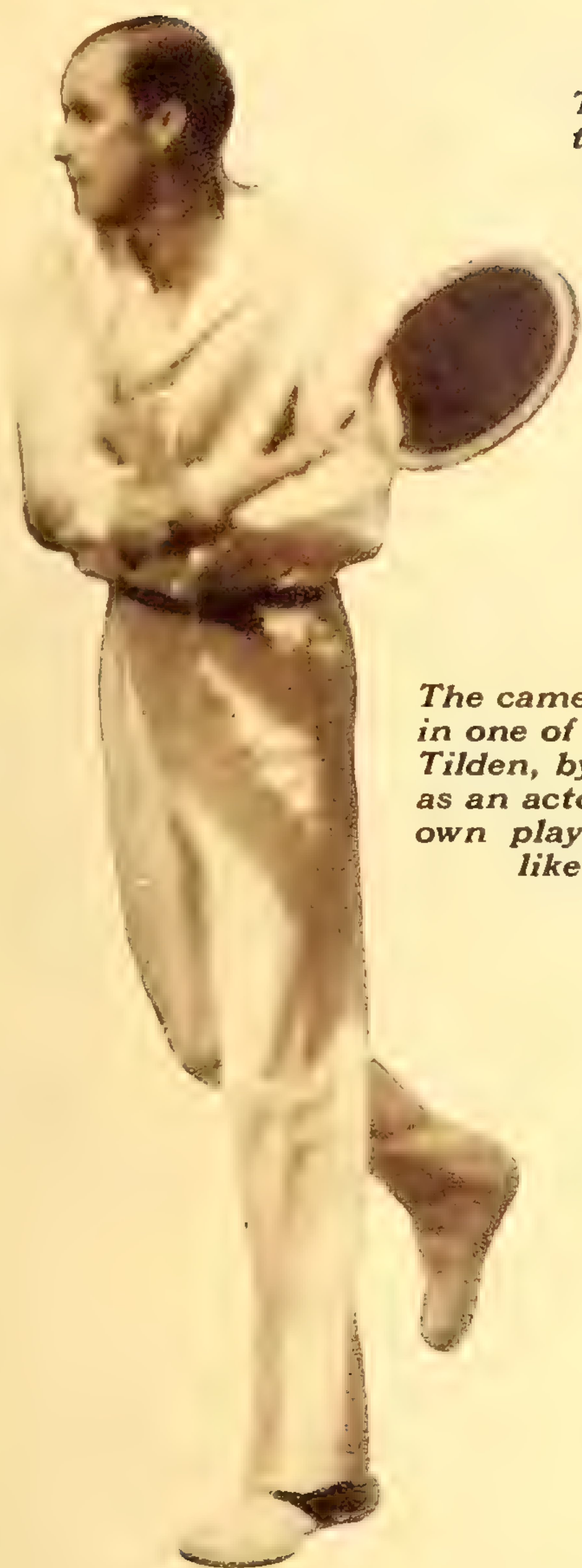


THE BIG RACKETEER

Big Bill Tilden crashes a new racket, the movies

Right, Big Bill gets some new court angles in the "sights" of a slow motion camera used to film some scenes for his tennis shorts.





The end of a perfect swing! See these Tilden short features if you want to brush up on your game.



The camera catches the court star in one of his quick recovery shots. Tilden, by the way, is no amateur as an actor. He has starred in his own plays on Broadway. You'll like him on the screen.

Famous for his powerful tennis shots, Tilden has the tables turned on him and is shot by one of the M.G.M. camera men for a scene in one of his series of short tennis features.



Big Bill demonstrates the grip for a back-hand smash, one of the strokes that made him the terror of the courts. Isn't the screen going sporty, though! Here's Tilden—and Bobby Jones is starring for Warners, and Vincent Richards is appearing at Universal. Take your golf or tennis lessons from the movies!



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

CONSTANCE BENNETT and JOEL MCCREA in "BORN TO LOVE"

Photographed by Emmett Schoenbaum, RKO-Pathé



The Prodigal Daughter

Advance Note: Tallulah Bankhead is a panic in her first picture, "Tarnished Lady." That's why you'll want to read this amusing story and find out all about her

By

Rowley Trench

TALLULAH BANKHEAD is her right name, but in London she was known as the Alabama Hell-cat, which was doubtless a source of unending pleasure to her.

Tallulah is the girl who wouldn't wait for recognition. She went to Europe to woo Fame. Fame didn't have a chance.

For eight years she has held London captive. A Bankhead premiere is the signal for pandemonium, as it is known over there. Over here it would be termed a riot. The natives form queues blocks long, standing in line for days until the gallery opens. After her performances crowds wait outside the stage entrance to see the lady. Reporters are assigned to her as though she were City Hall or the Ile de France. In London Tallulah is a panic.

I doffed my prophetic robes just after the Wall Street cataclysm, but I would venture the guess that Tallulah is going to be a drawing-card for Paramount in American pictures. Of course it is possible that I was unduly dazzled by Tallulah in person. It is possible that the screen will fail to capture her magnetic drive. But I have faith in the camera. And I've seen Tallulah.

At luncheon in gay Astoria, with actors made up to resemble society people and society people made up to re-

semble actors, Miss Bankhead graciously motioned me to sit at her right. "My better profile," she explained.

She has returned to America to see if the streets are really lined with gold. She is here to do "Tarnished Lady" written especially for her by Donald Ogden Stewart, whose hilarious "Haddocks Abroad" resulted in the sometimes hilarious "Finn and Hattie."

Tallulah Bankhead is energy compact, talking quickly, entertainingly, brightly. Words tumble over themselves in their haste to express her thoughts. "I find pictures delightful, really, because they're new and different. I was definitely fed up on the stage; the crowds; the parties; the bores; the newspapers. It was all so much the same after each play opened and after each succeeding night of a run. Here, you see, I have different work every day. The sheer novelty of it enthralls me. My friends, I daresay, should be amazed to hear me so enthusiastic. But I am. I am a convert to the great god Cinema."

All this should be read at double quick time to produce the effect Tallulah produces. And then it would be slow.

She came out of Alabama in the early twenties to be chosen one of a group of winners in a beauty contest. There was no sequel, so she embarked for London, having made no mark in the one or two American

(Continued on page 120)

She has been called "the Alabama Hell-cat," and liked it! Garbo and Dietrich, watch out! Paramount is calling Tallulah "the woman every woman wants to be!"



She has light brown hair, a willowy figure that pleases her, and a slender, knowing face.



In "Tarnished Lady" the super-sophisticate has touching scenes with a baby actor.

WHAT *do* SCREEN STARS THINK ABOUT?

WHO said picture people never talk about anything serious?

Who said they never think because most of them can't? Who said Hollywood was dumb?

It is a tense game of the survival of the fittest, this professional racket! The players are constantly up against all sorts of trickery, petty meanness, generosity, life's emotions at highest and lowest peak. They rub shoulders with every class of life's children, at their worst and at their best. Each must sink or swim on his own merits. No one cares what happens to the other fellow. It is no game for a weakling and certainly no game for a lazy thinker!

Professional people have perhaps the most solid and definite ideas on life of any class, because to most of them it has been a constant struggle against odds of one sort or another. Professional life is eternal conflict.

Knowing all this and hearing the conversation on the set that afternoon, I started out on a quest of professional philosophies first hand.

Richard Dix was my first victim. He defined philosophy as "one's individual reaction to life."

"Then it must, of course, be as changeable as the events and the circumstances of one's surroundings and one's age," he said.

"Life is an interesting adventure to youth, an intriguing conflict and

battle against odds as one grows older, and in old age it is usually a mellowed understanding of its futility and a sort of resignation, half religion and half fear!

"We live, we read, we associate and absorb ideas. From this we unconsciously form definite convictions and we try to live up to them or preach them to others. How sincere and practical we are in these convictions depends on the broadness of our minds and how willing we are to drop the old convictions and adopt new ones as we advance to broader mental horizons."

In other words, Dix believes one's philosophy of life should include the best of opinions and impressions of the world we contact, and that we should never be completely smug and satisfied with our own little philosophy, but reach out for greater understanding of life, and its meaning, in daily contacts.

"Pshaw!" says the terse and matter of fact Helen Twelvetrees. "The only solution to this old existence is 'keep your sense of humor'! That's all anyone can hope to do; and if successful, one has at least a refuge always from every emotion. Life is a laugh if you never get serious over it."

"Ah, but that is impossible," said Neil Hamilton quickly. "One must get serious occasionally over some things in life—for after all life is a rather interesting question if we do take it a bit seriously and try to work out each problem—up here," pointing meaningfully at his head.

Constance Bennett looks on life as an exciting game to be played intensely, in-



Constance Bennett looks on life as an exciting game, to be played intensely and intelligently.

Billie Dove says: "Do not expect too much of life. But leave your mind open for the good things."

Neil Hamilton believes one must get serious occasionally—but Neil is smiling when he says it!



Maybe it's news to you that they think at all!
Well, read this article if you believe that Hollywood is dumb. You'll change your mind!

By
Doris Denbo

telligently, and honestly. That's her philosophy.

She believes it is every person's privilege to attain happiness. That happiness cannot be attained through money, beauty, or social position. That there is no sincere and lasting happiness except mental. Therefore one must be at peace with oneself mentally. One must face life candidly, without fear or bitterness, if one wishes to get the best out of living, according to Constance.

"Life, to me, is a game to be played," she says. "One necessarily must gamble now and then, and, of course, must sometimes lose! Then be a good loser and start over with a stiff chin—and if at all possible, a grin. That grin sort of helps the old moral for some reason or other!

"The game of living has to be played every day. It is up to us as individuals to make it an interesting, profitable, and fascinating game with a fair break for all the players!"

Constance is a spirited, self-assured young lady who seems to have solved her life's problems and to be playing the game of life to her own complete satisfaction. She always seems to be intensely interested in—just living!

Bebe Daniels feels that without work and incentive, life is an empty dream.

"If work can be called a philosophy of life, then I have one," said Bebe. "I believe a full and active life, with a goal to strive for (and never quite attained), is the solution to the problem of living life fully and keeping young mentally.

"A certain balance between work and play, of course, is essential. Live each year for the net return to you, whether your goal is money, activity, or love. Your life must be filled with incentive and activity to find happiness and a certain solution to living!"

Bebe has always been a dynamo. When she is not appearing in a picture she is building and furnishing a home to rent or live in, or dabbling in flying. Bebe is never idle or just resting, even between pictures.

Lupe Velez says, "Live just for today, this very minute. You do not know what 'appen tomorrow. You should not care what 'appened yesterday. Live for the now!"

"We must 'ave 'appiness," says Lupe. "We are only conscious of the moment—is it not so? Then why not insist to yourself that that moment be a 'appy one? You are wasting precious moments of life if you are busy thinking what 'appen tomorrow or if you are thinking about what 'appened yesterday. If I find I am thinking sad thoughts I jump up and go play hard or do some very energetic work until I get over it. Then I am 'appy again and see how foolish I was!"

That is characteristic of the vivid, vibrant and very much alive Lupe, child of impulse. She believes you must train your thoughts to enjoy every moment, the moment you are living.

If it makes you happy to make others happy—if it is good—do it! That's all there is to living, in Lupe's estimation.

Joan Crawford admits it has only been in recent years that she has had any workable philosophy in her life. She does not believe any one gets a true philosophy until they have lived for someone else. When a love comes into life which makes its objective that person's happiness, then one stops and thinks about life—not before, according to Joan.

"Without a definite objective and reason for
(Continued on page 117)



"Live just for today!"
cries Lupe. "You
don't know what will
happen tomorrow—
so have fun!"

Helen Twelvetrees
thinks the only
solution to this
old existence is—
keep your sense
of humor!

We should reach
out for greater
understanding in
our daily contacts,
in Richard Dix's
opinion.





Maude Turner Gordon, below, came to pictures from the stage in silent days, and is still going strong as a grand dame.



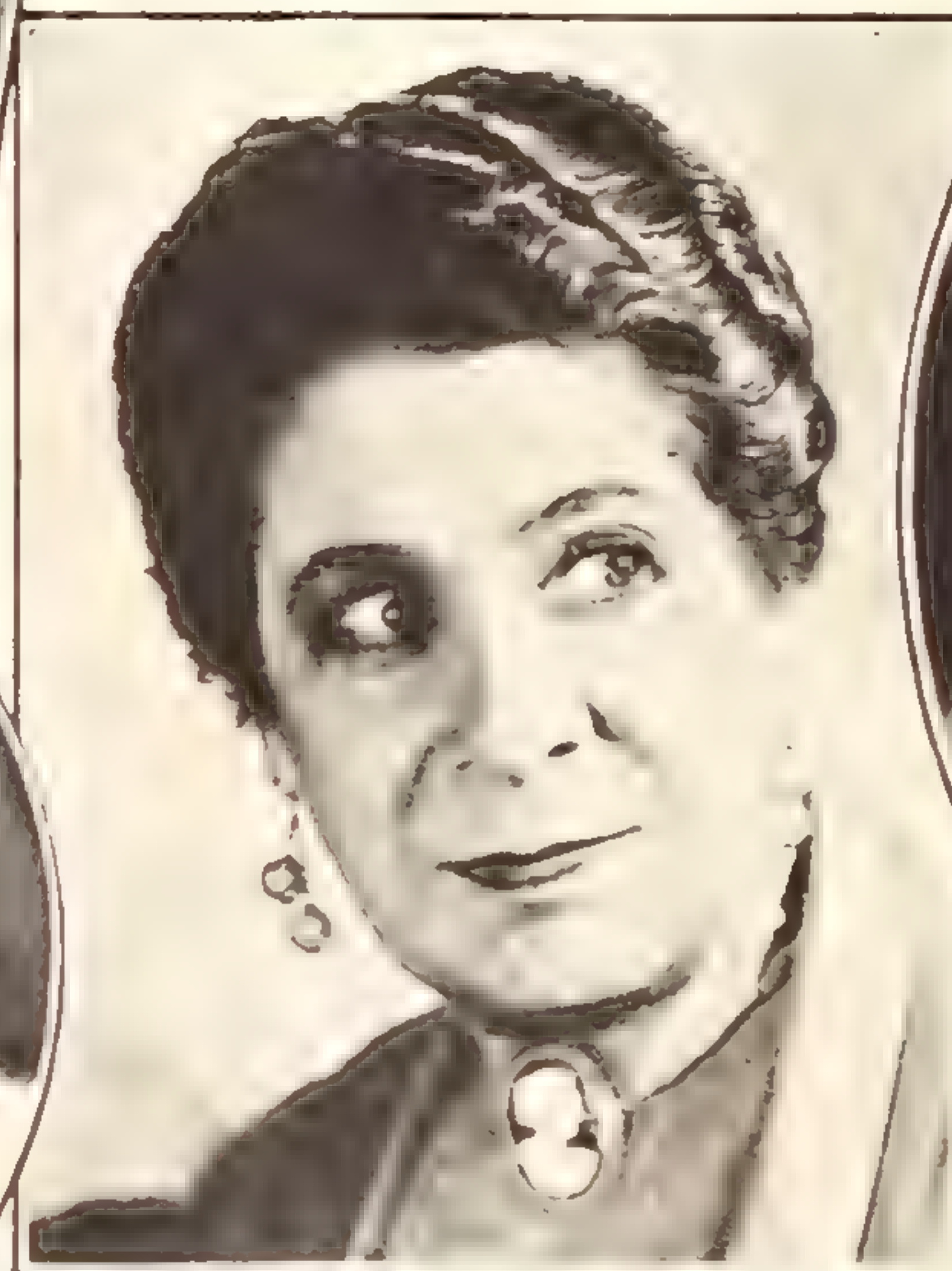
TRIUMPHANT

Here's to the grand old girls of the screen! This is their story

Beryl Mercer has forged ahead. You liked her in "Seven Days' Leave," "East Lynne," and "The Public Enemy."



Claire McDowell, right, plays one of the two mother rôles in "An American Tragedy"—and you remember her in "Ben Hur."



Lucy Beaumont, above, is one of the most charming of screen "mothers."

Maude Eburne was a stage success for twenty-three years. She was a screen hit in "The Bat Whispers."



Helen Ware, left, came to Hollywood as a coach for talkies. But now she is winning laurels as a character actress.

Of course you all know Louise Dresser, right, famous in "The Goosewoman," and now in "Roped In."



OH, YES, of course, Hollywood is crazy about Youth—but we have our incomparable Marie Dressler and Polly Moran as well. And they are not the only veterans who are winning triumphant success later in life. You have read in Marie's own biography in this magazine, how she snatched victory from defeat less than a year ago.

It was in 1913, after a hectic vaudeville career, that Polly hit Hollywood and pictures, for Mack Sennett. But it wasn't until Al Christie starred Marie and Polly together that M. G. M. realized their hilarious possibilities, and now these two make many younger and more beautiful screen charmers green with envy.

See, too, how Beryl Mercer has forged ahead. Beryl with her fat, dumpy little figure and her amazing capacity for wistful misery. Beryl was born in Spain, but mamma was English, hence a long stage career in Britain. A successful stage rôle in New York in 1914, Theatre Guild work there, and then Hollywood. "Three Live Ghosts" established her in talkies, and since then there have been good parts for Beryl. She's a gem as a funny cockney woman, as witness her in "Seven Days' Leave." Marvellous in tender mother rôles—comedy and tragedy come equally easy to her. You'll see her next in "The Public Enemy," and soon in "Right You Are If

You Think You Are," if the wish of her life comes true. Beryl has a young daughter, a Pekingese dog, a modest apartment in Hollywood, and a nice comfy bank account, thank you.

Or lovely Louise Dresser, of "The Goosewoman" fame—just signed with Paramount to co-star with Dick Arlen in "Roped In." Louise is an Indiana girl who once wrote ballads and sold 'em. Played in "Peck's Bad Boy" at 14, and thereafter made a success in stage and vaudeville productions for 16 years. Breaking into pictures was hard, though, and it wasn't until "The Goosewoman" that her talents were really acclaimed here. Louise has gone along triumphantly ever since. She's in "Lightnin'" with Will Rogers—glories in her age—and expects to reach her best success after fifty.

I love to see these old dears successful and blithely confident. Still, it isn't a good idea for every nice older woman to hop off to Hollywood. Most of these vic-

VETERANS

By
Alma Whitaker

Emily Fitzroy, below, is another famous veteran of stage and screen. Her first film was "The Lightning Conductor."



May Robson, above, beloved stage actress, made her picture debut in "Mother's Millions."



Cissie Loftus, celebrated mimic, is all set on a screen career!



Emma Dunn, famous on the stage, has made new friends with such films as "The Prodigal," and "Bad Sister."



Bodil Rosing, in circle at left, plays the other mother rôle in "An American Tragedy." She's Monte Blue's mother-in-law!



Allison Skipworth, left, scored as the dowager in "Outward Bound" and is sought for rôles on stage and screen.

You remember Mary Carr as the mother of the first version of "Over the Hill." Now in "Kept Husbands."



torious veterans had long stage experience. I wish we could picture every one of them for you—but here are only a few!

Florence Oberle, for instance—playing a very wet comedy rôle for Pathé in which she has to get soaked through and through—but for years she played Shakespeare and the higher drama, and comedy rôles galore in Los Angeles theatres, with her husband. Then Essanay saw her in Chicago and hired her for three years. She has divided her time between stage and screen ever since, and raised three children as well.

Florence Roberts began with Mack Sennett, after Mack had seen her in "Your Uncle Dudley" on the stage. That was in "Grandma's Girl." Now she's doing talkies right along—adores playing funny grandmas. She's working in "Too Many Cooks" with Bert Wheeler.

Cissie Loftus was born in 1876 but she's just started a new picture career, after many, many years on the

stage. Cissie is English. She's an inimitable mimic. Tried movies in 1912 without success. Now Fox has her under contract and fondly hopes she will compete with her old friend Marie Dressler.

That's one thing Marie has done—all the studios want to find Marie Dresslers now, and it's a great time for the old girls.

So watch R. K. O. boost Edna Mae Oliver after her work in "Cimarron." She's a scream. They popped her into "Board and Room" right away and raised her salary because of that sumptuous sniff. Edna played *Aunt Martha Hawks* in "Showboat" for three years, prior to the screen break in "Cimarron." Other comedienne's whose stock rises rapidly now are Allison Skipworth, whose dowager part in "Outward Bound" brought "Raffles," "The Circle," "Du Barry" and "The Virtuous Husband" rôles in quick succession. Ethel Wales, from silent days, who shines now in "The Criminal Code," "Subway Express," "Tom Sawyer" and half a dozen other talkies. Tempe Pigott, whose talkie success began with "Seven Days' Leave," in which she was hilarious as a cockney slum gossip. Maude Truax, who began with the old Biograph, in New York, and just accidentally walked into a rôle with Christie in Hollywood after 26 years on the stage, and found talkies most hospitable. She is now working in "Daybreak" for Metro.

(Continued on page 107)



Jean Harlow, above, daughter of luxury, played in pictures just for a lark but now she is serious!

June Collyer, left, above, led the social life until director Allan Dwan coaxed her to the screen.

Maureen O'Sullivan, a Dublin debutante, was dancing at a smart restaurant when Frank Borzage saw her.

YOU know how hard it is said to be for a rich man to get into heaven? It's almost as hard for a rich girl to rise to stardom on the screen. Believe it or not!

This poverty stuff seems to have been a grand background for success in cinemaland, ever since Mary Pickford and the Talmadge and Gish girls walked into the first studios practically in rags and rode out of other studios in Rolls-Royces.

Against the long roll call of those who have been desperately poor or moderately so, including Joan Crawford, Louise Fazenda, Wallace and Noah Beery, Betty Compson, Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Sidney Fox and Ramon Novarro, among others, the names of the sons and daughters of the rich is pitifully small.

There's Sue Carol, of course; and June Collyer, Jean Harlow, and Maureen O'Sullivan, each of whom was born with the well-known silver spoon to cut their teeth on. But it wasn't gold that gave these three maidens



Robert Montgomery had to go to work when the family fortunes were lost. He made good on the stage and screen.

RICH MAN

Little Rich Girl or Poor chance for screen success?

By Ruth

their chances to make good on the screen.

Sue saw Nick Stuart dancing at Cocanut Grove one night; they fell in love; in order to spend more time in one another's company, Sue visited Nick at the studio and attracted the attention of his director.

"How would you like to take a screen test?" asked the director.

"No, thank you," said Sue.

But the third time he asked her she let him make one to shut him up. Which led to a contract.

June Collyer's father was a friend of Allan Dwan, so when Allan came east to make a picture he met the beautiful June, and suggested that she might get a thrill out of doing a bit. June "clicked" and came to Hollywood.

Maureen O'Sullivan was at a fashionable café in Dublin, dancing with a party of young society people, when Frank Borzage saw her. He watched her with interest and presently sent his card over to her table with the request that she take a test. And so Miss Ireland stepped onto the screen!

Yet none of the three has yet had the sensational success of three young Cinderellas—Clara and Janet and Joan.

Clara Bow, from Brooklyn's back streets, won a beauty prize that did very little toward helping the Flaming Flapper to fame. She fought her way up the ladder, alone.

Janet Gaynor worked in the office of a shoe store in San Francisco before ushering at the California Theatre there turned her thoughts screenward. Then she moved to Hollywood, worked as an extra and in western shorts, until James Ryan, casting director at Fox, chose her for a part in "The Johnstown Flood."

Is wealth a help in the race for

POOR MAN

Cinderella, who has the better
This story will surprise you

Tildesley

Joan Crawford put herself through school by working for board and tuition. She worked for dancing lessons, too, and had inserted herself into a musical comedy chorus on Broadway when Harry Rapf of Metro-Goldwyn saw her and sent her west with a contract. She didn't step into big parts at once, though; she learned her business in the years before she was starred.

In answer to "What qualifications are necessary to break into talkies?" Edward Everett Horton replies: "A good voice is a help, and it's well to be beautiful, but the most important thing is to be born with the right relations!"

The Bennett girls, Constance and Joan, Russell Gleason, Leila Hyams and Kay Francis followed his advice by selecting stage parents. Constance married millions, as well. And besides that, she was chosen by that infallible star-picker, Sam Goldwyn, for her first picture.

Connie was attending an Equity Ball when Sam's eagle eye fell upon her. He gave her the flapper rôle in "Cytherea" and she ran off with the show.

A father, mother or other relation can further any youngster's career, even when said relative isn't in favor of it. Witness Kay Francis, whose mother, Kathleen Clinton of repertoire fame, wanted her to go into the business world. Kay didn't finish her business course. She went to her mother's stage friends and got a job behind the footlights.

Neither Irene Dunne nor Richard Dix, of "Cimarron," had influential relations. Irene was rich and Richard poor. Both won fame first on the stage.

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey were poor boys. Which might prove



Janet Gaynor is one of our Cinderellas. She worked in a shoe store before she won her silver slipper!

Hard work made Joan Crawford—right, above—the success she is today. And she is still working.

From rags to riches is Clara Bow's success story. She literally fought her way up to stardom.



Harold Lloyd was a poor country boy. Now his income is in the vicinity of \$30,000 a week—nice vicinity, too!

something—only Amos 'n' Andy were half 'n' half, Amos being rich and Andy poor!

Of the names that have endured through the years, the children of the poor have the best of it.

There's Charlie Chaplin, born in London's slums; Harold Lloyd, a country boy; Wallace and Noah Beery, who knew bitter poverty in the mid-west; Jack Mulhall, who was a grocery boy at Wappingers Falls, New York; Betty Compson, who acted as maid in a time of financial stress; Bebe Daniels, who knew the rigors of cheap four-a-day vaudeville as a child; Marie Dressler, acknowledged character queen of screenland today, who left a poor home at the age of thirteen

to win her well-earned crown; and Louise Fazenda, who has been a consistent favorite for fifteen years.

Louise was the child of poor people. As a very small girl, she sold newspapers outside the Arcade in Los Angeles, helped deliver groceries from her father's store, and took care of babies whose mothers had to go out.

Though they were very poor, (Continued on page 122)

or a handicap
screen success?

Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:

SKIPPY

IRON MAN

CITY STREETS

SVENGALI

DIRIGIBLE

THE MILLIONAIRE

Turn to page 98 for casts of current films

By
Delight Evans



George Arliss, David Manners, and Evalyn Knapp in "The Millionaire," a charming film.

The Millionaire

Warner Brothers

HERE'S the family film of the month. Take ma and pa and the young folks—and don't forget to go yourself. It's a picture for everybody. Simple, and quiet—no gangsters, no murders, no molls. New York, which after all likes millionaires, adopted this one right away; but the Manhattan applause was echoed elsewhere—which is news. It's George Arliss' most popular picture, and the first time the great English star has ever played an American character. You'll enjoy every scene in this refreshing comedy drama about the rich man whose doctor orders him to retire—but who goes to work instead. And makes good. There's an engaging romance between the very charming Evalyn Knapp and the likeable David Manners. There's Booth Tarkington dialogue. You simply mustn't miss it.



Robert Armstrong and Lew Ayres in "Iron Man," in which Lew plays a prizefighter.

Iron Man

Universal

WHAT, Lew Ayres as a prizefighter? Wait until you see this picture before you complain! It isn't the routine prizefight film and Lew is far from the familiar hero. I believe this is the rôle Lew didn't like. Well, you'll like him in it. He gives an interesting performance; it isn't his fault if he looks more like an appealing prep-school boy than a pugilist. Robert Armstrong plays the manager who shoves Lew to success—and how Armstrong plays that part. He steals every scene he is in. "Iron Man" packs a punch and serves suspense. Jean Harlow as the wife who causes the champ's downfall may be seductive and luscious and all those adjectives—but I wish she'd try exhibiting a little more of acting ability and a little less of Jean Harlow. But perhaps I expect too much.



The big scene in "City Streets," in which Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney do fine work.

City Streets

Paramount

HOW many pictures do you forget as soon as you leave the theatre? How many stay with you? "City Streets" is memorable for me for just one scene. Touching and true, it pictures the poignancy of young love as beautifully as if it were part of a pastoral romance instead of caught in a gangster melodrama. Yes, here's another one of those, with its booze-running and its killings and its what-nots. But here, too, is a real love story told by Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney, and it's this story that will get you. Especially that scene in which Gary visits Sylvia while she's doing her stretch. Pathos here, and drama—different from other love scenes. Sylvia is a smash hit in her screen debut, by far the finest actress of the new ingénue crop. Gary was never better. Mamoulin directed.

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month

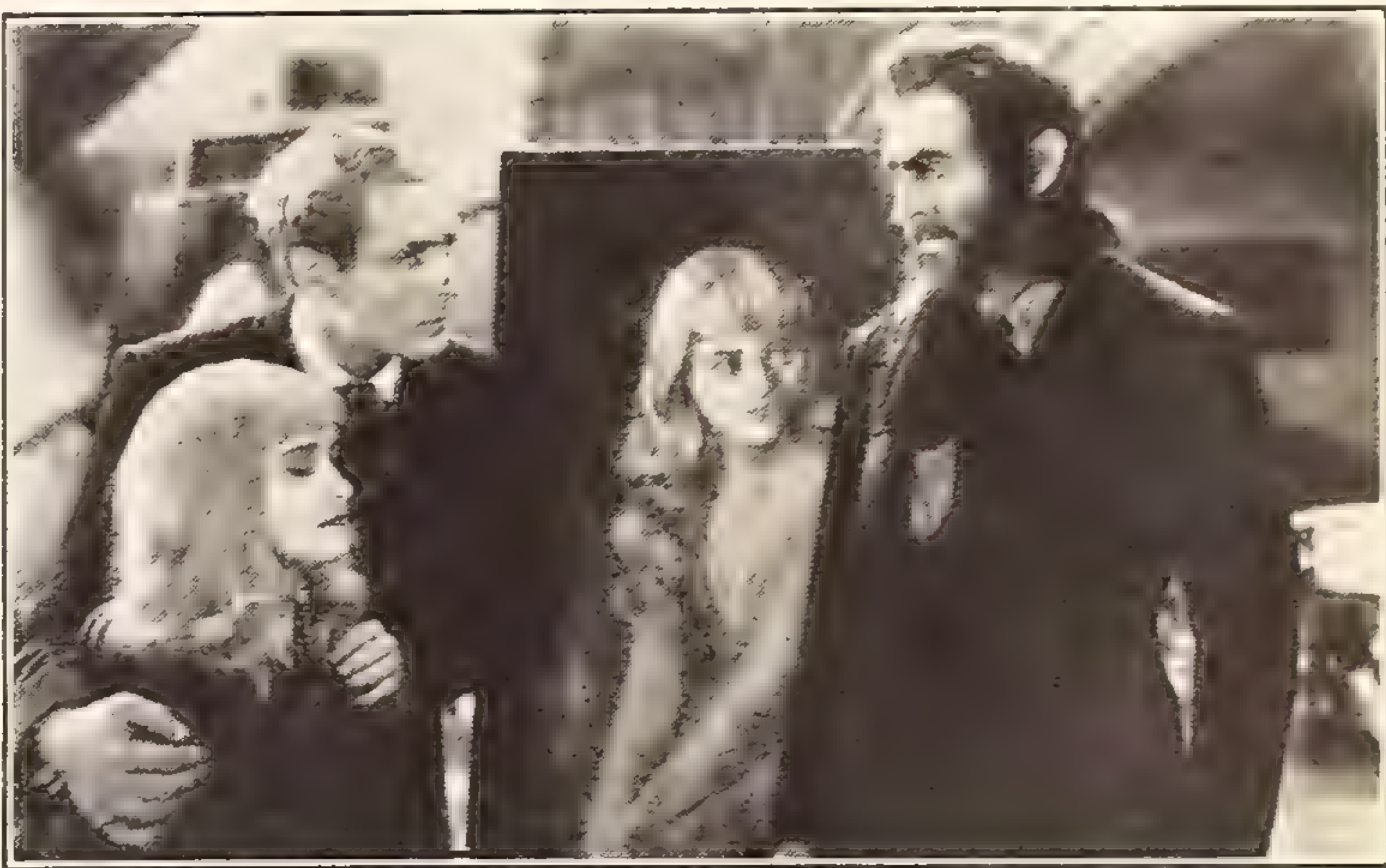
Ten Best Performances of the Month:

Jackie Cooper in "Skippy"
Sidney Fox in "Bad Sister"
Marian Marsh in "Svengali"
John Barrymore in "Svengali"
Ralph Graves in "Dirigible"
Gary Cooper in "City Streets"
Sylvia Sydney in "City Streets"
Robert Armstrong in "Iron Man"
George Arliss in "The Millionaire"
James Cagney in "The Public Enemy"



Svengali Warner Brothers

JOHN BARRYMORE in his greatest rôle. The du Maurier classic, "Trilby," provides John with the juicy character of *Svengali* and he plays it to the hilt. His new leading lady, Marian Marsh, is an enchanting *Trilby*—emotionally immature as yet, she's just a child—but with genuine appeal and promise. Here's a grand old story of the picturesque Latin Quarter Paris when artists wore smocks and their garret studios bloomed with beauties like *Trilby*, beloved of *Little Billee*. The sinister *Svengali* stalks in, enslaves *Trilby*, and hypnotizes her into the singing sensation of the Continent. It's the master's dread influence against *Little Billee*'s devotion—and it's all a perfectly dandy escape from current film fare. The powerful ending rounds out a rather magical movie that may very well become a screen classic. And you will welcome Marian Marsh.



John Barrymore has his greatest rôle in "Svengali," with Marian Marsh as Trilby.



Skippy Paramount

IF YOU haven't seen "Skippy" please hurry right out and do it now. This picture is the most ingratiating entertainment on current screens. You may "hate kid pictures." You may run from child actors. Ordinarily I wouldn't blame you. But if you miss "Skippy" you're just an old dog-catcher. And speaking of dogs—when you see *Skippy* and *Sooky* mourning the loss of their pet you'll break right down and have that good cry you've been denied since the gangster epidemic. Percy Crosby's cartoon kid comes to life in the person of Jackie Cooper, the best actor of any shape or size I've ever seen. He's amazing. Bobby Coogan is an endearing *Sooky*, the shanty-town kid who is *Skippy*'s best pal. But director Norman Taurog deserves the most applause. What a job! He must really like kids.



Jackie Cooper and Bobby Coogan score in "Skippy," from Percy Crosby's popular cartoons.



Dirigible Columbia Pictures

THE thriller of the month. I hand it to Columbia Pictures—while other producers are still messing around the underworld, they are looking up and filming the grand melodrama of a dirigible flight. It's a splendid picture because it has sensational thrills and entirely human people. For every thrill there's a heart-throb—there's a twenty-four-sheet phrase they can have for nothing! A spectacular South Pole conquest by dirigible and plane supplies sufficient excitement for thirty pictures. Ralph Graves as an air ace, Jack Holt as the dirigible pilot race for the Pole and the acting honors, with Graves winning, but Holt not far behind. Fay Wray is the girl—she usually is! "Dirigible" has thrills of the good, clean, old-fashioned kind in a smashing 1931 setting. All small boys will love it.



"Dirigible" is a thriller, with Jack Holt and Fay Wray. Ralph Graves also scores.



Neil and Elsa Hamilton gave a party for an old friend who once helped the host when he was out of a job!

HOODLUM PARTIES *and* HOUSE WARMINGS



Rita Stanwood Warner, whose house warming was a huge success. She is the wife of that popular actor, H. B. Warner.

You'll have a good time this month with our Hollywood

Party Reporter

By

Grace Kingsley

"GUESTS buy their own food here!" a hot-dog vender bally-hooed. And inside, afterward, we were told, "You have to buy your own refreshments!"

Lights, like those used at big theatre openings, played on the house as we approached, and just as we turned in at the gate we had been greeted by the hot-dog man, the odors of whose cooking rose pleasingly to our noses.

Our invitations had read, "Olsen and Johnson's Hoodlum Party!"

"A gesture of dissent," Patsy opined, "against the many high-brow parties they've been giving lately in Hollywood."

Despite the hot-dog man's warning, down in the whoopee room we found plenty of free lunch and near beer. That room was most amusing. It had been fitted up as an old fashioned dance hall—bar, sawdust on the floor, little tables and plain chairs and all—and here most of the guests gathered. A little cigarette girl circulated and asked us to buy cigarettes.

Just as we were sipping a glass of near beer we heard a commotion. Patsy rubbed her eyes as we beheld an apparition at the door.

"Do you see what I see?" she demanded.

"A pony, as I live and breathe!" I gasped.

Olsen and Johnson had brought their pet pony right into the house, and it made us feel like Alice in Wonderland to see him

there in person.

He made himself quite at home, however; was evidently used to being a member of the family, and probably wouldn't have turned a hair if we had shown him the early French furniture in the drawing room above. He was very nonchalant.

And how that pony did love his beer! He did his tricks for a drink. Finally, I have to report, however, that he went Hollywood, drank so much that he fell asleep in the sawdust on the floor, and had to be sent home in a taxi!

Jack Oakie arrived in his usual sweater and sports trousers, and Polly Moran came with Billy Haines as usual.

Just as we were saying hello, we heard a clangor coming up the hill.

"I do hope it isn't the patrol wagon come for us because we're making so much noise!" gasped Polly.

And it wasn't. Instead, an ambulance swung up to the gate.

We all ran out to see what it was all about. The doors opened. A solemn nurse and doctor hopped out, and amid a deathly stillness, out of the depths of the ambulance slowly limped Monte Blue, assisted by another nurse!

Monte began a speech in a feeble voice: "Folks, I was sick, but I just had to come to this party—" when we heard a stifled giggle. There back of us stood Monte's wife; and then we knew it was a gag. Monte dropped his limp and made a dive for her in (Continued on page 104)



How the hosts entertained at their "Hoodlum Party." Olsen and Johnson brought their pet horse into the parlor just for a laugh.

The DISCOVERY of the MONTH

Is Hollywood overlooking
a bet in Brian Aherne,
Broadway's combination of
Gary Cooper and Ronald
Colman?

THERE'S star material in those broad shoulders, clean-cut features, Cooper eyes and Colman accent—to say nothing of an acting talent that made all the New York critics eat their old adjectives.

The name? Brian Aherne, from Britain. At the moment Mr. Aherne is playing in America for the first time—imported especially to play Robert Browning to Katherine Cornell's Elizabeth Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," a play based on the poet's real romance. The play is a success, as are all Miss Cornell's productions; but for the first time in this great young actress' career she has shared her applause and critical attention with her leading man. Mr. Aherne has scored with his portrayal of Browning; playing a Victorian poet, he yet manages to be vital, ingratiating, humorous!

If Hollywood doesn't know about Brian Aherne, we're suggesting that he be signed without delay! He has had not only an important stage career, but has won popularity in English films, having played in Anthony Asquith's "Shooting Stars" and "Underground." His last screen appearance was in "The W Plan," made by British International and released in this country by R.K.O. Aherne has a vigor not always exhibited by leading men from Mayfair; he has some of the best qualities of Colman and Clive Brook with, as we mentioned, a dash of Gary Cooper. And since there has been no riotous male discovery since Lew Ayres, Bob Montgomery, and Phil Holmes, to balance the Dietrich-Bankhead onslaught, Brian Aherne looks like the answer to the producers' prayer. What do you think? Does he look like a bet to you?



Unravel this Hollywood triangle! Beautiful screen star, her millionaire fiancé, and her press agent, with scrambled hearts—read the rest of this sparkling romance here

Last month you met Iola Lane, lovely blonde screen star, among whose million or so admirers is her own press agent, Horace Randolph. But Iola has promised to marry the wealthy Kergan Montgomery. At one of those Hollywood parties there's a clash—and the first thing Horace knows, Iola is in Kergan's car speeding toward Mexico! Horace follows—now read the finish of this romance race.

PART II.

HORACE was silent. The intruder lighted a match and held it above his head, peering intently at Horace. The glow disclosed him to be Alvin Young. His expression was so solemn that Horace knew him to be intoxicated.

"It's Horace," announced Alvin. He chuckled gravely. "Just heard something funny," he stated. "It ought to interest you. It's about Montgomery and his lawyer. They had an argument."

"Yeah?" said Horace without interest.

"Oh, I should say so," Alvin assured him. "Devil of an argument. Was under a table and I heard it, every word. Acoustics 're good when you're under a table. Try it sometime when your radio's playing something you like. 'You can't marry her,' says the lawyer. 'I can't, huh?' says Montgomery, and—hey! you quit choking me. I was just——"

Horace had him by the shoulders, shaking him savagely.

"Tell me quick," he snapped. "Why'd the lawyer say Montgomery couldn't marry her?"

"Leggo and I'll tell you," complained Alvin. "Lordy, the joke I'm going to tell you isn't like medicine that has to be shaken well before using! 'You'd better not,' says the lawyer. 'Oh, I'd better not, huh?' says Montgomery. 'Well, I will,' he says. 'Better not,' says the lawyer. 'I will,' says Montgomery. 'Take the consequences then,' says the lawyer. 'I'm willing,' says Montgomery. 'Better not,' says—hey! you hit me with that bunch of bananas and I'll sue you for all you're worth."

Horace held his fist beneath Alvin's nose and wagged it threateningly.

"Tell me and tell me quick," he roared. "Why didn't the lawyer want Montgomery to marry Iola?"

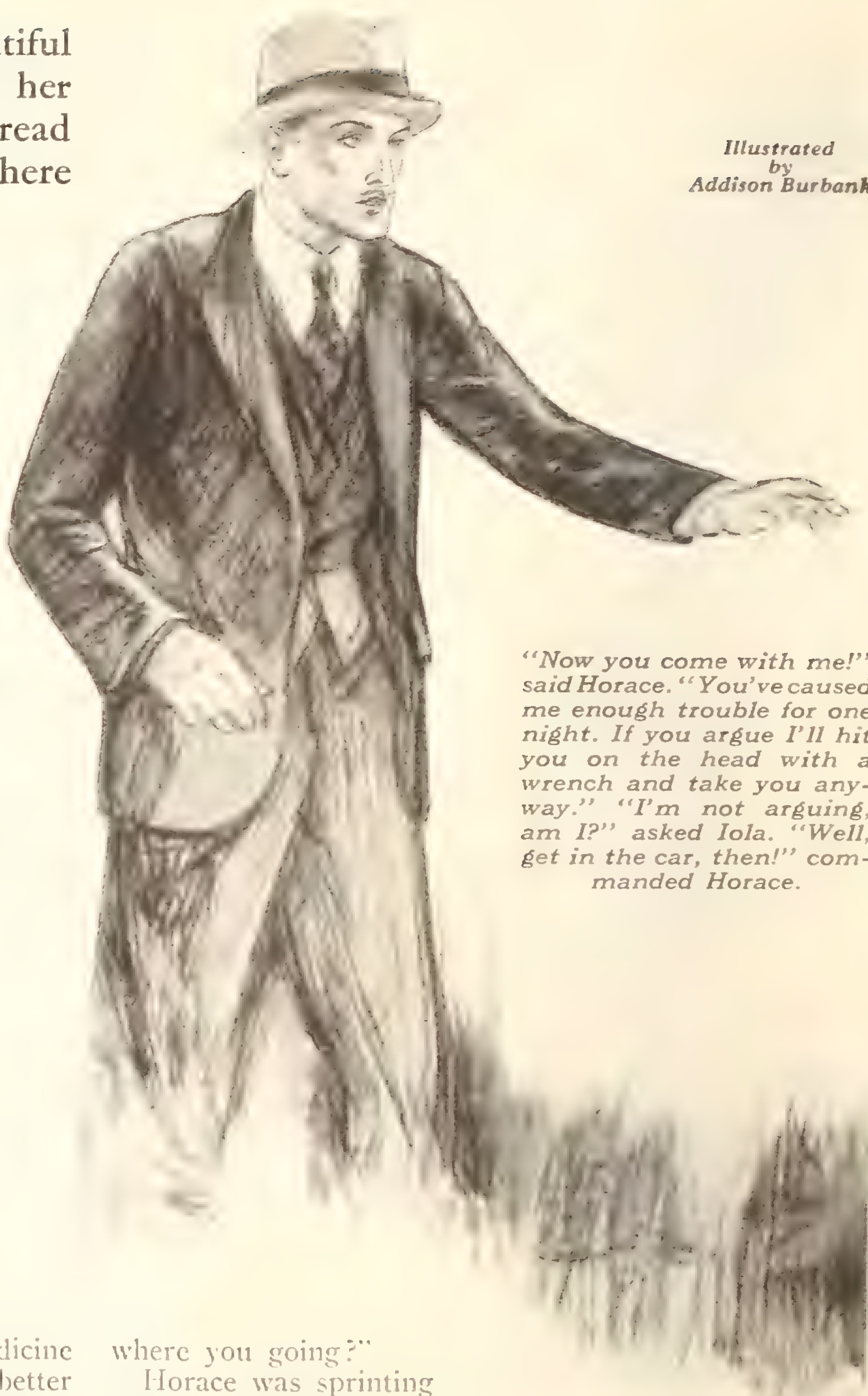
"I'm telling you," said Alvin plaintively. "No need to murder me. 'It won't be legal,' says the lawyer. 'The devil it won't,' says Montgomery. 'I'm telling you it won't,' says the lawyer. 'I'm telling you I don't give a hang,' says Montgomery. 'Better wait,' says the lawyer. 'I'm marrying her tonight,' says Montgomery. 'Better not,' says the lawyer. 'I will,' says——"

Horace caught him by the ears and shook him vigorously.

"Now tell me once and for all: why did the lawyer say Montgomery couldn't marry Iola?"

Frightened, Alvin jerked away.

"All right, all right, spoil the story," he said. "The lawyer said something about Montgomery's last divorce being got in some Mexican state and about how American courts won't recognize divorces got there and—



Illustrated
by
Addison Burbank

"Now you come with me!" said Horace. "You've caused me enough trouble for one night. If you argue I'll hit you on the head with a wrench and take you anyway." "I'm not arguing, am I?" asked Iola. "Well, get in the car, then!" commanded Horace.

where you going?"

Horace was sprinting down the driveway, his brain working at top speed.

"Can't get married in California," he gasped. "Three days' notice required and they've got no license. They're heading for Mexico. Ensenada, probably."

He leaped into Alvin's roadster and stomped on the starter. The motor roared into life and he sent the car down the driveway at top speed. The roadster listed to one side, there was a thump and Alvin plopped into the seat beside him.

"Not that it's any of my business," Alvin remarked, rubbing a bruise on his shin, "but where might we be going?"

Horace sent the car skidding around a curve and onto a dirt road, straightened it out and stepped on the gas unmindful of the ruts that threatened to shake the top down about his ears at any moment.

"Going to catch her and poke him in the nose," he answered Alvin's question. "What's the idea of you tagging along?"

"I like that," said Alvin. "Here a fella steals my car and objects if I come along. Bet you a dollar he licks you. After you catch her, what you going to do with her?"

"Take the dollar," muttered Horace. "They'll probably hit the boulevard, head for Long Beach and

MEXICAN

By Charles Winfield Fessier DIVORCE



then San Diego. Ought to gain on 'em this way."

"Not so fast," pleaded Alvin. "My uncle used to drive a fire truck and he gave me some good advice. 'Alvin,' he said, 'Alvin, if you ever grow up and get a job driving a fire truck remember this: speed's all right but too much of it is like too much salt in ice cream. Take care that you don't drive so fast that you get your truck all mixed up with a brick wall. A dead fireman's practically no good whatsoever to the owner of a building that's burning fifteen blocks away.' If you want to poke Montgomery in the nose, take my uncle's advice and drive slow. Otherwise, instead of poking Montgomery on the nose, you'll have to write him a dirty letter from the hospital."

"You're about as pleasant company as a stowaway on a trans-Atlantic plane," commented Horace and stepped on the throttle.

The rough short-cut behind him, Horace sent the car speeding along a smooth crowded highway, darting in and out of traffic, leaving a sizzling trail of curses behind him and sending a look of startled fear into Alvin's wide

eyes. A traffic policeman on foot barred the way. He leaped to one side just in time to save his neck.

"Oh-oh," moaned Alvin. "He's taking the number and I'm the guy they'll lock up tomorrow!"

Horace searched the line of cars for the familiar blue sedan. It was not in sight. He pressed harder on the throttle with no result. The car was giving all it had. Somehow he cut through Los Angeles without being stopped. Then he was on the highway leading to Long Beach. Traffic had thinned. It ought to be easier to locate the blue sedan now.

"Seems to me," complained Alvin, gripping the door and pressing his feet against the floorboards, "that you'd use your bean. You had all night to punch Montgomery on the nose but you couldn't think of it until he starts going somewhere. Hope he licks the devil out of you."

Horace curved around a track and slithered back to his own side of the road. Far ahead a red light weaved back and forth across the highway. At first the intervening distance seemed to remain unchanged. Then it gradually closed up. Finally Horace's headlights revealed a glint of blue ahead. It was Montgomery's sedan.

Horace drew alongside, leaned out and waved toward the curb. Montgomery, probably considering himself arrested for speeding, obeyed. Horace parked alongside and got out. Montgomery opened the sedan door.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"Assault and battery, I think," explained Alvin. "My boy friend wants to poke you in the nose."

Montgomery caught sight of Horace. He stepped from the car.

"What the devil's the idea?" he demanded. "Stopping a man like this! Are you drunk or something?"

"Show you," grunted Horace, and let fly, striking Montgomery a glancing blow on the cheek.

Montgomery crashed a huge fist against Horace's jaw and Horace hit the pavement. He stayed there a moment. Then he crouched low, got a football linesman's start and hurled himself forward. His head caught Montgomery in the pit of the stomach. The man sighed gustily and collapsed, his head striking the running board of his sedan.

"Have you killed him?" came a timid voice.

Iola was leaning out the sedan window, studying the recumbent Montgomery with interest.

"Hope so," muttered Horace, fingering his abused jaw. "Now you get out of that car and come with me. You've caused me enough trouble for one night. If you argue I'll hit you on the head with a wrench and take you anyway."

(Continued on page 123)

The STAGE *in* REVIEW

The summer show season is in full swing on Broadway. Read these pungent comments on the most interesting new plays

"Peter Ibbetson"

LIKE an old love-rose inhaled again in dreams, like a bundle of perfumed love-letters that tumbles out of a drawer unexpectedly, like some exquisite first-love emotion re-evoked over a bottle of old wine in a somnolent inn—so was I enswaddled again in that magic that the story of "Peter Ibbetson" has always re-evoked in me at the beautiful revival of this play by Shubert-Raphael and Constance Collier. (Nearly all the wise-cracking and sophistication of the present day is fake.)

Dennis King was an almost ethereal-looking *Peter*, something indeed for romantic maidens (Oh, there are a few of 'em left!) to swoon over. Jessie Royce Landis as *Mary, the Duchess of Towers* was compelling, especially in the dream-scenes. The *Colonel Ibbetson* of Charles Coburn was so rascally—from any standpoint—that I wanted to howl "Bravo!" when *Peter* killed him. However, the finest bit of acting was done by Wallis Clark as *Major Duquesnois*—and what a tremendously spontaneous hand he got!

The Younger Generation will have no use for this play. That's because they are dead and buried emotionally—but do not know it yet.

"The Wiser They Are"

Ruth Gordon and Osgood Perkins romp through "The Wiser They Are," by Sheridan Gibney, like two kids, although Osgood is a bit too severe looking and o'er-grown to be an ideal lover. Ruth is *Trixie Ingram*, a girl who doesn't know her own It, rather flirtatious and dancingly funny wherever she is allowed to be just Ruth Gordon. Perkins is her guardian who is set on marrying her, although he is deep in many unsevered and half-severed affairs. And *Trixie* is, of course, likewise involved.

The sex-meouwings of these two persons, with the antics of six others of various sexes as foils, provide a great deal of smart entertainment for two acts. The third act, on board the steamer *Olympic*, goes clean boom. A sheer collapse of inventiveness and exhausted dialogue. Result: bedroom horse-

By

*Benjamin
De Casseres*

play, vintage of 1898. Ho-hum! Julia Hoyt was there. It was a Jed Harris production. And that explains its success.

"The Silent Witness"

Jack De Leon and Jack Celestin, with the aid of Lionel Atwill, Kay Strozzi, Fortunio Bonanova and Harry Gribble, have put over a corking good mystery show in "The Silent Witness."

The same lady of uneasy virtue (played by Kay Strozzi) is murdered twice before our very eyes by the use of picture technique. The second time it was the real stuff. The first time a Nize Boy from Such a Nize Family thought he had done it. His father goes to trial for the boy (some cleverly worked-out incidents point to the Head of the Nize Family), and he has even confessed in a remarkably good court-room scene, when a stranger (to the audience) rushes in to tell the court that *Carlo Forli* (Fortunio Bonanova), a gig.. really strangled the Abandoned Woman. The stranger was hiding behind a curtain, as we see in another flashback. Clever!

Lionel Atwill as the father is at his best. Young Anthony Kemble-Cooper as the Blond Kid in the Toils of Sin did a rattling fine job, while Harold De Becker as a cockney witness came near walking off with the act. He sent us into convulsions. No doubt about this as a slam-bang sell-out as a picture.

"Getting Married"

In spite of the fact that the Theatre Guild dredged the whole town for about eight of the best players known hereabouts, it could not infuse any life into George Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married," which is Shaw at his very worst.

In this word-scenario in two acts (for "Getting Married" is all titles and no picture) a lot of miscellaneous people sit around and emit a lot of ancient wheezes and bromides about marriage. There is no play at all. The "characters" are epigram-spouting dummies, and what little champagne there is in the con-



Ruth Gordon romps through "The Wiser They Are," a new play which provides a great deal of smart entertainment.



Lionel Atwill is at his best in a corking good mystery show, "The Silent Witness." Kay Strozzi is seen with Mr. Atwill in the scene at the left.



Right, Dorothy Gish and Hugh Buckler in George Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Getting Married," which has been revived by the Theatre Guild.

versation dissolves in buckets of flat beer.

But the Guild did its finest. There was Margaret Wycherly (positive), Henry Travers (lingeringly delectable), Ernest Cosart (pompous), Dorothy Gish (beautiful and gishable), Reginald Mason (a sweetly tolerant Bishop), Romney Brent (only one Romney: charm)—and Helen Westley, egad!, in fine purple and linen who goes into a Shavian trance and emits romantic blather that only Miss Westley could get away with. And she did—for she's a superb actress.

Shaw's played out—and the Guild knows it. "Getting Married" is probably the last of the Old Man in New York.

"Melo"

"Melo," by Henry Bernstein, begins slowly, almost boresomely. It gradually trots, and ends in a fine scene between two men, in which one lies like a gent, and the other swallows the lie about his dead wife after nearly yanking the secret out of the other fellow.

Both are musicians, close friends. There is a wife. She loves them both, her husband in a maternal way and the lover, famous violinist, in an ulric way. She tries to poison the husband, thinks better of it, and, conscience stricken and not having the courage to leave him for the lover, throws herself in the Seine. The husband never suspects. He thinks she committed suicide because there was no baby. But suspicion begins to tickle his brain, and then comes the most effective scene in the play, the lying lover and the finally re-adoring and believing husband. The final curtain descends on them playing a violin-piano duet. The treacle is sometimes thick.

Bernstein is a master craftsman. "Melo" is, stripped of all of its box office accessories and effective settings, a psychological melodrama more to be seen than remembered. Edna Best, Earle Larrimore and Basil Rathbone



The magic of Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" is again on Broadway. Here is Dennis King with Charles Coburn.

are excellently cast as wife, husband and lover respectively.

"Melo" will make a finer picture than a play. It is much worth the seeing. It clicks after the first act.

"Six Characters"

The great success of "As You Desire Me" put enough nerve and sinew into the will of Tom Van Dyke to revive "Six Characters in Search of an Author," the play that made Pirandello famous. And if you want to know the greatest and most original dramatic mind of the century see, read and study Luigi Pirandello.

Six characters out of real life with a tremendous family tragedy brewing in them—a father, mother, three illegitimate children and one legitimate child, with

the father tangled up in a scrape with his step-daughter—walk in on a stage director about to put on a Pirandello show and demand that *their* story be fictionized. There follows such gorgeous, brainy, stimulating, paradoxical talk (and action) as never has been heard on any stage before. This play is not for the papoose mind. It is rich caviar.

The production was flawless. Eugene Powers, Walter Connolly, Doris Rankin, Eleanor Phelps and Paul Guilfoyle played in Model A style, with the great burden on the shoulders of Eugene Powers, who was actually the brain of Pirandello.

Sheer brains, no sugar here! Pirandello is the triumph of thought over diabetes.

"The Rap"

Who murdered *Frederick Harrington*, ex-District Attorney, who is conducting an investigation for the Bar Association?

We get the corpse right off the bat as the curtain rises. He is dum-dummed as he is (Continued on page 124)



Lucky little Helen has a great part in the new Richard Barthelmess picture, "Spent Bullets." She is the only girl in an all-man cast which includes John Mack Brown and Leslie Fenton.

Helen Chandler is married to Cyril Hume, the novelist who wrote "Wife of the Centaur," which was one of Jack Gilbert's best silent pictures—remember? Helen met Cyril on a rainy day, and married him on a rainier one. And she has had the best breaks when it rains, ever since she was born in Manhattan in 1909—on a rainy morning!



The RAINY THURSDAY GIRL

Helen Chandler gets the best breaks on bad days. Let it rain!

By
Mary
Howard

the morning in February, 1909, when she was born at the Hahnemann Hospital in New York City. The diary which Helen kept faithfully for more than ten years hadn't been launched at this early date, so the report on climatic conditions in New York on this important date comes from her mother.

There was never any difficulty about keeping little Helen indoors studying school lessons on an average sunny afternoon. But let dark clouds begin to gather in that section of the

RAIN and Thursday are two pet aversions of most women.

The first because it spoils new frocks and straightens waved hair. And the second because it means the maid's day out and therefore a more complicated existence.

To Helen Chandler, neither one is an annoyance. In fact, when the Weather Man reports rain on the day the calendar pad shows up Thursday, Helen starts the day with the high assurance that important things are under way for her.

"Although I never think about it at the time, looking back I always find the big events happen on Thursdays," declared this young actress. Important things began happening when she was eight years old and got her first stage job through her own efforts. When she was fifteen she was a leading lady on Broadway. Later she became known as a fine player of dramatic rôles with the Theatre Guild and in numerous Broadway productions. In talking pictures she is identified with "Outward Bound," "Mother's Cry," "Dracula," "Daybreak" and "Salvation Nell."

As for rain—Park Avenue was flooded with rain on

heavens that weather experts always know means rain and Helen would remember she had an errand four blocks away. And she would make her calculations so perfectly that she would always come home muddy and drenched to the skin, with eyes shining.

When she was older she must have realized that rainy weather enhances the beauty of a natural curl. But at the age of eight, when she accidentally stumbled into her first job, it was rain for rain's sake and let the long yellow curls take care of themselves.

"It was drizzling on this particular afternoon when I left school with a chum. This little girl was stage-struck and would often go to the different theatres where they were casting children's parts," said Helen.

"The idea of going on the stage didn't interest me at all. But when this little girl said she was going to ride to a certain theatre in the subway—well, that settled it. I had never ridden in the subway. I always came straight home from school each afternoon in a cab. That ride is even more vivid in my mind than my first interview with a producer, which happened a few moments later."

Arthur Hopkins was cast- (Continued on page 115)



Fryer

Evalyn Knapp believes in sensible suits for swimming, perhaps because she really can swim. Here she is wearing a two-piece, two-toned blue jersey. But Evalyn—you'd better take off those shoes before you plunge!

Dorothy Jordan prefers a one-piece bathing suit of white with blue trim. And Dorothy also chooses a practical helmet when she makes a date with the Pacific. Dorothy is another picture girl who can swim.



How do you like this sun suit Ona Munson is wearing? Designed for health and comfort.



Bull

OUR OWN

The "tab sea suit" is worn by Mary Carlisle, below. It lives up to its name by showing an abbreviated top with a tab anchoring it to the shorts. Designed to make swimming easy.

Grimes



Fryer

That beautiful blonde, Joan Blondell, above, wears the 1931 version of the Grecian sandal with her two-piece brown and orange suit with its pleated trunks and zipper side fastening. Smart!

If Edwina Booth isn't careful she'll have a striped sunburn! She's wearing something pretty new in backs. Do you notice how many of the girls pictured here are wearing berets? And Garbo started it all.

Bull



BATHING BEAUTIES

Here is one of the neatest beach ensembles we have seen this season. Evalyn Knapp is wearing it. The jersey suit with striped top has its matching coat—smart enough, really, to wear with a sports dress.

Archer



Richee



Lippman

Two-timing pajamas! Frances Dee's bathing suit comprising trunks of blue jersey and bodice of white becomes a striking beach costume by the addition of a pair of white jersey trousers, striped with matching blue.

Marian Marsh shows off her "conch-shell cap"—which is a little more swagger and becoming than the usual bathing cap, and just as practical for mermaid purposes.



Grimes



Bull

We hope the seal isn't being taken in by Mary Carlisle's interest. She is probably thinking of what a cute little muff he'd make for next winter.

Joan Blondell likes color, and lots of it, in her beach costumes. Right, she's wearing a scarlet and white three-piece suit with a beret to match.

What if a great big horrid wave had come along just as Dorothy Jordan was smiling so sweetly for this picture? Better ride that surfboard, Dot.

Fryer





Frances Dee, left, poses with the permanent waves at Malibu.

Evalyn Knapp's jersey ensemble boasts a jaunty little cape.

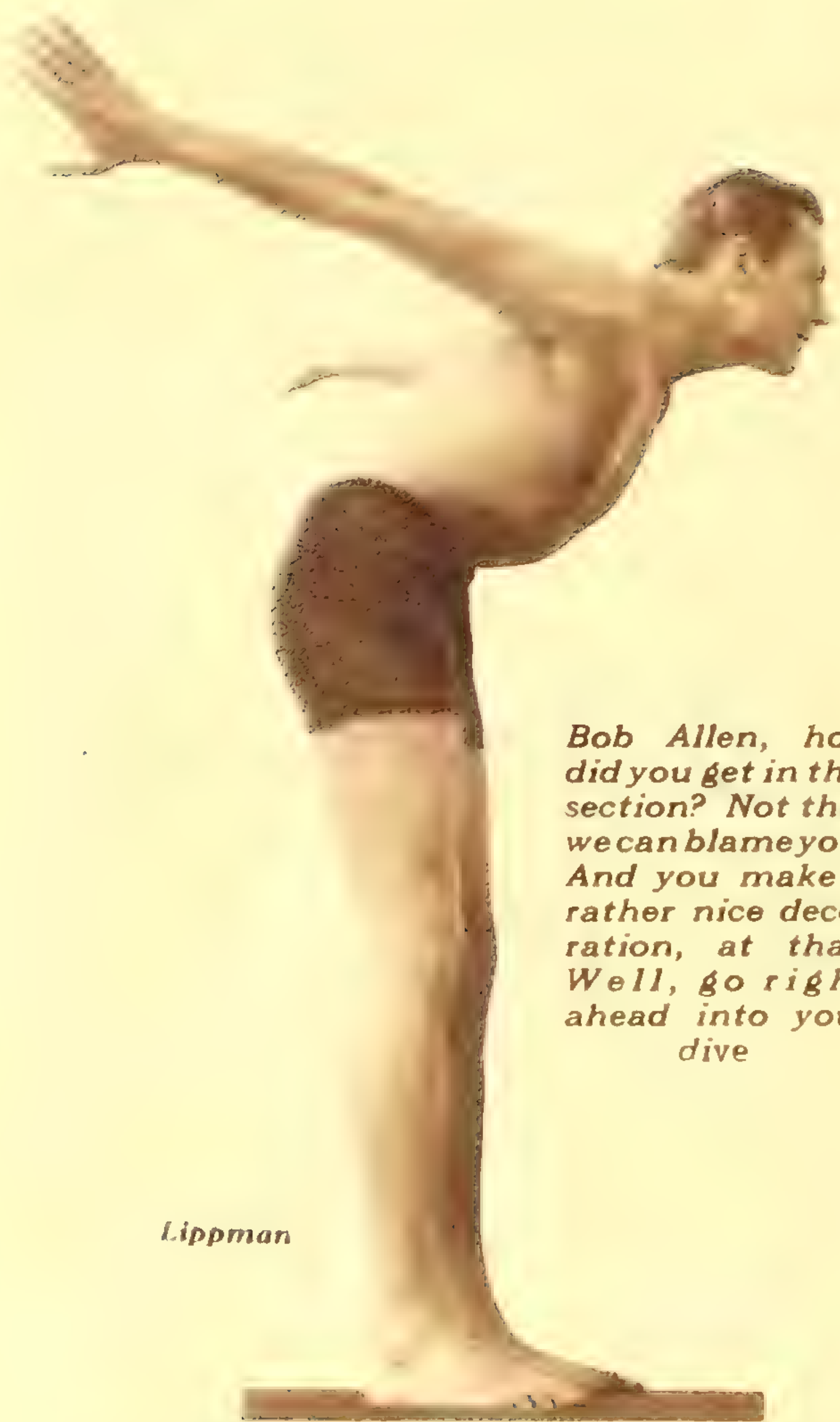
Irene Delroy, below, has that happy Hollywood vacation look.



Meet Conchita Montenegro, wearing her favorite swimming suit with pipings of plaid cotton and a plaid belt.



Pryer



Bob Allen, how did you get in this section? Not that we can blame you. And you make a rather nice decoration, at that. Well, go right ahead into your dive

Lippman

Joan Blondell shows off the zipper side fastening of the trunks of her smart little suit, at the right. Those are good sandals.

That gorgeous blonde, Anita Page, about to quench her mid-afternoon thirst with an orange. That wicked Hollywood!





Richee

Something pretty fancy in beach attire. Frances Dee's suit and cape of yellow jersey are trimmed with bands of red. Wooden beads are nice and new and decorative. Frances wears one string of white and one of red, carrying out the ensemble idea. She selected an adaptation of the Grecian sandal to complete her costume.

Of course, if you want something really grand, you can go in for a black satin suit like Evalyn Knapp's, right. It has a bodice for all the world like an evening gown's. Like it?

Fryer



You'll notice that for serious swimming purposes Joan Blondell wears a simple, one-piece suit! She saves her snappy ensembles for frivolous afternoons. Gone are the days when Hollywood bathing beauties would sooner have sacrificed their best close-ups than get all wet in that nasty ocean. The 1931 beauties believe in sun, surf, and all the exercise they can find time for.





Cottons have come to stay! Leila Hyams wears striped cotton crepe beach pajamas in rich Algerian colors, with bolero jacket and wide circular trousers.

Bull



Fryer



It looks like a million dollars—but it's made of cotton, this two-piece pajama outfit worn by Evalyn Knapp. The colors? Brown and white, very good this year as you know; and don't you like the smart stripe and the emblem?

Over that bathing suit you saw her wearing a few pages back, Conchita Montenegro wears plaid gingham trousers and a navy blue bolero lined with the plaid.

WE'RE FOR PAJAMAS!

The French apache inspired this costume! It's red, white, and blue jersey with matching beret, and wide draped belt. Pep by Joan Blondell!

Fryer



Flannels! Lilyan Tashman advocates their use in one of the season's gayest costumes—wide white trousers and red and white blouse with sash. And Lilyan knows her clothes.

Richee



We couldn't resist showing you this perfectly lovely and simply ridiculous "sugar-cookie" beach hat. Only a Marian Marsh can wear it, we're warning you!

Lippman.

—AND *P*AJAMAS!

One of the three or four "best-dressed women in Hollywood," Lilyan Tashman, is elegant even in summer beach attire. She wears a pajama suit of skipper-blue jersey, with a terrifically becoming linen vest.

Dyar



Fryer

Joan Blondell can crash this section as often as she pleases if she wears such becoming beach pajamas as these, in blue and white jersey.





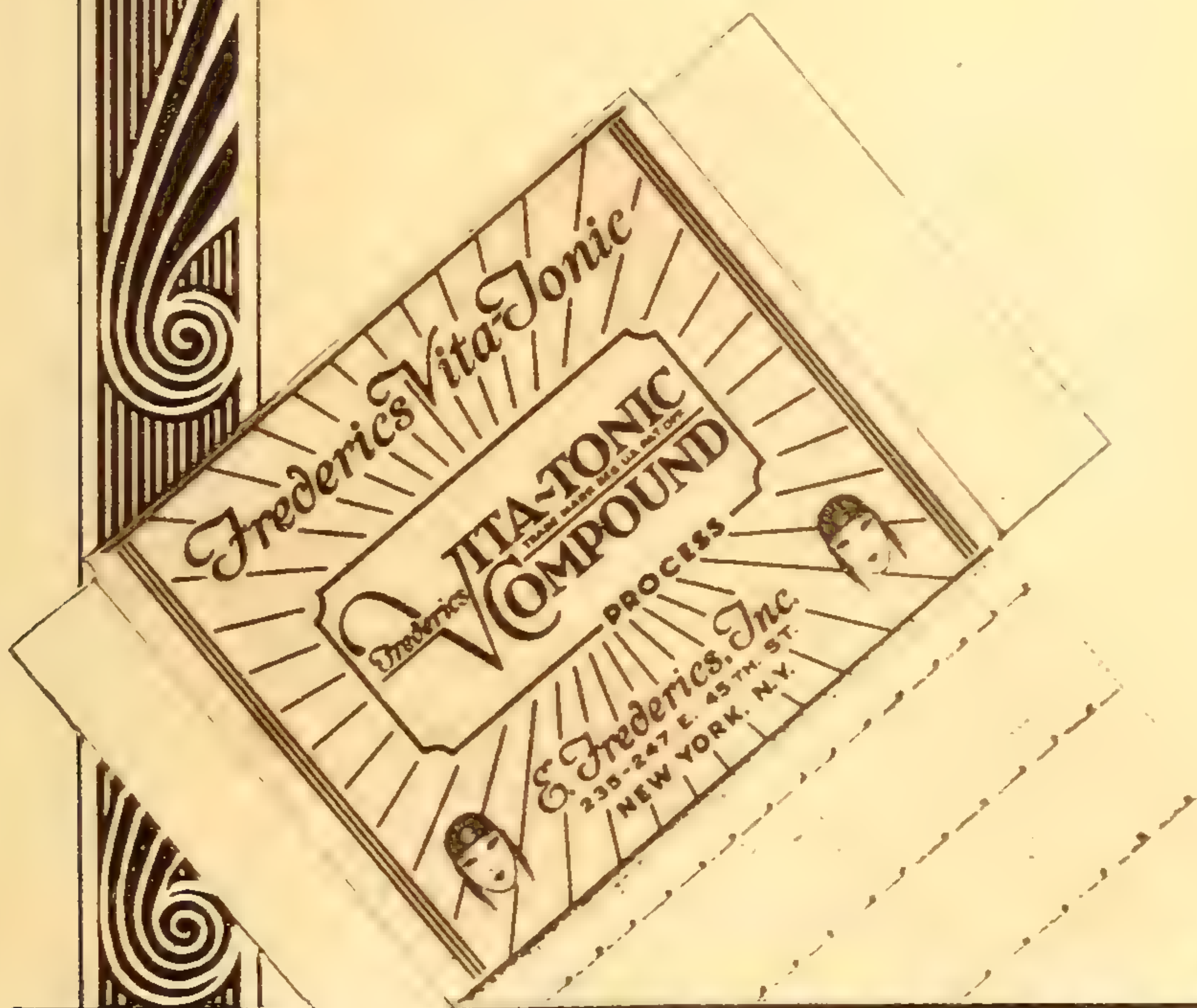
DOROTHY MACKAILL

*Enjoys the
Beauty and Comfort
of her*

VITA-TONIC WAVE

LOOK FOR THIS WRAPPER

Do not permit your Hairdresser to use cheap, inferior wrappers on your hair. They leave the hair in a harsh, dry and strawy condition. Don't accept such statements as "just as good" or "better" —insist on a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave.



DOROTHY MACKAILL, whose soft, lustrous wavy hair is the subject of much admiration and not a little envy, says: "The secret of keeping my hair soft and wavy and naturally beautiful is my Frederics Vita Tonic Permanent Wave. I feel especially safe in recommending the Frederics Vita Tonic Process because I know it will not harm the delicate shade and texture of my hair".

Soft, lustrous, wavy hair—the alluring beauty you've longed for, can be yours if you demand a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave. We will gladly send you a free Vita Tonic Wrapper to take with you when going for your Permanent. Compare it with the wrappers used by your Hairdresser—assure yourself of getting a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave. At the same time we will send you an interesting booklet on the care of your wave and a complete list of Hairdressers in your vicinity who give Genuine Vita Tonic Permanent Waves. Write Dept. 188, E. Frederics, Inc., 235-247 East 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Frederics VITA-TONIC WAVES

German beauty experts advise olive and palm oils to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Carsten—and others equally renowned—join vast group of more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over in urging daily use of Palmolive.

Carsten says: *"I recommend all my clients to use Palmolive Soap at least twice a day, massaging its wonderful lather gently into the skin for a couple of minutes."*

Leo Carsten

LEO CARSTEN, whose Berlin beauty shop on the Kurfürstendamm is quite the smartest salon in Middle Europe.



Beauty belongs not to one race, nor to one country. And is it not remarkable that the lovely women of almost every civilized nation find this one method of skin care best?



TEJERO of Barcelona helps the olive-skinned Spanish beauties to keep complexions lovely by advising Palmolive Soap.



HOARE of London, who served women of the world's diplomatic circles during the naval conference.

TODAY, despite differences in type, lovely women all over the world are acquiring "that schoolgirl complexion." The fresh colorful English skin; the lustrous pallor of the Parisienne; the rich, olive-tinted Spanish and Italian complexion . . . each one retains its characteristic beauty through a simple formula recommended by more than 20,000 beauty specialists.

In 16 countries, 1691 cities

"Wash the face with a pure soap—a vegetable oil soap—and water," they'll say, "but not any soap will do. It must be Palmolive!"

If you should question this statement, you'd learn some interesting facts about the cosmetic value of olive and palm oils. Those are the vegetable oils of which Palmolive is made, you know. They cleanse without irritation. They are mild, gentle, easy on the texture of the skin. Specialists have

made many tests with Palmolive and they are universally enthusiastic.

An easy method, too

You massage Palmolive lather into the face and throat until the impurities are freed from the pores. Then you rinse it off with warm water; after that with cold. And—if you like—an ice massage as an astringent. That's what you are advised to do morning and evening by more than 20,000 of the world's best known beauty specialists. They, don't forget, are professionals. Their recommendation deserves your attention. Buy a cake of Palmolive and try the facial treatment tonight. You'll find it the easiest way to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEAF and 39 Stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c



LIVING *on* LAUGHS

By
*Joe E.
Brown*

Joe, the old laugh-maker, regards comedy as a pretty serious business. Right, with Marjorie White in "Broadminded."



THIS funny business, this living on the laughs you get out of audiences—well, it's a very serious proposition with me, and I'm not smiling when I say it, either!

There's fun in being funny, of course, and it isn't exactly my purpose to play *Pagliacci* and tell you that behind all my smiles there lurks a tear. You'd stop me because you've heard that one. But I do mean that what apparently is the most extemporaneous form of entertainment—in other words, comedy—is as a matter of fact apt to be the most studied and most carefully worked out. And in no form of amusement is this truer than it is in the talkies.

When you laugh, as I hope you do, at things I do and say, don't remember what I am about to tell you. It might spoil your fun, and my job in the world is anything but fun-spoiling. What I am about to tell you is the reason or reasons why funnybone tickling is, with me, such a serious business.

In the first place, I regard comedy as seriously important in itself, and not alone because it is a difficult form of expression and entertainment. A little story explains this firm conviction of mine. A couple of years ago I broke my leg for the second or third time. Ten days after I broke that leg I opened with a show in New York. My leg was encased in a cast, but even so, I danced a little. My doctor threatened to put me in a straitjacket. He said I was insane.

Without arguing the merits or demerits of that accusation, let me explain that I finally convinced the doctor that all his threats meant nothing to me. It was the trite philosophy of the trouper: "The show must go on."

The doctor looked at me and shook his head and smiled. "Well, I give up, Joe." Then he told me something that may or may not (Continued on page 113)

Joe lives on the laughs he gets out of you—and he tells here how he earns his living

Critical Comment



THE PUBLIC ENEMY
Warner Brothers

The gangland film to end all gang films! Here's one that will never be topped. It will get you, with its stark realism, its superb acting, its ruthless direction. A new star is born—James Cagney. What an actor! Jean Harlow, sumptuous blonde, assists. Exciting? It's one continual thrill. See it if you're over 21!



BIG BUSINESS GIRL
First National

A nice little picture. What happens when a boss falls in love with his secretary—and she is lovely Loretta Young? Frank Albertson is the interference, Ricardo Cortez the boss. Of course, it's all too romantic to be true, but there's a lightness about it that makes for good, mild entertainment. And Loretta is more charming than ever.



DUDE RANCH
Paramount

If you're an Oakie enthusiast you'll have a good time; and if you're not, then we're sorry for you. Jack and his pals stage a "wild west" act for the benefit of paying guests at Stuart Erwin's dude ranch—and it turns into the real thing, with lots of laughs. June Collyer is the "beautiful dame" and Mitzi Green helps.



THREE ROGUES
Fox

The West is having a fling on the screen this month. Here's a land-rush melodrama-with-laughs, all about three bad boys who take a big-brotherly interest in Fay Wray and fight for her rights and her honor. Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody, and Eddie Gribbon are the three ridin', fightin' fools, and small boys of all ages will cheer.



THE PERFECT ALIBI
Radio Pictures

We want to give English-produced pictures every break in the world but we can't go into a rave over this very mild picturization of A. A. Milne's mystery play. It's only moderately interesting. No fault of the actors—C. Aubrey Smith and Robert Lorraine are two of the best, while the heroine, Dorothy Boyd, is competent and attractive.



DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS
Warner Brothers

Just another case of good actors and elaborate trimmings wasted on a weak story. The domestic complications of pretty Irene Delroy and handsome Jimmy Hall get to be a great, big bore to their audience. Lew Cody as an amiable drunk and Natalie Moorhead as a strenuous vamp are too obvious to help much. Don't hurry to catch this.

on Current Films



BAD SISTER
Universal

Introducing a new star, Sidney Fox. She's something new and fresh—very fresh; you'll like her. She plays a mean little minx in this devitalized movie of Booth Tarkington's novel, "The Flirt"—but her personality is poignant and you'll want to see her again. Bette Davis, another newcomer, and Conrad Nagel are good, too.



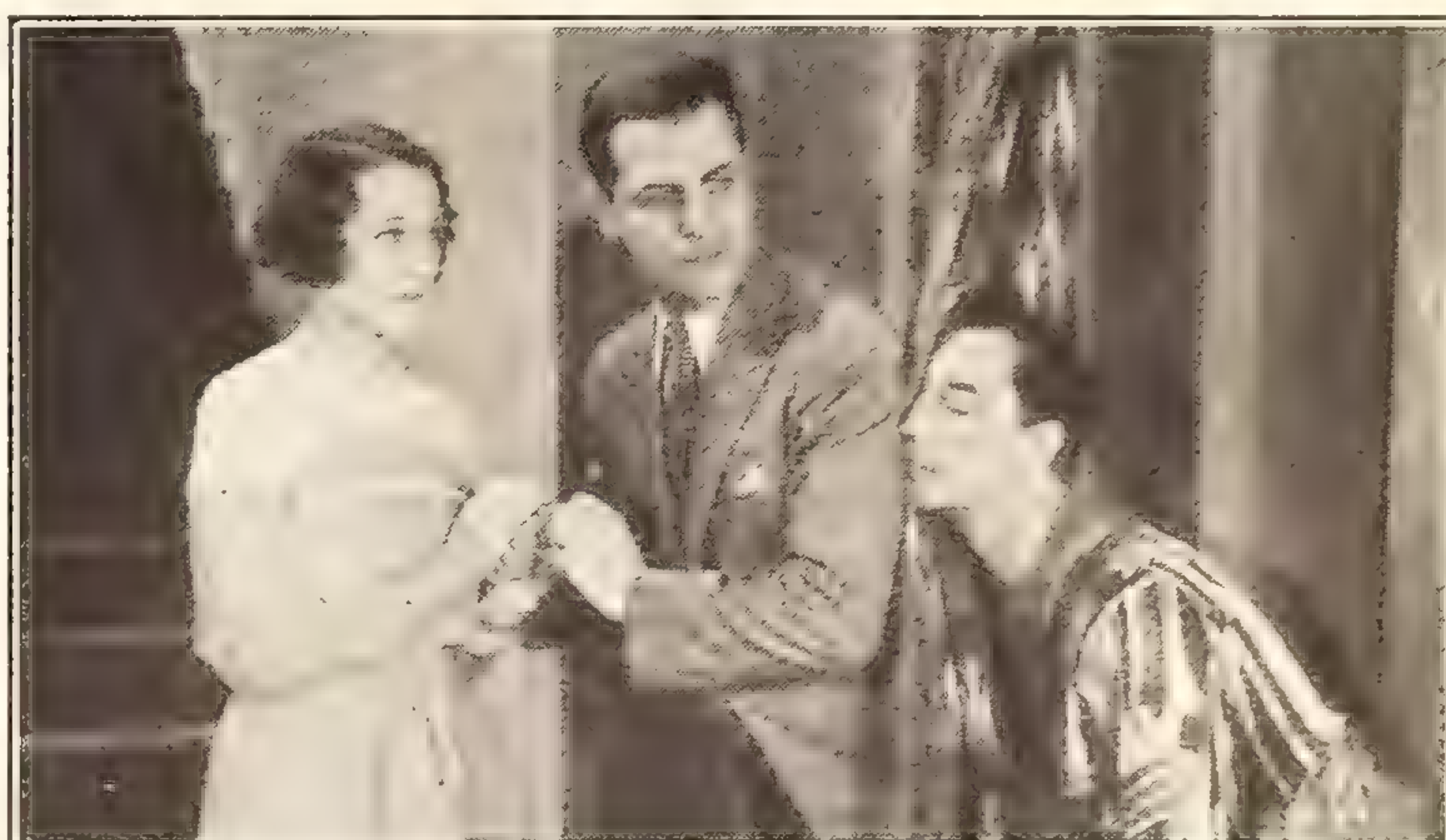
THE SECRET SIX
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Oh, for the good old days when a movie "Gang" meant Hal Roach's comedy kids! But here's a much better than average gangster film, glorified by Wallace Beery in a grand roystering rôle, and directed by George Hill with a crisp combination of suspense and satire. Marjorie Rambeau teams with Beery; a great combination.



LAUGH AND GET RICH
Radio Pictures

If you like pictures about homespun folks, you'll enjoy these family affairs of a boarding-house keeper, Edna Mae Oliver, from hash to high society. The angular Miss Oliver is almost always amusing; and Dorothy Lee as her daughter romances agreeably with Russell Gleason. But by far the best performance is given by Hugh Herbert.



PARLOR, BEDROOM, AND BATH
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This is good, old-fashioned, rowdy slapstick, frank and unashamed. We welcome it as a change from too much gang drama. Buster Keaton is really funny as a would-be great lover, especially in his scenes with Charlotte Greenwood. A great cast, including Reginald Denny, Sally Eilers, and Cliff Edwards, help make this comedy a riot.



QUICK MILLIONS
Fox

Have just one more racketeer film before you swear off! This happens to be different. It has a strong punch and a somewhat fresh slant. Spencer Tracy is a new thrill as a trucking king amorously involved with two beauties—Marguerite Churchill as a debbie and Sally Eilers as an underworld gal, both splendid. Well worth seeing.



THE CONQUERING HORDE
Paramount

This superbly mounted western, in Paramount's usual lavish style, will please all followers of the outdoor drama. It gives Dick Arlen his best western rôle to date, with Fay Wray as his sweetheart, against a background of the antebellum cattle country. Beautiful scenery. But isn't it about time to give Dick an acting chance?

The RIGHT of *W*EIGH!

You can be just as slim as you will—and *will* is the right word

By
Anne

Van Alstyne

SOMETIMES I am persuaded that there are only two real beauty problems—blackheads and overweight. I get scores of letters, of course, about hands and faces, about hair and eyes, and make-up. But they are never unhappy, overwrought letters. They are simple letters, simple to answer. Only on the subject of blackheads and reducing do I get heart-broken epistles that sound as though the world would end for my correspondents if I couldn't do something to help them.

And really, without meaning to sound just too severe, I can't see why these terrible problems should exist for the average girl, or even why, when they do exist, they should seem so dreadful. For blackheads can be cured, absolutely. And figures can be reduced. One can be as slim and lovely as you will—and will is the right word.

So here I am, all set on this lovely early summer day, to try to solve one of those problems for you, to tell you how to become a sylph, or to stay a sylph. I'll even be generous and give you two simple little truths to memorize and then tell you how to go about making them true for you. Here they are. Too much food and too little exercise make you overweight. Less food and more exercise make you slender. Now isn't that simple?

But let's suppose you are—well, let's be honest about it—plain fat. You want to reduce. You've tried dieting—a little; and exercising—a very little. But nothing much happens to your weight. You did cheat on a couple of ice cream sodas, one day, and ate macaroni one dinner time; but still you tried. And it didn't get you anywhere.

All right. Let's look your problem severely in its round, comfortable face.

The most important thing to find out, before you start to reduce, is what is causing your overweight. The chances are a hundred to one that you are eating more than you need and not exercising at all. The one chance is that your overweight is caused by glandular disturbances—that is, genuine ill health—but that chance is so remote you do not need to worry about it unless you are really ill.

The next thing to find out is how much overweight you really are. Some girls have exaggerated ideas on this score. Only this morning I got a letter from a fourteen-year-old, five feet in height, who was worried because she weighed ninety-five pounds. She only wanted to weigh eighty! If that youngster should go on a diet that would reduce her to eighty pounds, she'd be a doctor's patient within a month! Remember that your height and the actual weight of your skeleton has a tremendous lot to do with what you weigh. Your temperament influences poundage, too. Very nervous people are almost always thin. Then consider your age. It is best to be a bit overweight up until thirty, while after that you should be a little underweight. That's for your heart. After maturity it doesn't like the strain of carrying excess pounds.



For getting rid of that "spare" around the waist-line, no exercise is better than the "star twist" which Anita Page glorifies. Further directions are given by Miss Van Alstyne in this reducing article.

Get a good scales, if you can, preferably one without springs. One of those old-fashioned affairs like they have in freight offices, or the swank kind doctors use are best—the kind with the weights. The spring ones are always springing—and forgetting to come back. Weigh yourself before and after meals. You'll be surprised to find how much heavier you are after a hearty dinner. Then rate yourself on a standard that gives you five to ten pounds for each inch of height over five feet, the five feet being about one hundred pounds. This is an accurate enough gauge, allowing for differences in large and small bones, age and such things. Also allow for your type of work. If you are a sedentary worker, an office or shop girl, or a home maker, the chances are that your day will provide you with very little muscular exercise. If you are an exec-

DO YOU WANT TO REDUCE?

Ask Anne Van Alstyne! Read this article first. Then, if you find you still have an unsolved beauty problem—figure, skin, hair, feet—write to Miss Van Alstyne and she will help you. Address: Anne Van Alstyne, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for personal reply.

utive, you should have a bit more weight to allow for the nervous strain you are under. If you are a vigorous outdoor worker, your exercise should prevent your storing up fat.

If, after all these considerations, you find you really are overweight, then you just *must* diet and you just *must* exercise.

Does dieting sound like an awful bore to you? Well, perhaps it will help you endure it if you think of it as a definite accessory of charm and a real gift toward beauty. A charming girl is one with vitality. Fat slows



Sylvia, Hollywood's famous masseuse, who keeps some of the loveliest picture girls in trim, illustrates the right way of body bending to attain suppleness.

you up. An attractive girl is one who suggests youth, either real or simulated. A slender figure is a youthful figure. A beautiful girl is one with clear, transparent skin. If your diet is full of starches and fats you can't have clear skin. But isn't it worth dieting to attain youth, beauty and charm? I think it is. But be careful of what diet you choose.

There are diets that are faddish. There are diets that are downright harmful. There are many that will reduce you very quickly but the damage they do to the nervous system, the face, and the morale is very serious indeed. Other diets are merely deceitful. By eliminating all liquids from one's meals and thereby cutting down the natural "water weight" of the body, they make the scales record a lighter figure. But once you return to your normal diet, the poundage returns.

A good reducing diet, that will get you thinner and make you stay at your ideal weight, must be varied. It must contain all the essentials for health and eliminate only the things that make for excess. It must have tissue builders, energy builders, minerals and all four vitamins, and have them arranged so that some foods containing all these elements are eaten every day.

What are tissue builders, you ask, and what do they do? You'll find them in lean meat, cheese, fish, flour, peas, beans, milk, eggs and cereals. They keep your skin clear, your eyes bright and your hair healthy. Energy builders, which destroy fatigue, are in butter, bread, cereals, sugar and all sweets, potatoes, peas and beans. All fresh vegetables contain minerals. Milk is particularly valuable. All raw vegetables and raw fruits contain vitamins.

So, for a reducing diet you not only can eat lots of things—but you *should* eat them. You can reduce and yet have, every day, some meat, cheese or fish; two fresh vegetables; some butter; at least a slice of bread; milk; raw fruit, preferably oranges, and a quart of water. Now isn't that easier and more pleasant than "doing" without something—bread and butter, for instance, or all vegetables? Following such a plan, you will not have to live on oranges alone, or lamb chops and pineapple, or cucumbers and stale toast, or some such senseless combination of foods.

Remember that (Continued on page 100)



How not to do it! Anita Page does her fingers-touching-the-floor exercise incorrectly. Mustn't let your knees bend, Anita—and get out of those high-heeled slippers!

Ship-ahoy and all that sort of yacht! But Marjorie White isn't going sailing—she's simply shouting the latest screen news.



SCREEN NEWS

Serving you gossip
from the camera coast

Ruth Chatterton is going to remain with Paramount. You know, of course, that Warner Brothers had Ruth dated up for a long-term contract, with a great increase in salary, at the expiration of her Paramount contract. But now Warner Brothers and Paramount have come to an understanding that Miss Chatterton shall stay on the home lot. And no hard feelings. Especially from Ruth, who will make more money than she ever did.

Now don't begin feeling sorry for Warner Brothers about Ruth Chatterton because they have an ace up their sleeves. They have signed Lil Dagover, a foreign importation and prominent actress abroad. Strangely, Miss Dagover was formerly a Paramount player too, having appeared in foreign productions for them.

Miss Dagover is Warners' Garbo-Dietrich-Landi-Bankhead. And as Maurice Chevalier would say—she is "bee-u-ti-ful!" Anyway, big things are planned for her so watch out for this newest Garbo menace.

Warners aren't only going in for foreign players, they are also grooming some of our nice American youngsters for stardom. The fortunate youngsters are Evalyn Knapp, James Cagney, Marian Marsh, Joan Blondell, Warren Williams, David Manners and Don Cook. We hate to brag but SCREENLAND predicted stardom for most of these youngsters a few short months ago. Remember?

Julia Faye and Estelle Taylor have paid their tuition and booked their reservations to attend a conservatory of music in Salzburg, Germany, this summer, where, you will recall, Doris Kenyon is also booked on her concert tour. Julia and Estelle decided it was important to continue their singing lessons. But the rift in the Taylor-Dempsey household altered Estelle's plans. Estelle is busy divorcing Jack and Jack has already established residence in Reno. The end of another Hollywood romance.

Here's irony or something—Estelle was on the United Artists payroll for a year but was never given a part in a picture. The only work Estelle did in that year was to collect her weekly pay check. Now that she's in the limelight she has been offered, and has accepted, the vamp rôle in Ronald Colman's next picture, "The Unholy Garden."

Claire Windsor, whose career began by her getting lost on horseback while at a mountain party with Charlie Chaplin and his friends, is going on the London stage.

HELEN TWELVETREES, recently divorced from Clark Twelvetrees, has married Frank Woody, Hollywood real estate broker and former actor. The wags are saying that after "12 trees" you'd think she'd have had enough "Woody." Now don't crack about little splinters!

An artist recently made a clever sketch of Claire via television—she sitting in a booth in New York and he four miles away in another. They were able to converse while the sketch was being made and see each other all the time.

After more than a year's absence from the screen, Dolores Del Rio returns in "The Dove" and after that she will make "Bird of Paradise." Dolores has a nice contract with RKO—she's well again and very much in love with her husband, Cedric Gibbons, thank you.

When Constance Bennett says "Dad" or "Pop" or anything paternal in "Bought," she'll be talking to her own father, Richard Bennett. He is starting a new career as a Hollywood screen actor and daughter Connie gave him his first job.

Rudy Vallée wants to make another picture and there's a possibility that he will. Rudy has been talking things over with the Fox organization. Incidentally, the "Vagabond Lover" doesn't want to sing or play the saxophone in his next picture; he wants to make films on the Richard Dix order—two fisted he-man stuff. They say Rudy makes tests of himself with his own home-movie camera.

Would you call the red-headed Margaret Livingston "The Queen of Jazz" now that she has married Paul Whiteman? Not so long ago both Paul and Margaret vigorously denied they would wed. Paul has even been quoted as having said that marriage was a middle-class institution. Maybe Mr. Whiteman wants to prove he's one of the crowd—anyway, Miss Livingston is his fourth wife!



If you don't believe Charles Rogers is growing up witness this emotional scene from "The Lawyer's Secret." Buddy doesn't want to be starred again until he has proven his dramatic ability. He does it in this new film in which he appears with Dick Arlen, Jean Arthur and Clive Brook.



Director Edmund Goulding isn't really as stern as he looks (why should he be?) and Nancy Carroll isn't as worried as she looks. They are both hemming and hawing about the hem of Nancy's skirt, for a scene of "The Night Angel."

Janet Gaynor, working on "Daddy Long-Legs," slips away to Palm Springs nearly every week-end. Janet has learned the importance of frequent little retirements to preserve the strength of the soul.

Buddy Rogers is growing up at last—has lately developed a deep bass voice and his acting in "The Lawyer's Secret" is said to be sensationally good.

Paramount considers it has a new find. He's a young colored boy with a funny face and actually answers to the name of "Eaten Sleep"!

When Marie Dressler returned from her rest-cure at Santa Barbara, she discovered Polly Moran with a broken nose, and assured her that not one shot of their next picture should be made until Polly's nose had been restored to its normal beauty. They are great friends, these two, with a special chair in Marie's dressing room, exclusively for Polly.

Bebe Daniels and her Ben Lyon, who appeared together in "My Past," have a grand dressing suite on the First National lot, next to Edward G. Robinson's. They are quite the royalty on that lot.

Ben has just won a United States lieutenancy in the 322nd army corps, which he had to earn with 450 hours of flying, and by passing a very stiff examination, physical, mental, and temperamental! He gets \$30 a week for this, with a \$15 a week allowance for Bebe in time of war. But the joke is that Bebe is the fully accredited honorary colonel of that regiment, allowed to wear the uniform, medals and everything—and Ben, like all the rest, has to salute her. Bebe gets no



Mrs. Robert Montgomery isn't a myth—she's real! Mrs. Montgomery was kept a deep, dark secret from the public and this is one of the first pictures of the Montgomerys together since Bob made a hit in pictures.

What the fashionable woman wears when traveling. Little wonder that Lilyan Tashman has the reputation as being the best dressed woman of Hollywood or anywhere. Note the luggage.

end of a kick out of that situation.

Bebe has always been a good business man—bought up lots of real estate. Seems curious to recall that only a year or two ago, Bebe was so discouraged she thought she was through with pictures. Paramount, after 9 years, failed to take up her new contract. There seemed to be a conspiracy to believe that Bebe couldn't do talkies. But Le Baron of RKO finally gave her a contract without even a test—and "Rio Rita" did the rest. Bebe waxes poignantly grateful anent Le Baron and shudders to think how different life might have been but for his faith in her acting ability.



Oh, how they love their art! Clive Brook, Ruth Chatterton, Carman Barnes and Carole Lombard all waiting for the studio doors to open so that they can make nice talking pictures for you.

It isn't necessarily pure delight to be invited to be a bridesmaid at a fashionable Hollywood wedding. At one recent affair, after all the bridesmaids had accepted the offer, they found it entailed going to a special dressmaker and milliner and paying \$300 for their dresses and \$50 for their hats.

As one bridesmaid remarked, "They should only let us in for that for golden weddings in Hollywood."

Paramount paid Theodore Dreiser \$150,000 for the screen rights of "An American Tragedy," they say—and now he is all set to bring suit against them for what he considers mal-treatment of his story. "When I read the script I went into a trance. When I came to, I bellowed, I screamed, I wept," he bawls. "They tell me I'll be just crazy about the finished picture," he snarls. "You bet I will!" Oh, Dreiser is one mad author these days—but most people insist the picture is great all the same.



Hollywood is very ironical—loves to pursue the reluctant and turn down the eager pleader. So that it was only when Lois Wilson had decided to give up the struggle and go to Europe with Auriol Lee to try the London stage, with passage all booked, that Universal implored her to remain for "Seed." Lois is lovelier than ever, and much too young to be the mother of five children as depicted in "Seed," in spite of her compelling performance. She is quite a diet fiend, even unto carrying her special milk around with her. Not safe to start a diet conversation when Lois is around.

Lois has never married, although we insisted upon getting romantic about her friendships with Eddie



Determined to live up to his reputation and have a bath tub in every picture, Cecil B. De Mille inserts one into the script of "The Squaw Man" and asks Lupe Velez to step into it.

Horton and J. Warren Kerrigan, both bachelors of too long standing. But Lois insists both affairs are distinctly platonic. It was Universal that gave Lois her very first screen chance as a little girl 15 years ago, and the same studio rescues her from permanent retirement from the screen for "Seed." Lois remembers Carl Laemmle, Jr., as a small boy whose dad was her friend. Now he's her boss.

Doris Kenyon had permanently renounced pictures and gone over to the concert platform because of her fine voice. She was booked to leave for Europe with her small 4-year-old Kenyon soon after the sudden death of Milton Sills, to sing in Berlin and Salzburg. But First National offered her such a fancy contract for three pictures that she agreed to be persuaded. She left for Europe, however, on May 24th and won't return for more pictures until September. Doris looks sweeter—the suffering of her last few years has had a soul-stirring effect. She still owns the gorgeous home at Brentwood where Milton Sills planted so sumptuously with his vast botanical knowledge. And the baby is adorable.

Louise Brooks had a bad break when talkies came in, because the "Canary Murder Case" was first made as a silent, and when it was decided to turn it into a talkie, Louise had gone to Europe for a trip. So of course, the substituted voice didn't fit so well—voices are just a personal thing. So she remained to make a few silents in Germany and France, and when she returned it was necessary for her to accept very small parts to break into the game again. So her second lead with Frank Fay



Walter Huston welcomes to Hollywood his daughter-in-law and his son John, who will write for the films. Walter plays detective Philo Vance in "The Blue Moon Murder Mystery," his next picture for Warner Brothers.

Jackie Searl is the best bad boy in pictures. Master Searl is all dressed for "The Queen of Hollywood" in which he plays with Mitzi Green. You remember him in "Sippy" and "Tom Sawyer."



in "God's Gift to Women" is something of a triumph.

Louise has a nice natural voice, but she hasn't quite outgrown her conversational reserve—never could get Louise to unbend and rattle along like most girls do. Her nice mamma says its because in numerology, Louise is dominated by sixes, whereas fives are better for self-confidence and the frank manner. But sixes always work through in the end.

Greta Nissen comes back in "Women of all Nations," speaking excellent English, looking prettier than ever, and wearing her clothes much

more smartly. This will be her first talkie—and in the interval she has been doing stage plays which are spoken of as “artistic successes but financial failures.” Anyway, Fox has given her a contract, and her next picture will be “Trans-Atlantic” with Eddie Lowe.

Enid Bennett, who played *Skippy's* mother in that kid picture, says she doesn't feel she has really “come back”—that was just a little flyer. “There may be a place for me in pictures, of course,” she says, “but I cannot see it just yet awhile.”

And then, of course, there's Eleanor Boardman, who retired from the screen just before her first baby was born, but now has four talkies to her credit—including “The Squaw Man,” and “Women Love Once.” Maturity and maternity have added to Eleanor's charms—she used to adopt a slightly hard attitude before she married King Vidor—liked to say stinging naughty things—but now she is very feminine and sweet.

Will Rogers doesn't smoke or drink, but oh, he chews gum—even unto borrowing a wad from anybody handy. Except at home. Mrs. Rogers says Will parks his gum outside the home like a good little boy and none of the Beverly Hills furniture is mussed up.

This Will is easily one of the most unique figures in America today—author, journalist, actor, speech-maker, polo player, arch-humorist, arch-publicity man, political moralist, cowboy, to the tune of half a million a year.

Mrs. Rogers says he sleeps seven hours and snores; detests card games; owns a dozen funny musical instruments which he cannot play but tries to; and has never been known to speak a cross word at home.

“I never had no high ambitions,” drawled Will recently, “and even now I don't know what it's all about,

this success.” That's Will, just a regular guy.

He's 52 years old, tousled, untidy, refuses to bother about clothes, and makes little use of the grand bungalow built for him on the Fox lot. As for schooling—“I studied the fourth reader for four years,” he grins. And, yes, really, he says his mother wanted him to become a Methodist minister—but he went into the Ziegfeld Follies, instead!

Mary Brian and William Bakewell seem to be very good friends these days. William has been the favored escort on numerous occasions. What about Arthur Lake, Mary?

On “Dirigible,” an essentially masculine picture, just one lone woman gets in on the credits—Dorothy Howell, who wrote the continuity—the clever girl who rose from the business department of Columbia studio to become screen editor, all in three years. In the meantime, outside of working hours, Dorothy Howell often trots around with Eddie Buzzell.

Tango teas have come in again, a pre-war vogue. Saw Lilyan Tashman, Charlotte Greenwood and Grace La Rue all showing off their Terpsichorean abilities at the Ambassador recently—Charlotte has the perfect legs for the tango!

Just before starting on “The Queen of Hollywood,” Louise Fazenda took two weeks off and drove her nice old mater and pater all through northern California, with a few frisky days in San Francisco. Louise loves to drive her own car and adores the open road. She says after we see the picture we may think someone else is the Queen of Hollywood but for the present she accepts the crown and the throne.

“It certainly is hard times. Junior hasn't worked for a month and we are way behind in the rent,” sighed one mother of a



In the foreground, from left to right, Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Sally O'Neil and Edmund Goulding. Polish up your memory—this was on the set of the silent “Sally, Irene and Mary.” The little girl in the back row? Molly O'Day!



Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson brighten up little old New York. The girls came east on a combined business and pleasure trip.



Remember Mae Marsh? Here she is being greeted by Janet Gaynor. Miss Marsh has been signed by Fox to play in “Over the Hill.”



Anita Page has invented one hat to fill the need of three distinctly different occasions. In the first picture Anita uses the brim for an eye-shade for golfing or tennis; in the second, as an afternoon hat with the brim detached and three rows of ribbon to edge the crown; third, a day-time model with a medium brim. Smart hats—smart girl!

young Hollywood actor. Ho, hum! All the same it is great days for most child actors in Hollywood just now, what with Alfred Santell hiring 'em for "Daddy Long Legs" with Janet Gaynor; and Bill Beaudine for "Penrod and Sam."

Anyway, Mitzi Green's parents have no possible excuse to get behind in the rent!

Bela Lugosi of "Dracula" fame on both stage and screen has never seen himself in a picture. He's made three, but had to sail for Honolulu with "The Black Camel" company before any one of them were released. One of Bela's pictures is "Broadminded." The gentleman is most broad-minded in his tastes in ladies.

Lew Ayres seems to be winning his fight for a larger salary from Universal. He had been getting a bonus at the end of each picture, but Lew thought a higher salary would improve his standing generally, especially as the life of a screen star's popularity is apt to be brief.

Maureen O'Sullivan had a joyous visit back to her folks in Ireland, just before beginning "Skyline" for Fox. She hadn't seen them since that exciting occasion when she was annexed for "Song o' My Heart"—just picked out from a restaurant party in Dublin and asked if she would consent to become a Hollywood star! Can't you imagine the family excitement—having said goodbye to an unknown little girl a year ago and to welcome back a famous young lady drawing as much salary in a month as would run her Irish family for a year?

Watch out for a young woman named Shirley Gray, 23, blonde, adventurous and highly practical. Shirley was taking part in a play at Oakland but heard that United Artists were taking

tests of young actresses. So she flew down to Hollywood by plane, took her tests and got back in time for the evening performance, with a contract in her little purse. How's that for enterprise?

Things happen like that. Nils Asther, young Scandinavian actor, had not been embarrassed with offers for screen work in America, so when his wife Vivian Duncan cabled that she had produced that small daughter in Paris, Nils eagerly accepted an offer from a French film company. Then he received a good Hollywood offer right away! But France and the baby won.

Lady Mountbatten, declared to be England's most beautiful peeress, had a grand time in Hollywood as the guest of Mary Pickford. Pickfair has been the scene of glamorous social affairs, with the entire Hollywood peerage doing the young lady honor. Marion Davies was also her hostess, providing gala entertainment for Lady Mountbatten at both her Beverly Hills and beach homes.

Stockbrokers are in good standing in Hollywood. Jeanette MacDonald, by the time you read this, will be Mrs. Robert G. Ritchie.

Olive Borden was expected to appear in a stage play on Broadway but instead she married Theodore Spector, a stockbroker, too. Olive was married on March 28th and kept it a secret for nearly a month.

Time was when the screen vamp was brunette and slinky—à la Theda Bara and Virginia Pearson of silent days. But now, the minxes are all blonde—Jean Harlow, Lilyan Tashman, Garbo, Dietrich, *et al.* If they put Cleopatra on the screen today they'd surely make her a blonde. Even Bebe Daniels, brunette charmer for (Continued on page 129)



Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, or Mr. and Mrs. Lunt of the Theatre Guild, will make their screen debut together in the talkie version of Noel Coward's "Private Lives."

The Truth about Cosmetics



One of the really distinguished women of the screen, Aileen Pringle, in her very modern boudoir. Miss Pringle enjoys the scents and lotions that come in stunning bottles because they help "dress up" her dressing table!

By
Mary
Lee

than ten winters. Hence my enthusiasm for a cream with penetrative and nourishing qualities, which this Ambrosia cream genuinely seems to have.

Having myself a tendency toward dry skin, I've been trying out this cream and I recommend it very highly. It is a liquid, as soft as real cream, and very softening. Another great thing about it for summer is that it is the

THE Ambrosia company has gone and done it again. Ambrosia is the firm—and the product—that launched liquid cleansers so successfully about two years ago. They put across Ambrosia so thoroughly that every other beauty house had to adopt liquid cleansers into their lines. And a very good thing that was, too, for we did need correct counter-balance against the heavy creams so many of us had been using.

Now Ambrosia itself is putting out a cream—but it's a different cream from the rest, and very very nice indeed, I assure you. It comes in the same spiffy little bottle with the black top that Ambrosia appears in and sells for the same price, that is, in one and two dollar sizes. It has been on the market for a couple of months, but I have saved it to write about until now, as I consider it one of the finest "summer" products I've yet come across.

The old theory of beauty care used to be that the skin dried out in winter and must be cared for particularly during that time. Do you recall how our maiden aunts used to wear veils through February and March to keep their skins from chapping? The skin does dry out in winter, particularly where the owner of the face lives in a steam-heated apartment, but the winter drying is as nothing to the summer-time drying, now that the sun-tan vogue has been so thoroughly accepted. One case of moderate sunburn can dry your skin more

best little sunburn cure I've yet heard about. Of course, you shouldn't get sunburned, if you value your skin. But if you do, dash this Ambrosia cream on quickly and you'll be delighted with the way in which it takes out the soreness and the burn. Also as a base under make-up, to act as protection against excessive burning or tanning, I know you'll find this cream more useful than a dozen sunshades.

Another product particularly needed in summer is a good depilatory. You simply can't wear short sleeved dresses and go stockingless if you are shaggy. It's offensive and unsightly and "just not done." So to overcome this handicap comes a new Zip production.

Zip in cake form you undoubtedly know about, but Zip in cream form is something new, and much more pleasant to use. It comes in a tube and is pleasantly scented. It takes only five minutes to use and its results are amazingly lasting. It is not so strong as the cake Zip but I like it better. And the price is simply marvelous—fifty cents for a big fat tube of it.

Further in the summer line comes a body oil from my pet house, Lenthic. It is to be rubbed over the body before sun bathing and it will make you appear brown without being brown actually. You probably know that it isn't so smart to be "dark-skinned" this summer, particularly in evening clothes, so this is one of (Continued on page 125)



Ambrosia, the popular liquid cleanser, has a new sister—a liquid cream, as soft as real cream, and very useful.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Ann Harding is the First Lady among Miss Vee Dee's readers this month. "East Lynne" clinched her prestige with the public.



ANN HARDING Adorer. So it's like that, is it? Well, you aren't the only boy friend Ann can boast among her audiences. Every other fan seems to be a Harding booster. Yes—Ann is married, to Harry Bannister; and has a blue-eyed baby girl named Jane.

Question Box. Will I do a paragraph about Joan Bennett? It will take more than one blurb to do justice to Joan. She was born Feb. 27, 1911, in Palisades, N. J. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 108 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She has been married, has a young daughter, and is divorced. One of her latest releases is "Doctors' Wives" with Warner Baxter and Victor Varconi. Marilyn Miller was born Sept. 1, 1900, in Evansville, Indiana. She has blonde hair and green eyes. She has been married twice. Her first husband was Frank Carter; her second, Jack Pickford, from whom she was divorced.

R. M. D. From this world-wide "Ask me" station, we are prepared to clear up most anything, giving you bright moments and setting you right about the screen stars' favorite birthdays, if any. Lew Ayres was born Dec. 28, 1909. He was christened Lewis Ayres but prefers to be called Lew.

Susie. To the many Barry Norton fans who have been asking for a glimpse of him in the galloping talkies: you can see and hear him as the young lieutenant in "Dishonored" with Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen. Marlene sings in "Blue Angel" and "Morocco" and she does some high-powered piano playing in her latest release, "Dishonored." Marlene returned from her vacation in Germany in April and is now working in her new picture, tentatively titled "Indiscretion," and directed, of course, by Josef von Sternberg.

R. F. Your questions may come and go but my answers are like Amos 'n' Andy, they go on forever. Stanley Smith was born Jan. 6, 1907, in Kansas City, Mo. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. He was on the stage six years before his film bow in 1929. He appears in "From Soup to Nuts" with Ted Healy and Frances McCoy.

Miss Buddy. You'll let me take all the time in the world to answer your inquiry—but I don't need it, thanks. Here's the answer right on time. In "Dawn Patrol" Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was Douglas Scott and William Janney was Gordon Scott, his young brother. Janney also appeared with Conrad Nagel and Loretta Young in "The Right of Way."

Phyllis L. How do you like your pretty name in print? I know the answer and so do you. John Boles' wife is a southern girl, the former Marcelite Dobbs. They have a three-year-old daughter and a younger child too. John was born Oct. 28, 1900. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 180 pounds and has grey-blue eyes and

brown hair. His next film is "Seed."

Dolores J. I'll admit I'm as wise as some owls but I can't tell you why Buddy Rogers doesn't patronize his barber as often as his admirers think he should. But I'm a willing worker and will see what can be done about it. Charles' next is a character rôle in "The Lawyer's Secret," and he is great in it.

Helen J. I haven't a record of Carl von Haartman—except as the captain of the Zeppelin in "Hell's Angels," the four million dollar picture. Ben Lyon and James Hall are the brothers and Jean Harlow made her début in this Howard Hughes film.

Nicholas. You want me to settle a dispute out of court—"who is the handsomest of these three screen players, Charles Rogers, Ramon Novarro or Lewis Ayres?" If you won't mind my saying so, I think I'll take Robert Coogan, who plays so naturally and delightfully in "Skippy" with Mitzi Green and Jackie Cooper. No, Jackie isn't a brother of Gary Cooper but Robert Coogan is Jackie's young brother. Can you figure that out?

Sonnie of Dallas. I can't give you my personal promise that Ramon Novarro will answer your letter but drop him a line or two and trust and hope as you've never hoped before. Durango, Mexico, claims Ramon as one of her celebrities. He was born Feb. 6, 1900. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. His latest film is "Daybreak" with Helen Chandler. Ramon may go to Europe to make pictures soon.

Corn-Fed Girl. If you're one, I'm a milk-fed chicken. David Lee's name is just that. He was born Dec. 29, 1926, in Los Angeles, Cal. He made his first picture, "The Singing Fool," in 1928. He also appeared in "Frozen River" and "She Knew Men." Louise Brooks is back again after spending some time abroad making films. She plays in "It Pays to Advertise" with Norman Foster, Skeets Gallagher and Carole Lombard; and in "God's Gift to Women" with Frank Fay. James Hall was 30 years old on Oct. 22, 1930.

Joseph Peters. Am I a drawing-card for your favorite magazine? What do you think? I'm a master hand at drawing—my breath. Har-har, also tee-hee! Anita Page was born Aug. 4, 1910, in Flushing, Long Island, and educated in New York City. She is unmarried and lives with her mother, father and young brother in Beverly Hills. Lon Chaney was born April 1, 1883, and died Aug. 26, 1930. His first and last talking picture was "The Unholy Three."

Mona B. Away back in 1926, before our favorite screen stars could or did talk, Richard Dix and Esther Ralston played together in "The Quarterback." Esther's latest (Continued on page 96)

You'll find the stars' addresses on Page 114. Turn to Page 98 for the casts of current films. Please consult these services before asking questions. Thank you!

ASK ME!—Continued from page 95

release is "The Southerner" with Lawrence Tibbett; and Richard's is "Cimarron."

Sue Carol Fan. You are not the only one who wants to see Sue in better and bigger pictures. Her first screen appearance was with Douglas McLean in "Soft Cushions." Among her latest are "Check and Double Check" with Amos 'n' Andy, and "Dancing Sweeties" with Grant Withers. Sue was born in Chicago, Ill., on Oct. 30, 1908. She has dark brown hair, flashing brown eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. She and Nick Stuart were married July 28, 1929. They kept it a secret for several months.

D. York. Robert Woolsey claims 41 years but he doesn't look it. Bert Wheeler doesn't tell his age but he's a good comedian at that. Ralph Forbes is an Englishman. He was born Sept. 30, 1902 in London. He has blonde hair, blue-grey eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. And married to Ruth Chatterton.

Johnny Mack Brown Fan. You have the wrong telephone number if you think your idol isn't a big favorite—who said he wasn't? Since he made his first screen appearance with Marion Davies in "The Fair Co-Ed," John has been traveling fast. He recently made "The Great Meadow" with Eleanor Boardman, "Billy the Kid" with Kay Johnson and Wallace Beery; and his next is "The Secret Six" with Jean Harlow, Marjorie Rambeau and Wallace Beery.

A. B. of Ohio. You hit your head on the nail when you hope Will Rogers will go on poking fun at all events as long as he lives. A wave of my hand to you. Eddie Quillan was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on March 31, 1907. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. From the time he was able to walk, he toured the country with his family who were vaudeville troupers. He has made 18 two-reel comedies for Mack Sennett. He is good in "Big Money" with Robert Armstrong and James Gleason.

Francis X. G. You want some one to give you a shove into the movie business—willing to learn a few odds and ends of the trade before you take up the work seriously, are you? Ho-hum! If you have talent, looks, and brains, willingness to work and a few more good qualities, apply at some studio and try your luck and may good fortune be with you. But be sure you have a healthy bank account before you try Hollywood.

Enid G. How can movie stars cry in pictures when there isn't anything to cry about? You're one girl in a million who doesn't take her movies seriously. In "Riders of the Dark" with Tim McCoy, you saw Dorothy Dwan as Mary and Rex Lease as her brother Jim. Rex is a free lance player and I haven't his permanent address. Virginia Grey was Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Nena Quartaro appears with Marion Davies in "The Bachelor Father." Nena, whose real name is Gladys, was born March 17, 1910, in New York City. She has black hair and eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds.

Leatrice and Beatrice. Twins, are you? From this distance I can't tell you apart. Clara Bow is 25 years old, has red hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and

weighs 110 pounds. Bebe Daniels was 30 her last birthday; she is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has black hair and eyes. Greta Garbo is 24, weighs 125 pounds, is 5 feet, 6 inches tall, and has golden hair and blue eyes.

Brown Eyes. Pauline Frederick was never the wife of Will Rogers. She has tried matrimony four times but Will Rogers has had the first and same wife for many years. Gilbert Roland played opposite Norma Talmadge in "Camille" and "The Dove."

Midge. You have the same nickname as Dorothy Lee. If you want to enjoy a good cry, take plenty of hankies and go see your favorite actor, Clive Brook, in "East Lynne" with Ann Harding and Conrad Nagel. Clive has brown hair and grey eyes, and was born in London, England. His wife, Mildred Evelyn, was a popular English actress. They have two charming children, Faith Evelyn and Clive, Jr.

Miss R. M. Monte Blue is not on contract just now. "White Shadows of the South Seas" was filmed in the Society Islands group—on the Island of Tahiti, in the South Pacific. These islands are spoken of as the Polynesia group, which includes the Samoan, Tonga, Phoenix, Society, Marquesas and Hawaiian islands, as well as numerous smaller groups.

Cherie. Entrez. Je suis de service. Charles Rogers will be 26 years old on Aug. 13, 1931. Nancy Carroll is 24; Mary Brian is 23. Louis Wolheim's last release was "Gentleman's Fate" with John Gilbert, Leila Hyams and Anita Page. Mr. Wolheim created the rôle of Capt. Flagg in the first Broadway stage production of "What Price Glory." His next picture was to have been "The Front Page," in which he had the part of the managing editor of the newspaper film, when he passed away. Adolphe Menjou plays the part. Louis Wolheim will be greatly missed. He was unique on the screen and a fine gentleman off. Who will forget him in "All Quiet on the Western Front"?



Dorothy Jordan is one of the most popular ingénues according to Miss Vee Dee's statistics. "Shipmates" is her new film.

Harriette D. Little girls are still asking, "How can I get in the movies?" If you ask me and I think you did, I wouldn't try. There are so many on the flicker-coast who are without even part of a day's work. Better stay under the old roof where you are sure of your sundaes. No extra charge for the advice, Harri! Dorothy Lee is playing with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in "Cracked Nuts."

Flo from Westfield. You do think of the funniest questions, don't you? How old is Miss Vee Dee and has she a husband? Am I telling? Sue Carol is 22, Nancy Carroll is 24, and Bebe Daniels is 30 years old. Bebe's next film is "The Maltese Falcon."

Brown Eyes, New Haven. Clara Bow is too busy making films and gathering in her fan mail to visit your city, I'm afraid. Neil Hamilton was born in Lynn, Mass., on Sept. 9, 1899. He plays with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery in "Strangers May Kiss." Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor play together in "Daddy Long Legs."

T. B., Texas. How would I like to have my face on the coin of the realm? To quote Robert Woolsey of Wheeler and Woolsey, I'd rather have my hands on it. Ha-ha! Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan announced their marriage on May 30, 1930. Nils appeared with Joan Crawford in "Dream of Love." Jackie Coogan was 16 years old on Oct. 14, 1930. His latest release is "Tom Sawyer."

Estelle G. I'll be frank with you; in fact, I'll be both frank and earnest. Joan Crawford is one of our best loved screen favorites. She can pack 'em in with each new film. "Paid" and "Dance, Fools, Dance" are among her latest releases. John Mack Brown was her leading man in "Montana Moon." Benny Rubin and Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike) supplied the comedy and Ricardo Cortez was Jeff, who did the grand tango with Joan.

Angela L. Going back six or seven years in the cinema industry for a complete cast is going back pretty far but I can give you a partial cast of "Chickie." Dorothy Mackaill, Gladys Brockwell, Myrtle Stedman and Hobart Bosworth played the principal rôles. Barbara La Marr's last husband was Jack Dougherty. She left three adopted children when she died.

Just Three Girls. Let's get together and put the pep in pepper. Have you ever tried to beat the high-powered Floyd Gibbons' record of 217 words per minute? Floyd is in the movies now. Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray do not give their birth dates. Bernice appeared in "Kiss Me Again" with Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton. Bernice is single. Alexander has been married but his wife was killed in an automobile accident in 1929. He lives with his mother and father and young child. Both Bernice and Alex are playing in vaudeville at present.

Alice M. David Manners was born April 30, 1902, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 169 pounds, and has brown hair and grey-green eyes. His real
(Continued on page 127)

SLAMS and SALVOS

Continued from page 8



Clara Bow fans are sticking by her. Let's hope she gives a good performance in "Kick In."

WANTS GARBO AND GILBERT RE-UNITED

Why must actors like John Gilbert and Greta Garbo be separated, when their best work was done playing together?

Surely, John's acting has not improved much since he became a star. His most splendid work was done opposite the great Garbo. And why must they be separated now? To be stars in their own right? But what difference does that make, when a star seems to do better work as a featured player?

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert belong together. Without each other there is something lacking in their acting. They are such an ideal pair, and work beautifully together, and their love scenes were created so realistically that they always left me spellbound. And now, must they be separated forever or will someone get wise and cast them together again, where they both belong, before anything happens to their popularity?

SYBIL STEINBERG,
71 West 182nd St.,
Bronx, New York.

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR CLARA

Should Clara Bow be given another chance? I should say so!

Clara cannot prove she is a great actress because she has not been given good stories. I'd like to see her play *Sadie Thompson*. She'd walk away with it—she'd make screen history!

I want to see Clara Bow on the screen and I know there are a million others like me.

DINA MARTIN,
1343 South 51st Street,
Cicero, Illinois.

SEE PAGE 24

All my life I've booed the blondes! Blonde women were pretty bad, but blond men—well, they were like stale crackers!

A dashing, dark, daring lover, or even the brutal black-hearted brunette villain

sounded pleasing notes in my responsive heart. But, invariably I edged toward an exit when a slim-shouldered corn-haired hero hounded the films.

And, after a good many years of feeling frankly justified in blasting bland blonds, I have to take it all back and sneak in to see a Swede!

And what a sweet Swede he is!

Broad, bracing, brawny shoulders. Keen, kind, kingly eyes. Wide, winning, will-o'-the-wisp smile. Low lilting, ravishing voice, and a dashing, debonair, deliberate manner—crowned with a wealth of golden hair!

And who is this wondrous, winning wizard? Why, Phillips Holmes, of course!

JEANNETTE LLOYD,
Apartment 2-F,
Sherwood Hall,
4322 45th Street,
Long Island City, N. Y.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Wouldn't it be wonderful if—
John Gilbert could make a big comeback?
They would film "Blossom Time";
We could see Molly O'Day again;
Joan Crawford would quit smoking;
Norma Shearer wasn't so conceited;
Bebe Daniels would sing more.

WILLIE SUMMERS,
619 Cypress,
Kansas City, Mo.

A TOAST TO TIBBETT

The producers are correct in their assumption that movie-goers are tired of musical pictures. They are—but not to the extent the producers seem to think. Pictures in which the players break into song for no apparent reason, and at illogical intervals, are embarrassing to the audience, but pictures such as "The Prodigal" with Lawrence Tibbett are a treat. His songs were delivered at sane times and places, and did not interrupt the natural unfolding of the plot. And what a grand voice and

personality he has! His exuberant good humor is as irresistible as his glorious voice—there is nothing of the wilting crooner about Tibbett. (I'd like to see him in a rôle of the *D'Artagnan* type; he would understand the robust adventure and gallantry of that day.)

Yes, when musicals are as stimulating as "The Prodigal," they are welcome.

MISS L. CHAPMAN,
665-a Castro Street,
San Francisco, California.

A SUGGESTION

You fans who have read "Kitty," by Warwick Deeping, don't you think it is an ideal vehicle for Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell?

I can think of no other actress or actor so ideally suited to these parts as Gaynor and Farrell. Can't you just see Janet as tiny, lovable, brave *Kitty Greenwood*, and Charles as pathetic, war-torn *Alex St. George*?

This story is one of the sweetest I have ever read, and I would like to see Janet and Charlie make a talkie of it.

MARION MORRIS,
Conway, Arkansas.

ROASTING THE AUDIENCE

I used to become outraged at the type of motion picture shown on the modern screen. Especially those comedies whose high spot was a sequence in which the men had to run around *sans* trousers, finally ending with a general house-wrecking. And then I saw "City Lights."

Remember the final sequence, when Charlie is out of prison and he walks along the street, a pathetic figure, and the two newsboys begin to pester him? It was during this scene that the audience laughed!

The only person who thought there might be some pathos in the scene was a
(Continued on page 126)



Charlie Chaplin can make as many silent pictures as he chooses—the crowd is with him. "City Lights" is his most successful film to date, so Charlie can't be wrong!

Casts of Current Films

*Films Reviewed in this issue

"A CONNECTICUT YANKEE." Fox. From the story by Mark Twain. Adapted by William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Hank (Sir Boss)*, Will Rogers; *King Arthur*, William Farnum; *Alisande*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Clarence*, Frank Albertson; *Queen Morgan Le Fay*, Myrna Loy; *Sagarmor*, Mitchell Harris; *Merlin*, Brandon Hurst.

"A TAILOR MADE MAN." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play "A Tailor Made Man." Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *John Paul Bart*, William Haines; *Tanya*, Dorothy Jordan; *Huber*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Kitty Dupuy*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Jellicott*, William Austin; *Dr. Von Sonntag*, Ian Keith; *Mrs. Stanlaw*, Hedda Hopper; *Mr. Stanlaw*, Hale Hamilton; *Peter*, Henry Armetta; *Abraham Nathan*, Walter Walker; *Pomeroy*, Forrester Harvey; *Bessie*, Joan Marsh; *Corrine*, Martha Sleeper.

"BAD SISTER." Universal. From a story by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Tom Reed and Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Dick Lindley*, Conrad Nagel; *Marianne*, Sidney Fox; *Laura*, Bette Davis; *Minnie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Sam*, Slim Summerville; *Mr. Madison*, Charles Winninger; *Mrs. Malison*, Emma Dunn; *Valentine Corliss*, Humphrey Bogart; *Wade Trumbull*, Bert Roach; *Hendrick Madison*, David Durand.*

"BEYOND VICTORY." Pathé. From the story by Horace Jackson. Adapted by Horace Jackson and James Gleason. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *Bill*, Bill Boyd; *Fritzie*, ZaSu Pitts; *Lew*, Lew Cody; *Ina*, Marion Shilling; *Jim*, James Gleason; *Katherine*, Lissi Arna; *Major Sparks*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Mother*, Mary Carr; *Russell*, Russell Gleason.

"BIG BUSINESS GIRL." First National. From the story by Patricia Reilly and H. N. Swanson. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Claire MacIntyre*, Loretta Young; *John Goodman*, Frank Albertson; *Ralph Clayton*, Ricardo Cortez; *Pearl*, Joan Blondell; *Mrs. Emery*, Dorothy Christy; *Sally Curtis*, Virginia Sale; *Office Boy*, Mickey Bennett; *Messenger Boy*, Bobby Gordon; *Sarah Ellen*, Nancy Dover; *Walter Morley*, Oscar Apfel.*

"CITY LIGHTS." United Artists. From an original story by Charlie Chaplin. Directed by Charlie Chaplin. The cast: *Tramp*, Charlie Chaplin; *Blind Girl*, Virginia Cherrill; *Her Grandmother*, Florence Lee; *Eccentric Millionaire*, Harry Myers; *His Butler*, Allan Garcia; *Prize fighter*, Hank Mann.

"CITY STREETS." Paramount. From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: *The Kid*, Gary Cooper; *Nan*, Sylvia Sydney; *Big Fellow Maskal*, Paul Lukas; *McCoy*, William Boyd; *Pop Cooley*, Guy Kibbee; *Blackie*, Stanley Fields; *Agnes*, Wynne Gibson; *Pansy*, Betty Sinclair.*

"DIRIGIBLE." Columbia. From the story by Lieutenant Commander F. B. Wead, U. S. N. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Brandon*, Jack Holt; *Frisky Pierce*, Ralph Graves; *Helen*, Fay Wray; *Rondelle*, Hobart Bosworth; *Sock McGuire*, Roscoe Karns; *Hansen*, Harold Goodwin; *Clarence*, Clarence Muse; *Admiral Martin*, Emmet Corrigan; *Commander of U. S. S. Lexington*, Al Roscoe; *Lieutenant Rowland*, Selmer Jackson.*

"DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS." Warner Brothers. From the story by Jack Townley. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Helen Morris*, Irene Delroy; *George Morris*, James Hall; *Joan Whitley*, Natalie Moorehead; *Paul Wilcox*, Lew Cody; *Tom Chadwick*, Edward Martindel.*

"DUDE RANCH." Paramount. From an original story by Milton Krims. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Jenifer*, Jack Oakie; *Chester Carr*, Stuart Erwin; *Judd*, Eugene Pallette; *Alice*, Mitzi Green; *Susan Meadows*, June Collyer; *Spruce Meadows*, Charles Sellon; *Mrs. Merriwell*, Cecil Weston; *Burson*, George Webb; *Simonson*, Guy Oliver; *Blaze Denton*, James Crane.*

"FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN." Warner Brothers. From the play by Herbert Field. Adapted by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Jack*, William Gaxton; *Violet*, Helen Broderick; *Simon and Peter*, Olsen and Johnson; *Baxter*, Lester Crawford; *Michael*, John Halliday; *Pernasse*, Charles Judels; *Looloo*, Claudia Dell; *Joyce*, Evalyn Knapp; *Marcelle*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Mrs. Carroll*, Daisy Belmore; *Mrs. Rosen*, Vera Gordon; *Mr. Rosen*, Nat Carr; *Fakir*, Bela Lugosi.

"GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN." Warner Brothers. Suggested by the play, "The Devil Was Sick," by Jane Hinton. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Jacques Duryea*, Frank Fay; *Diane Churchill*, Laura La Plante; *Doctor Dumont*, Arthur E. Carewe; *Mr. Churchill*, Charles Winninger; *Florine*, Louise Brooks; *Fifi*, Joan Blondell; *Tania Daniloff*, Margaret Livingston; *The undertaker*, Charles Judels; *DeFoncourt*, Armand Kaliz; *Other Girls*, "G" Sisters; Nena Quartaro; *Ethlynne Claire*; *Hazell Howell*.

"GUN SMOKE." Paramount. From a story by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed

by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Brad Farley*, Richard Arlen; *Sue Vancey*, Mary Brian; *Kedge Darvas*, William Boyd; *Stub Wallack*, Eugene Pallette; *Tack Gillup*, Charles Winninger; *Hampsey Dell*, Louise Fazenda; *Posey Meed*, Guy Oliver.

"IRON MAN." Universal. From the novel by W. R. Burnett. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Young Mason*, Lew Ayres; *Regan*, Robert Armstrong; *Rose*, Jean Harlow; *Lewis*, John Miljan; *Jeff*, Eddie Dillon; *McNeil*, Mike Donlon; *Rattler O'Keefe*, Morrie Cohan; *The Show Girl*, Mary Doran; *Gladys De Vere*, Mildred Van Dorn; *Riley*, Ned Sparks; *Mandell*, Sam Blum; *Trainer*, Sammy Gervon.*

"LAUGH AND GET RICH." Radio. From a story by Douglas MacLean. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Alice Austin*, Dorothy Lee; *Sarah Austin*, Edna Mae Oliver; *Joe Austin*, Hugh Herbert; *Hepburn*, John Harron; *Larry*, Russell Gleason; *Vincellini*, George Davis; *Miss Teasdale*, Maude Fealy; *Biddle*, Charles Sellon; *Phelps*, Robert Emmett Keane.*

"MR. LEMON OF ORANGE." Fox. From the story by Jack Hayes. Directed by John G. Blystone. The cast: *Mr. Lemon and McGee*, El Brendel; *Julie La Rue*, Fifi Dorsay; *Mr. Blake*, William Collier, Sr.; *Mrs. Blake*, Ruth Warren; *June Blake*, Joan Castle; *Jerry*, Donald Dillaway; *Walter*, Eddie Gribbon; *Gangster*, Nat Pendelton.

"OTHER MEN'S WOMEN." Warner Brothers. From an original story by Maude Fulton. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Bill*, Grant Withers; *Lily*, Mary Astor; *Jack*, Regis Toomey; *Ed*, James Cagney; *Haley*, Fred Kohler; *Pegleg*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Marie*, Joan Blondell; *Bixby*, Walter Long.

"PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play by Charles W. Bell and Mark Swan. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Reginald Irving*, Buster Keaton; *Polly Hathaway*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Jeffery Haywood*, Reginald Denny; *Bell Hop*, Cliff Edwards; *Angelica Embrey*, Dorothy Christy; *Nita Leslie*, Joan Peers; *Virginia Embrey*, Sally Eilers; *Leila Crofton*, Natalie Moorehead; *Detective*, Edward Brophy; *Frederick Leslie*, Walter Merrill; *Buller*, Sidney Bracy.*

"QUICK MILLIONS." Fox. From the story by Courtenay Terrett and Rowland Brown. Directed by Rowland Brown. The cast: *Bugs Raymond*, Spencer Tracy; *Dorothy Stone*, Marguerite Churchill; *Daisy De Lisle*, Sally Eilers; *Arkansas Smith*, Robert Burns; *Kenneth Stone*, John Wray; *Nails Markey*, Warner Richmond; *Jimmy Kirk*, George Raft.*

"SKIPPY." Paramount. From the story by Percy Crosby. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Skippy Skinner*, Jackie Cooper; *Sooky Wayne*, Robert Coogan; *Eloise*, Mitzi Green; *Sidney*, Jackie Searl; *Dr. Herbert Skinner*, Willard Robertson; *Mrs. Ellen Skinner*, Enid Bennett; *Harley Nubbins*, Donald Haines; *Mrs. Wayne*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Dog-Catcher Nubbins*, Jack Clifford; *Dad Burkey*, Guy Oliver.*

"STRANGERS MAY KISS." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the novel by Ursula Parrott. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Lisbeth*, Norma Shearer; *Steve*, Robert Montgomery; *Alan*, Neil Hamilton; *Geneva*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Celia*, Irene Rich; *Andrew*, Hale Hamilton; *Spanish Dancer*, Conchita Montenegro; *Harry*, Jed Prouty; *De Bazan*, Albert Conti; *Walter*, Henry Armetta; *Walter*, George Davis.

"SUBWAY EXPRESS." Columbia. From the stage play by Eva K. Flint and Martha Madison. Adapted by Earl Snell. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Kellian*, Jack Holt; *Dale Tracey*, Aileen Pringle; *Borden*, Jason Robards; *Kearney*, Fred Kelsey; *Tracey*, Alan Roscoe; *Mrs. Cotton*, Ethel Wales; *Mrs. Mullins*, Lillian Leighton; *Mason*, Selmer Jackson.

The picture producing companies, each month in SCREENLAND, announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 2; Fox Films, page 3; Paramount, page 5; Warner Brothers, page 7; First National, page 9; Educational, page 11; United Artists, page 13; Radio Pictures, page 15.

"SVENGALI." Warner Brothers. From the novel by George Louis Du Maurier. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Svengali*, John Barrymore; *Tribby*, Marian Marsh; *Little Billie*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Honori*, Carmel Myers; *Taffy*, Lumsden Hare; *The Laird*, Donald Crisp; *Gecko*, Louis Alberni; *Concert Manager*, Paul Porcasi.*

"SWANEE RIVER." Sono Art. From the story by Barbara Chambers Woods. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Raymond Cannon. The cast: *Garry*, Grant Withers; *Caroline*, Thelma Todd; *Jack Bradford*, Philo McCullough; *Morton*, Walter Miller; *Colonel Bradford*, Palmer Morrison. *Esau*, Robert Frazier.

"TABU." Paramount. A story of the South Seas told by F. W. Murnau and R. J. Flaherty. Directed by F. W. Murnau. The cast: *The Boy*, Matahi; *The Girl*, Reri; *The Old Warrior*, Hitu; *The Policeman*, Jean; *The Captain*, Jules; *The Chinese Trader*, Kong Ah.

"THE CONQUERING HORDE." Paramount. From the story by Emerson Hough. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Dan McMasters*, Richard Arlen; *Taisie Lockhart*, Fay Wray; *Jim Nabore*, Claude Gillingwater; *Martin Fletcher*, Ian MacLaren; *Spud Grogan*, Frank Rice; *Lumpy Lorrigan*, Arthur Stone; *Cinco Centavos*, George Mendoza; *Mr. Corley*, James Durkin; *John*, Charles Stevens; *Splint Goggin*, Edwin J. Brady; *Digger Hale*, Robert Kortman; *Butch Daggett*, Harry Cording; *White Cloud*, Chief Standing Bear; *Captain Wilkins*, John Elliott; *Mrs. Corley*, Kathrin Clare Ward.*

"THE FINGER POINTS." First National. From a story by John Monk Saunders. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Breckenridge Lee*, Richard Barthelmess; *Marcia Collins*, Fay Wray; *Charles Russell*, Regis Toomey; *Frank Carter*, Robert Elliott; *Louis Blanco*, Clark Gable; *Managing Editor Wheeler*, Oscar Apfel; *Larry Hays*, Noel Madison.

"THE FRONT PAGE." United Artists. From the Broadway play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Adapted by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Walter Burns*, Adolphe Menjou; *Hildy Johnson*, Pat O'Brien; *Peggy*, Mary Brian; *Bensinger*, Edward Everett Horton; *Murphy*, Walter Catlett; *Earl Williams*, George E. Stone; *Molly*, Mae Clark; *Pincus*, Slim Summerville; *Kruger*, Matt Moore; *McCue*, Frank McHugh; *Sheriff Hartman*, Clarence H. Wilson.

"THE LIGHTNING FLYER." Columbia. From an original story. Adapted by Barry Barringer. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Jim Nelson*, James Hall; *Rose*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Tom*, Walter Merrill; *Mr. Nelson*, Robert Homans; *Durkin*, Albert J. Smith; *Mr. Rogers*, Ethan Allen; *Slats*, Eddie Roland; *Pudge*, George Meadows.

"THE MILLIONAIRE." Warner Brothers. From the story "Idle Hands" by Earl Derr Biggers. Dialogue by Booth Tarkington. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *James Alden*, George Arliss; *Barbara Alden*, Evalyn Knapp; *Bill Merrick*, David Manners; *Mrs. Alden*, Florence Arliss; *Peterson*, Noah Beery; *Oldest Employee*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Andrews*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Schofield*, James Cagney; *Briggs*, Tully Marshall; *Davis*, Ivan Simpson; *Dr. Harvey*, J. C. Nugent; *McCoy*, Sam Hardy.*

"THE NAUGHTY FLIRT." First National. From the story by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Kay Elliott*, Alice White; *Alan Ward*, Paul Page; *Linda Gregory*, Myrna Loy; *Wilbur Fairchild*, Robert Agnew; *Jack Gregory*, Douglas Gilmore; *John Elliott*, George Irving.

"THE PUBLIC ENEMY." Warner Brothers. From the story by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Matt*, Edward Woods; *Tom*, James Cagney; *Mike*, Donald Cook; *Mamie*, Joan Blondell; *Gwen Allen*, Jean Harlow; *Tom's mother*, Beryl Mercer; *Bugs Moran*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Paddy Ryan*, Robert Emmet O'Connor; *Nails Nathan*, Leslie Fenton; *Bess*, Louise Brooks; *Pully Nose*, Murray Kinnell; *Kitty*, Mae Clark.*

"THE SECRET SIX." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From an original story by Frances Marion. Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Scorpio*, Wallace Beery; *Newton*, Lewis Stone; *Hank*, John Mack Brown; *Anne*, Jean Harlow; *Peaches*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Mizoski*, the Gouger, Paul Hurst; *Carl*, Clark Gable; *Johnny Franks*, Ralph Bellamy; *Colimo*, John Miljan; *Donlin*, Dewitt Jennings; *Metz*, Murray Kinnell; *Delano*, Fletcher Norton; *Eddie*, Louis Natheaux; *Judge*, Frank McGlynn; *District Attorney*, Theodore Von Eltz.*

"THREE ROGUES." Fox. From the novel, "Over the Border," by Herman Whitaker. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Bull Stanley*, Victor McLaglen; *Lee Carleton*, Fay Wray; *Ace Beaudrey*, Lew Cody; *Layne Hunter*, Robert Warwick; *Nelson*, Franklyn Farnum; *Bruce*, David Worth; *Bronco Dawson*, Eddie Gribbon; *Bull's Girl*, Carol Wines; *Ace's Girl*, Joyce Compton; *Bronco's Girl*, Louise Huntington; *Marshall Dunn*, James Farley.*

"Mine . . .
as though I'd had it made to my order!"

says

JOAN CRAWFORD

"I had always told my friends that some day I would make a perfume . . . not simpering sweetness . . . but dash, and zip . . . oh, gay modern things! And then, one day, I found it . . . I didn't make it . . . but *Seventeen* is all I wanted it to be."



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The *Seventeen Bridge Ensemble* will lend a new, smart note to your entertaining. Ask for it at your favorite toilet goods counter.



Seventeen

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The Right of Weigh!—Continued from page 87

the very fact that you are overweight means that you have a vigorous appetite. You can't curb it in a moment. Remember, also, that you have been consuming lots of food to give you energy enough to get through your days and that you can't tamper vigorously with that energy source. It takes energy to lose weight, which is a point lots of people ignore.

Here, then, are some sane menus planned for the girl who wants to reduce. Such meals plus twenty minutes of daily exercise will reduce you harmlessly, painlessly, and the reduction will be permanent.

FOR BREAKFAST:

Juice of one orange, or unsugared grapefruit, or cooked, unsweetened fruit; bran muffins.

Black coffee or tea with lemon; no sugar.

One slice of toasted rye, gluten or graham bread.

One poached egg with two curls of bacon; or one boiled egg.

FOR LUNCHEON:

Vegetable or any clear soup; green salad with vinegar dressing; fresh fruit salad; glass of milk; tea with lemon.

FOR DINNER:

Clear soup of any kind; moderate servings of chicken, beef, or lamb.

One helping of spinach, asparagus, cabbage, or cauliflower. Eat two vegetables, or one vegetable and green salad with vinegar or light French dressing.

Twice a week, some sweet, preferably ice cream, in moderate portion.

Now that doesn't sound like starvation, does it? It *isn't* starvation. It is simply reducing, but it is also a healthy menu. It gives you enough variety to balance meals and not be too bored with eating the same thing all the time. It also makes you eat three times a day, which is much better than eating twice or once a day, as some girls foolishly do while reducing. You actually eat less if you eat three times daily. When you only eat once, you get too fatigued and over-hungry.

You may change these menus to suit your personal taste, also. Don't be too hard on yourself at any time. It takes courage to reduce, and greater courage to eat not quite enough food when you have a long habit of eating too much. Try not to eat between meals but if you get too hungry, take sips of milk or buttermilk, or even water.

And now for the exercises.

People put on fat in different places, so it is hard to give exercises that will be ideal for everyone. I'll give you a few here that are good in the majority of cases, and if you want further help with your particular problem, do not hesitate to write me personally, and I'll be glad to advise you directly.

General rules first. Walk whenever you can and wherever. A mile a day is splendid, and more is better. Stand instead of sitting. Don't exercise just before or just after a meal. Do deep breathing. This helps in the oxidation of your food and keeps it from turning into fat.

For reducing the abdomen. The bicycle. Lying flat on the floor, arms at the sides, raise the knees back over the abdomen, and pedal an imaginary bicycle, right leg, left leg, right leg, left leg, twelve times. Rest and repeat in three more groups of twelve pedals each. This exer-

cise is particularly good for heavy thighs. Riding a real bicycle is excellent, too, and if you want to go in for real gym equipment, a stationary bicycle is very fine.

Another excellent gym furnishing is one of the rowing machines. They are quite inexpensive now and the rowing exercises they help you do are great both



Joan Crawford knows the right of weigh! Joan's figure is considered one of the best in Hollywood.

for the chest and for the abdomen. What's more, you'll find this kind of apparatus fun to have around. Like scales, everyone always wants to get on them and try them out. And five and ten pound dumbbells—despite the fun that has been made of them—are dandy little things for exercising the arms. I recommend all these things, simply because I think you'll find they break the monotony of straight exercising and make it a kind of game.

Still further on this subject. If you are going to exercise regularly and faithfully, you'll enjoy having an exercise mat. In many of the better shops you can buy them already made up, nice soft affairs of hair-filled leather or satin, or you can very easily make one for yourself. Make it about six feet long by three feet wide. If you make it up in satin or silk, quilt it in soft rolls and when you are through using it, you can fold it and retire it quietly to a closet shelf.

On an exercise mat, or on the floor or your bed—a bed is not so good as it yields too much—do this rolling exercise. Grasping the edge of the mat with the hands, roll your body back and forth, back and forth ten times. Rest and repeat three times in groups of ten. Rest and then do the "wagging" exercise, particularly recommended for girls who sit all day and have "broadened out" unattractively. Lying flat, bring the heels back against the thighs, so that your knees are in the air. Raise the torso, keeping only the arms and shoulders on the floor or mat. Then

shake yourself, really "wag" the torso, like an energetic puppy when the family comes home. This exercise sounds silly and looks silly when you do it but its results are lasting and gratifying.

Two "crossing" exercises should be done every day. You take both of them lying down. Lying flat on the back, arms at the sides, cross your left leg over your right and touch the left toe to the floor as far away from the right side of the body as possible. Do the same thing with the right leg, over the left side. Repeat six times, rest, and do three times in groups of six. That's easy, but the second exercise is harder. Still lying on the back, bring the left toe up across the body and touch the floor beside the right shoulder. Go back to first position and touch the right toe over the left shoulder. This sounds hard and it is. Be sure to rest in between times, so that you do not get too exhausted, but practice regularly until you can do it ten times, five times on each side without trouble. The way this exercise eats up fat is just miraculous.

Finally, it is good to remember that every thing we do contributes to or takes away from—our beauty. For instance, you can bend to pick up things and make an exercise of it, or merely slump lazily and do yourself no good. Sweeping—as just one household task—is an excellent exercise for the arms. Climbing stairs is fine for the ankles. There are moments in the busiest day for beauty, if you will only use them.

But on this subject of reducing, let me caution you not to be over ambitious at first. Overweight is the result of a long regime of bad eating habits. These can not be cured in a week or a day. But by careful, sensible dieting and regular exercise, results will be produced that will be permanent. Rapid reducing only produces flabbiness. Rational reducing produces good health and charm.



Polly Walters, a newcomer signed by Warner Brothers, has beauty of face and figure.

Have you an unsolved beauty problem, if so, Miss Van Alstyne will be glad to help you. Write to her at SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, and send a stamped addressed envelope.



"Now . . . I can stand the Public Gaze" . . . Can You?

At a swimming party, you slip your beach-coat from your shoulders — and suddenly your bathing-suit seems all too brief... At a dance, you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock, forgetting that your dress is sleeveless. These moments, in fact any moment, in public, need not be embarrassing if your skin is free of disfiguring hair.

And it's really easy to keep your underarms,* forearms and legs smooth and hair-free if you use Del-a-tone Cream.

Like most fastidious moderns, you are probably particular about what you put on your skin. Consequently, Del-a-tone will appeal to you because:

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in the manufacture of depilatories . . . it is made of the finest ingredients money can buy . . . faintly fragrant, it is as easy to use as cold cream . . . it removes hair in 3 minutes or less . . . it leaves your skin velvety-smooth.

Thousands upon thousands of dainty women have turned to Del-a-tone to solve their superfluous hair problem. As one young woman writes me: "Del-a-tone leaves my skin so much smoother and cleaner than after removing hair any other way."

Let this creamy-white depilatory keep you daintily feminine . . . Let Del-a-tone give your skin that alluring smoothness that adds so much to a woman's charm.

Mildred Hadley

Here's the triple-proof of DEL-A-TONE's superiority:

- 1 Your eyes will tell you—because you can see how creamy-white it is.
- 2 Your nose will tell you, for Del-a-tone hasn't any of that overpowering, offensive odor of ordinary depilatories.
- 3 Your skin will tell you (after you have rinsed off the Del-a-tone and along with it, the ugly fuzz) for it will have an alluring, velvety-smoothness.



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Summer Specials—Continued from page 12

Miss Do'thy," smilingly admitted her dusky servitor. "Tha's the one you invented when we was in Del Monte. It has apple, an' celery chopped real fine with that berled dressin' like you make, an' I mixed a little of the dressin' with the whipped cream, jest like you do, and cut up some orange twists—"

"Yes, I remember," enthused Dorothy, "that's a good one, but how about this?" pointing to a refreshing looking bunch of crisp watercress festooned around garden peas, two quarters of tomato, stalks of new asparagus, an artichoke heart and a strip of crimson pimento.

"Tha's numbah sixteen, Miss Do'thy. You made it up in Yosemite." 'Celia showed her white teeth in pride as Dorothy leaned forward to examine the detail of the salad with a practiced eye. "It's a beauty, it is," she pronounced.

There was one more green, yellow, and orange delight that caused a dreamy look to come into her eyes. She fondly gazed at the sliced avocado, a luscious one, not too ripe, and cut into green-edged mounds in a graduated line across the amethyst Mexican hand-blown glass plate. She seemed to disregard the effectively placed pears that flanked the center fruit with tiny slices of a fresh peach and the dab of Russian dressing with a bit of watercress blending with a ring of parsley surrounding the plate's edge.

It was a moment before she said, reminiscently, "Yes, this is the one I'll eat first. And with every bite I take I will think of that gorgeous evening in Honolulu when someone helped me invent it. It was a special sort of 'someone,' and we picked the avocado, and chilled it, and then we found a very ripe Hawaiian mountain apple and a mango that would melt in your mouth—"

She broke off, suddenly conscious of her listeners, and snapped back into the typical debonair Mackaill manner. Few people realize that she has another side—that there is a decidedly soft and feminine quality in "Dot." But just mention Honolulu to her and watch the effect. When the mists of a poignant memory have cleared a bit, leaving an impression that something quite wonderful must have happened to her in that tropical mecca of successful stars, she talks quite naturally and easily of the gorgeous Island fruits that she has wangled into salads to the delight of the hospitable Honoluluans, who appreciate nothing so much as witnessing the enthusiasm of a Mainlander or "malihini" over their Island products.

So she consoled herself with the pear and the peach that acted as a home substitute for the mountain apple and the mango, and pouring a cool amber glass of iced coffee she abandoned herself to her luncheon.

"You know," she remarked over a half-raised forkful, "I wish I could live entirely on salads. I just about do. Of course, there are gorgeous meats and desserts and all that, but just look at this salad. It has everything that I want, and honestly, if I cram myself full of hot food in the middle of the day, I can't work. That sort of over-stuffed feeling seems to creep up into my brain and my lines go *blooey*. But a chilled salad with good wholesome vegetables hits the spot. It fills and chills and 'satisfies the inner man,' and I have to watch my step or I can even feel stuffed on it!" she laughed.

"This salad today is fine. I like it about the best of any in my salad category. But for every-day consumption it is too rich.

I like lots of vegetables all mixed together, and nearly every day I eat the same kind for luncheon. 'Celia makes it strictly according to my rules, and I hereby reveal the ingredients, only I do reserve the original copyright for my own.

"In the first place, the vegetables should be washed carefully and chilled, the cooked ones particularly. The number of vegetables I use in this salad that I call the 'High Type Mackaill Special' sounds appalling, but it really is not any trouble and



Dorothy Mackaill is about to indulge in salad Number 16—one of Miss Mackaill's special summer specials.

tastes so good that it's worth the effort. It calls for three carrots, four beets and one cucumber diced into small pieces, but not too small, so that the juices are not dissipated, a cup of fresh green garden peas, lots of celery and chopped chives or green onions, one pimento (for its color, mostly) and three tomatoes, peeled and cut into quarters. Shred a small head of lettuce, add the onions or chives and mix the whole in a large bowl.

"Then here's the secret part. I take the end of a French loaf and rub it well with a split garlic clove and before placing the prepared vegetables in the bowl I rub it with the garlic-tinted bread! The garlic melody doesn't linger on if it is done carefully, and gives the salad that spicy and subtle touch. Then three tablespoons of mayonnaise made more liquid by squeezing in a little lemon juice is poured in the mixture and stirred thoroughly but carefully so that the individual cut vegetables are not injured or mashed. Arrange a crisp lettuce leaf on each plate and mound the vegetables carefully in a mold in the center, sprinkle with paprika and garnish with a bit of parsley or watercress."

Although Dorothy knows how to "throw"

a formal dinner party with all the proper and correct appointments, she prefers the simple little informal luncheon affairs where she can do most of the preparing herself. She is not a home-body in the sense that she totes her sewing basket around the house trailing a half-hemmed window curtain, or wears a white smudge of flour on the tip of her very attractive nose, but she does appreciate the little intimacies of a successfully prepared luncheon where she can shine in her chosen home profession of salad-making.

Contrary to the general belief that all movie actresses hold perpetual open house with hundreds of their professional and admiring friends trailing in and out, Dorothy Mackaill does not employ this policy. She believes that her "house is her castle," and lives with her mother, who is just what any girl's mother should be. She runs the rancho while her talented daughter works away at being one of the country's most popular motion picture stars, and that's that.

Dorothy's friends are legion. She is definitely the type of girl that people instinctively like to be with. But she has a lot of reserve, and just try to shake her independence. It can't be done. She is a good fellow, and at the same time she commands admiration for her poise and good nature. She "kids" wonderfully with everyone on the lot from prop boys to studio powers and knows the messenger boys by their first names.

Most people of her distinction who have "arrived" cherish a hobby. Dorothy has a natural bent toward salad-making at home or abroad. Wherever she travels her recipe book goes along to help her charm the palates of those she invites in for a salad and a chat.



Mrs. Hoot Gibson—or the girl Florenz Ziegfeld selected as the most beautiful in Hollywood, but she's Sally Eilers to you. Sally has a grand new contract with Fox and her next picture will be "Bad Girl," adapted from Viña Delmar's best seller.

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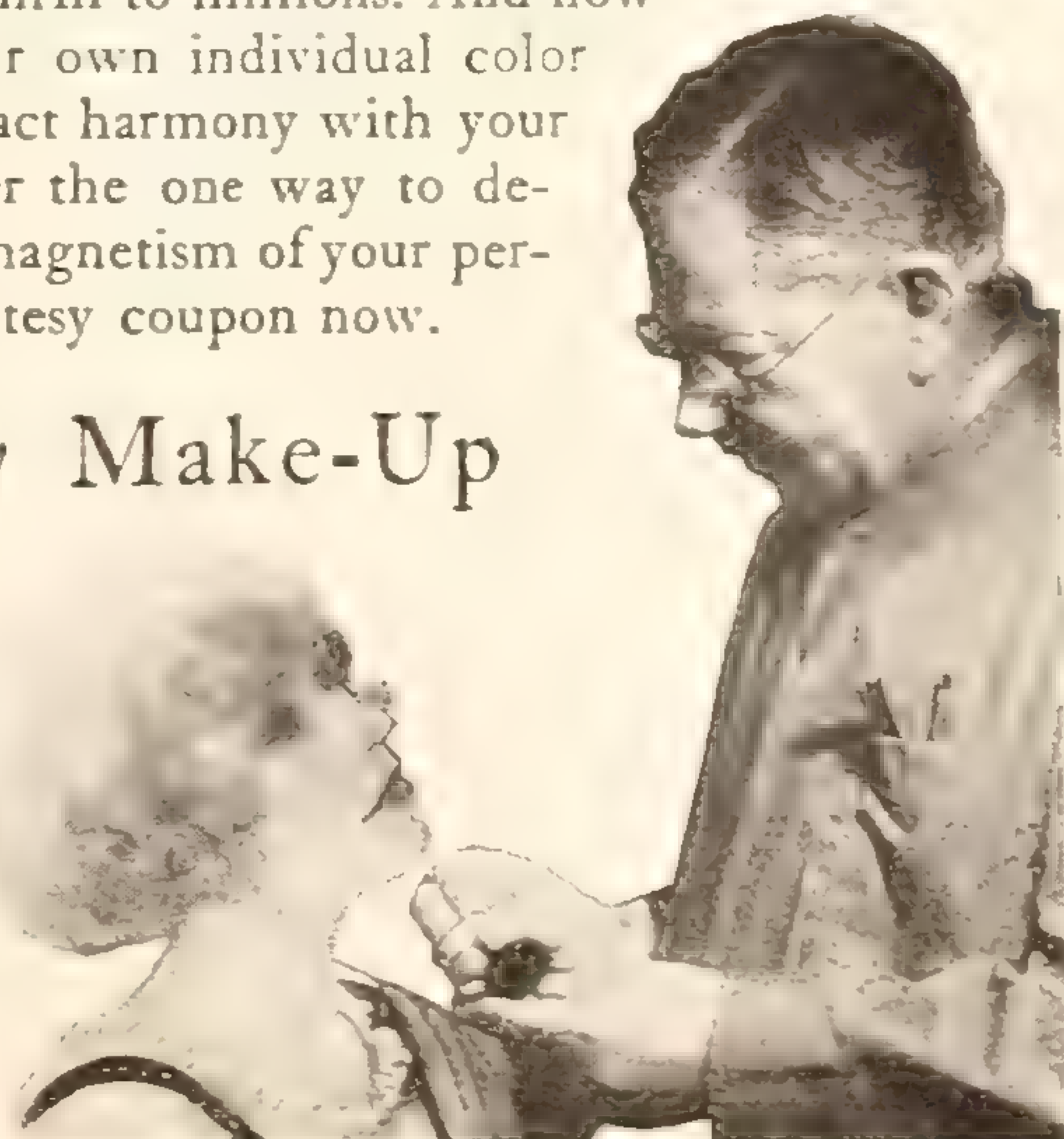
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Hoodlum Parties and House Warmings—Continued from page 60

mock anger at spoiling his effect, and presently the two were dancing in the living room.

There were so many noted guests present that Polly Moran remarked comically: "It's a big-time bill they've got here to-night!"

Abe Lyman had sent one of his orchestras, and so those who wished danced down in the whoopee room.

Among those we noted up-stairs and down were Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey and their wives, Lew Cody, Harry Carey and his wife, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, Vivian Oakland and John T. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Caesar, El Brendel and his wife, Robert Vignola, Charles Judels and a score of others.

A small boy was on hand, giving out delivery tags to guests, in case you forgot your way home:

"My name is.....," the cards said. "I have been to Olsen and Johnson's party. Please deliver me to....."

A newsreel outfit arrived, and everybody went out to do a stunt. Most of them were very funny, and probably you've seen them on the screen ere this.

The Mosconi Brothers were doing a funny stunt inside meanwhile. They were wearing beards like the Smith Brothers, and went about dispensing cough drops.

"I've never seen so much liveliness," whispered Patsy, as we came upon Messrs. Olsen and Johnson in a crowd in a corner of the room, singing *She's the Flower of My Heart*. Every place that the party seemed to be dying for a minute found the comedians bursting in with that song.

Edgar Allan Woolf did one of his famous imitations, this time burlesquing Greta Garbo playing "Anna Christie."

Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby sang some duets of old-fashioned sentimental songs in a way that simply brought the house down, and Polly Moran of course made a speech.

"I think," remarked Patsy on the way home, "that I like hoodlum parties!"

"A HOUSE warming and a garden party both! You stay in and look out, or stay out and look in!" exclaimed Patsy, referring to an engraved card that had just arrived by mail. It was from that most charming lady, Mrs. H. B. Warner, who used to be Rita Stanwood on the New York stage, and who will probably be Rita Stanwood again now that the talkers are in, since she is having tests made. She has three growing youngsters, but looks exactly as young as she did before they came.

We were to meet at H. B. Warner's first, a crowd of us, and proceed thence to the home of Mrs. Katherine Humphreys, a dear friend of Mrs. Warner's, and herself a most interesting lady, being the daughter of a former governor general of Canada, an artist, and a much traveled person. Mrs. Warner was to be co-hostess.

So we gathered, a number of us, including Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse, Dorothy Mackaill, Walter Pidgeon, Polly Moran, Billy Haines, Theda Bara and her husband, Charles Brabin, and others, in the Warner drawing room; but Mr. Warner simply would have us out to look at his flowers by electric light, as he is an ardent gardener and knows all the flowers by their high-brow as well as their pet names.

"Don't you suppose we're keeping the flowers up?" inquired Dorothy Mackaill, as the light fell on some gorgeous roses that were climbing over the

children's playhouse in gay profusion.

"Oh, they're quite used to Hollywood hours," Mrs. Warner laughed. "Harry is always showing them off."

At Mrs. Humphreys' house we found the place a bower of flowers—the most beautiful private display I have ever seen. Roses, jasmine, all sorts of flowers, were banked on window seats, mantels, stair landings, pianos, tables.

And there was a great marquee in the back garden, with floods of soft light everywhere.

Rita and Mrs. Humphreys both looked lovely, Rita in pale green and Mrs. Humphreys in white.

Dorothy Mackaill was dressed in a black evening gown, and it was highly effective.

H. B. Warner told us how willing Miss Mackaill had been to take instruction from the stage actors on the set, even though she was star of a recent picture in which they played together.

"And she is so intelligent that she made better use of our advice than we could have made ourselves," he remarked.

Rita was to have done the honors by introducing the society folk present and the picture people to each other, in cases where they were strangers, but when she saw all her picture friends there, she rushed away to talk to them, leaving Harry Warner to do the honors.

But, clad in fullest evening dress, tails and all, he was quite capable of filling the post, and everybody seemed to have a wonderful time.

Robert Ames was there with Jean Spain, and there were David Newell, Edgar Allen Woolf, Eddie Kane, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Elsie Janis, who came as usual with Jack King, ZaSu Pitts, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Varconi, Lew Cody, and others.

Supper was served at tête-à-tête tables, both in the house and garden, and as it was warm, most of the guests seemed to prefer the garden.

Polly Moran did, and as usual Polly was bubbly funny. She was talking to a group, and finding herself speaking rather loud, said, "Why, I might as well make it a speech," and forthwith stood up to talk.

"I don't want to wave the red flannels at such a wonderful party, so I'll be careful. Especially as there may be a producer or two around. You never can tell. But I've got four thousand dollars in the bank, so I don't have to be as careful what I say as I used to be!" And more like that.

After supper many of the guests gathered in the beautiful ball room to dance to the music of the orchestra that had been earnestly, but quite fruitlessly at first, scraping and blowing away in there for dear life. It was a very nice orchestra, and presently nearly everybody was dancing.

Cecilia Loftus came in rather late, and was soon surrounded, but excused herself to dance with Jack King; and among those who were on the floor were Robert Ames and Miss Spain, Rita Warner and David Newell, Billy Haines and Dorothy Mackaill.

While Patsy danced, I talked to David Newell, and he told us amusingly about learning to play golf.

Just then Rita Warner came up and told on him.

"David," she said, "refused yesterday to count on his score anything above eighteen, because he said it discouraged him!"

Polly Moran came in just then, and

going to the orchestra leader began to kid him, whereupon he turned the direction of the orchestra over to her for the next dance.

There were about a hundred guests present, and as we were leaving Mr. Warner exclaimed:

"Such a big party, and the only speck of damage done was a tiny cigarette burn on a table. Two fish-ponds—and not a single body dragged out of them!"

"NO matter how much the wild waves are waving to us," remarked Patsy, "when we get an invitation that is waved at us by Mrs. Neil Hamilton, we just can't ignore it, can we?"

I ardently agreed with her. And so, although we were enjoying ourselves hugely at the beach when Mrs. Hamilton's invitation to a party arrived, the occasion being the celebration of Neil's birthday and also the welcoming of a house guest, we couldn't resist. The house guest was Melville Rosenow, so arrestingly handsome a man that Patsy fell under his spell immediately. He was formerly an actor, afterward an agent, and now is a traveler. He hadn't meant, he explained, to be a professional traveler, but so many people had besought him for routes, following his many trips abroad, that he was being a guide, philosopher and friend to such as wanted to gallivant the earth.

Neil generously told us how, when Mr. Rosenow was an agent for theatrical people, he had often handed from his own pocket sums to actors out of jobs, including Neil himself.

Some of the guests were down in the party room, some were in the drawing room, while others found fascination in the beautiful patio of the Hamilton house, which is built in the Spanish style.

Richard Cromwell, who recently distinguished himself as "Tol'ble David," was one of the first guests we said hello to. He had recently returned from one of those personal appearance tours, and had some funny happenings to tell.

"These personal appearance trips are supposed to be all sweetness and light—full of hero worship," said Richard, "but I didn't find it that way at all. In one town they made me pass the hat for the unemployed," he went on with a humorous grin, "and it was awfully embarrassing, especially when a small boy called out to me, 'So you're the handsome hero!' and razzed me!"

"In another town they made me sell red apples, just as a gesture of democracy, I suppose."

"In still another city the theatre managers wrote a speech for me. They wanted me to begin it, 'I feel just like Alice in Wonderland!' Well naturally no full grown, normal young man in possession of his faculties is going to say that. I tried to get around it, and to speak as well as I could, but the more they tried to make me feel at home, the more I got the jitters."

Richard is only twenty-one years old, but is already an artist. He painted the panels in Colleen Moore's palatial house. He admitted that he'd far rather paint than act.

"I just want to make a lot of money acting so that I can go abroad and study painting," he said. "You can paint when you are ninety, you know."

We said hello to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hardy, and to Flora Sheffield and her husband, Reginald Sheffield, both of the New York stage; Virginia Hammond and Josephine Whytel, other New York play-



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ers; and to Leonard Sillman, Mrs. Reginald Denny—the first one—J. Grendon and his wife, Viola Brothers Shore, and others.

Supper was served, and there was a lot of amusing gossip passed about. Ronald Colman, we learned, is crazy about anagrams; and Ann Harding has a cigarette holder that is exactly like a little meer-schaum pipe.

After supper, coffee was served as a novelty in big vodka glasses that were like young gold-fish bowls. Drinkers of vodka, we learned, sometimes inhaled it, and the same was done with benedictine, from these glasses. You put a little liquor in it, hold the glass in your hands until it becomes warm, then shake the liquor about, put your face down to the glass, and breathe the fumes. It is said to be as intoxicating as drinking the stuff.

Neil Hamilton told us how Eddie Phillips got his start in pictures, when he won a part in "Rosita."

"It was back in New York," Neil said, "and Eddie and I were friends. Eddie was pining for a chance to come to California. He heard that Mary Pickford was looking for a foreigner to play in 'Rosita,' and he said he was just dying to play the rôle. I didn't think he'd get it, for he is as New Yorky as Times Square. But next day he came to me all aglow, and so excited he could hardly talk. 'I've got the part!' he cried. 'I'm going to Hollywood with Mary Pickford!'"

"It seemed Eddie had pretended that he was an immigrant just off a boat from Europe, and couldn't even speak English at all well. He had spent half a day listening to some Italians to learn their dialect. He had put on a dark make-up and

had slept in his clothes to make the garments look sufficiently unkempt, and at that they were pretty well worn anyhow.

"Mary was deceived and signed him. But on the way to California there were other foreigners going out for the picture, and as he didn't know a word of Italian or Spanish, he was in fear and trembling that somebody would find him out and tell Mary. He went to Mary and confessed, and she laughed and forgave him. So he won the part anyway, and came to California, where he was duly launched on his picture career."

There were games and dancing down in the party den after dinner, and some of the guests went down there, while others remained above for bridge.

We did hope, we told Mrs. Hamilton and Neil when we left, that our hostess would think up another reason for a party.

Cry, Baby!—Continued from page 20

amazing success of the Watson family as juvenile actors and actresses is to be found in the philosophy of Coye, the father, and in the patience of Mrs. Watson, the mother.

"We make it play, this picture work," Coye Watson will tell you. "Suppose little Delmar has been chosen for a part in some picture. I get a copy of the script, take it home, and have a couple or three of the older children learn the various 'sides' in his particular scene. They play it just as I feel the director will have it played. First Billy will go through Delmar's part. Then Harry. Then one of the girls will try it. Delmar sits and watches. When it comes his turn he has the advantage of observation and study. Young as he is, he feels the spur of competition, and tries to do it better than the rest. The result is to make him feel as if he is playing a game, and he learns each line and bit of action perfectly.

"We work along the same idea when we come home at night from the studio. During filming of 'We Three' I'll spend all of my time on the set with Delmar. If I take him home at night and tell the rest of the family that he's been a fine boy, all will congratulate and praise him. If he's been naughty, or missed any of his lines, the rest of the youngsters put him on the pan and kid him. The system brings results."

Watson, the elder, started training his children for the screen as fast as they appeared. In this Mrs. Watson played no small part. Obedience was the first law they had to learn. After that the rest was easy.

Directors like to work with the Watson children. John Adolphi, directing "We Three," believes that little Delmar is one of the brightest youngsters he ever has seen.

"I get results from him I wouldn't expect to get from a child ten years older," Adolphi says. "The baby is absolutely natural in everything he does. I get no suggestion of acting from his work. Undoubtedly this is the result of the home training, the spirit of play, that enters into the immediate training of the child."

During those long waits between scenes, when the other actors are at work and Delmar is free for the time, the father sees to it that his talented four-year-old continues in the mood of play that makes his work a pleasure. They report on the set in the morning, loaded down with a big satchel from which, at intervals during the day, various toys and games are produced: marbles, guns, balls, toy soldiers,

and so on. Also, there is a package of arrowroot biscuits, fine to nibble on when the stomach begins to distract the young mind.

Coye Watson knows how to get along with youngsters. He's had, as you might say, ample opportunity. He is bound, some day, to have a famous screen star in his family. The law of averages should enter to take care of that. The chances are just eight to one that it will be Delmar. His

work in "We Three" seems to indicate it.

At any rate, Delmar is at the ideal age and is breaking in at the right time—what with Jackie Cooper, Bobby Coogan and Jackie Searl just as popular as any grown-up actors. The public always did like youngsters in pictures but right now they seem to be more "kiddie conscious" than ever before. Anyway, keep your eye on Delmar—he's a comer!



Little Delmar Watson gets paid for crying out loud! This is a scene from "We Three" with Rose Hobart, kneeling, and that's director John Adolphi with his hand raised.

Triumphant Veterans

Continued from page 55

Pathetic mamas are often precious screen assets. Mary Carr first rose to fame as the mother in "Over the Hill." Although she is reported as being in voluntary bankruptcy, R.K.O. rushed to the rescue and she played in "Kept Husbands." Bodil Rosing jumped back to picture success with "Sunrise," in a marvellous hysterical scene, after twenty years on the stage in America. Talkies ignored her for a while, but now she has the mother rôle in "An American Tragedy." Claire McDowell, so famous as the mother in "Ben Hur" and numerous other silents, is the other mother in "An American Tragedy." Claire has two big boys of her own, and a jolly Hollywood home. She, too, was a successful stage actress in her youth, before mothering for the movies. Both she and Charlie Mailles, her spouse, began with D. W. Griffith in 1910 in pictures.

Recent stage recruits are Nance O'Neil and Marjorie Rambeau. Nance's fame on the stage is recent enough to be familiar. It was while starring in a stage play in Los Angeles that pictures claimed her for "One Glorious Night" with Gilbert. Since then she has been royalty right along—the queen in "The Queen's Husband," a countess in "The Registered Woman," and so on. But Nance cannot quite forsake the stage and hopes to do another play shortly.

Of course, dear old May Robson has been on the stage forever. Now she has made "Mother's Millions" out at Liberty Studio, along with that mad, mad "Mad Parade" all woman-picture on the next set.

Lillian Elliott has thirty years of stage behind her and was the wife of the late



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Edna Mae Oliver had her salary raised because of that sumptuous sniff that made everyone laugh in "Cimarron."

James Corrigan. She did many silent pictures, and has made successes in talkies in "Liliom," (as the grumbling old aunt) and in "Swell Head." She loves doing character parts and has no regrets for a youth that has vanished.

Louise Carver used to be an opera singer, -but later became an eccentric

comedienne in vaudeville. She adores hard-boiled old lady rôles and doesn't care how unlovely she looks in her make-up. She was in "The Man From Blankley's" with John Barrymore, and in "The Big Trail."

Remember the dear old mother of the blind girl in "City Lights"? That is Florence Lee, who began with pictures way back in 1916 as a screen mother. So they've held her to elderly rôles ever since, although she has to make-up cleverly to look as old as that. She has been grandma to half the players in Hollywood. Of course, as Charlie's picture took two years to make, "City Lights" is her only new film to date.

Grayce Hampton used to be a singer. Later she played in the famous Drury Lane pantomimes in London, and was so beautiful that King Edward expressed great admiration. She was the wife of wives with Otis Skinner in "Kismet," and made a great hit. She was called to the screen for "The Bat Whispers" and is predicted as another winner.

Emma Dunn is a stage actress gone over to the screen since talkies, although there were some silent pictures from stage successes as early as 1916. She is the mother in "Bad Sister" and other talkies are "The Texan," "Broken Dishes," "Manslaughter," "Side Street," "The Prodigal." Leah Winslow, who plays such very unsympathetic rôles on the stage, usually unpleasant aunts, is with May Robson in "Mother's Millions" as a well-bred, patronizing person, which she does so well.

Lucy Beaumont, who played for 47 weeks in "Berkeley Square" on the stage, is making no end of a hit—three talkies for Warners, including "Sonny Boy," "The Girl in the Show" with Bessie Love, "The Greyhound Limited," as the sorrowing mother, and her next is with Norma Shearer. Lucy came to Hollywood in 1923 from the stage—very English—and did 10 pictures in 18 months; but after a while Mary Carr snatched the fanciest old lady rôles from her. That's when "Berkeley Square" and the stage intervened. Things are swimming along nicely now again.

Maude Eburne, in "The Bat Whispers," was a stage success for twenty-three years before trying Hollywood. She just "fell" into fame originally, by clowning in the wings during rehearsal of "A Pair of Sixes," pretending she was a fainting heroine of melodrama. The boss put the stunt into the show and it wowed the audience. Her father was a Canadian gentleman-farmer, and later she married Eugene J. Hall, manager of several stock companies.

Emily Fitzroy is another famous veteran of stage and screen. After twenty years on the English stage, she tried pictures as long ago as "The Lightning Conductor" with Bill Farnum. They always give her hard old cat rôles, so that it's a compliment when the audience gets mad at her. There was an interval of New York Theatre Guild and Broadway plays, during which pictures were regarded as profitable summer vacation work. Emily has hobnobbed with royalty in real life too, notably the Crown Prince of Sweden and his consort, who presented her to King Edward of Britain. It was in "Driven" for Charles Brabin that she really won her picture spurs. Talkies have found her busy right along.

Lillian Leighton, who is also chairman of the drama department of the Hollywood Woman's Club, once owned a weekly paper in Auroraville, Wisconsin, began with amateur shows, migrated to professional work, and broke into pictures with the old Selig Polyscope in Chicago in 1911, being in the first multiple-reel picture

ever made, "The Two Orphans." It's been pictures ever since, with such talkies to her credit as "Abraham Lincoln," "Call of the Flesh," "Feet First," "Subway Express," etc.

Mary Forbes, the mother of Ralph Forbes, and the charming mother-in-law of Ruth Chatterton, is always in demand for queenly aristocratic rôles chiefly because she holds herself with such patrician rectitude, and can wear jewels as though to the manner born. She was the English aristocrat in "So This is London" with Will Rogers, and Charlie Farrell's mamma in "Sunny Side Up." She divides her time between stage and screen, wherever an aristocratic grand dame is needed.

Evelyn Sherman was once an expert accountant for five years, but dreamt of pictures while poring over figures. So she saved up enough to stake her through a try. She trudged from casting office to office in New York, and finally got a call from Paramount, as a society-lady extra at \$7.50 for one day. Smart evening gown,

gloves, hat, shoes were necessary and Evelyn plunged to the tune of \$300 and caught a shocking cold into the bargain. But her investment was good all the same, for soon she won a mother rôle and was established. By and bye it was Hollywood, beginning with "Suzanna" and Mabel Normand and the duchess in "Three Weeks." Talkie rôles haven't been quite so stylish so far but Evelyn knows they will soon get better.

Maude Turner Gordon comes from Indiana and the stage. Broke into pictures with Paramount in New York, and then came to Hollywood, doing many silents and talkies, including "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." She is a marvellous needlewoman, too, and her darling Alta Loma home is rich in superior samples of her work.

Dale Fuller, California born, began as a chorus girl, and finally captured a good musical comedy rôle. Her picture career began with Mack Sennett, as a glorified extra at \$3.50 a day, some days, which led



On the set of "The Mad Genius" with John Barrymore, in high hat and fur-trimmed coat. Notice all the lights and prop men and paraphernalia because you won't see any of these when the picture is released.

to pie-throwing parts and animal comedies. Since then she has worked in every one of Von Stroheim's pictures and has weathered the talkie advent handsomely. She owns an orange grove at Covina.

Vera Lewis made a stage debut in "Madame Sans Gene" in 1896. She began her picture career in "Intolerance" in 1914 and has gone strong ever since—now signed for "The Night Nurse" with First National. Lottie Williams is a sweet old dear who divides her time between stage and screen, was in "Sarah and Son," "Strictly Modern," and "What a Man" in talkies.

Vera Gordon was Russian-born but good American now. She played the rôle of a woman of 60 at the age of 14 in Russia and has been an actress ever since. She married at 16 and later went to Canada where the Russian colony hailed her as a star. Later, in America, Fannie Hurst picked Vera for "Humoresque," and so began her screen career. Dear old Margaret Mann, who made such a hit in "Four Sons" as the German mother, was one of a family of ten children born in Scotland, and had little schooling. She worked as a dressmaker in South Africa, but later played hostess in a colonial cos-



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and his boss, Jack L. Warner. Young Doug's new contract with Warners allows him to write for the screen as well as act.

tume in the Washington Building at San Diego. That was when people began talking about her being a good type for pictures and there you are.

Helen Ware, whose first professional appearance was with Maude Adams in "The Little Minister" at \$7 a week, and was later to rise to stardom in "The Third Degree," came to Hollywood for Fox in 1928 as a coach for talking pictures. But six months later she was the blonde proprietress in "Speakeasy" and has been continuously employed in character rôles ever since as society grand dames, mothers poor and prosperous, educated or common, kind or hard, with great versatility. "The Reckless Hour" was her 13th picture in rather over a year. The veterans are indeed triumphant!



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Phillips Holmes' Own Story—Continued from page 27

duced to them. Bessie Love was using one of our horses in a picture—Mother's greatest consolation for living in Hollywood was the three riding horses she acquired for the family—and she wasn't quite up to taking hurdles. I was just about her size at that time and doubled for her on Mid-night, Mother's black jumper. I liked doing it because every moment in the saddle was a delight to me, but beyond that my interest in movies was tepid.

Back in New York again, I went to De La Salle and there achieved the last black eye of my pugilistic career. And it was a honey, I remember. But to this day I stoutly maintain that I licked the other boy.

There was another return to Hollywood and to Harvard Military Academy and then I went east to Georgetown Prep for half a year. I was just sixteen when I entered and I remember feeling a definite turning-point on my sixteenth birthday. I was no longer a kid and the possibility of actually becoming a grown man—a possibility that seems so remote in childhood—was now a certainty.

Those days were gone when I would drive Mother crazy by always being discovered perilously clinging to some tree-top, torment her soul by being in a perpetual state of skinned knees and torn shirts, worry her into a frenzy by staying indoors all day buried in a book and then, when forcibly ejected to get some air, remaining outside until hauled in by the scruff of the neck—mine was a single-track mind, concentrated placidly on whatever I happened to be doing at the moment or wherever I happened to be. Of course, I'd find other ways in which to harass her maternal soul now, but they would be of a different, more dignified nature. For I was precipitately growing up.

There was, after this momentous feat, a brief season with the family at Forest Hills. Then I went on to Newman, at Lakewood, New Jersey. This is one of the best prep schools in the country and, when I was graduated from there at seventeen, I was equipped for entry into any university. And when I went to California to spend the summer with Mother and Dad, I already knew where I wanted to go. That was Cambridge.

I had several good arguments ready—the boy who was, and still is, my best and closest friend, was going there; Mother, who had been born in Canada, would naturally like me to attend an English university and had also been feeling an urge for a trip abroad; and I had decided to be a diplomat, for which career an international education seemed invaluable.

So, in September, a month or so after my eighteenth birthday, Mother and I sailed for England—a voyage of which I remember practically nothing, so eager was I to get there and join John in a new, exciting country. After a short holiday in London, I saw Mother off to Paris and left to meet John in Tunbridge Wells, which was where we were to cram for Cambridge at a tutoring school called Henley House.

I shall never forget that arrival. It was dark when I drove from the station to the school—dark and raining. The whole countryside appeared dismal, cold, hostile. It was as if someone had laid a clammy hand on my spirits. Suddenly, I didn't feel very grown-up and self-reliant any more. And when I reached Henley House, the feeling accentuated rather than abated.

It was a big, old-fashioned country-

house, to which numerous wings had been added from time to time, making innumerable, unexpected stairs and alcoves and corridors. It seemed full of shadows to me. Mrs. Malden, the headmaster's wife, greeted me, suggested I probably wanted to join my friend immediately and showed me to my room, which adjoined his. The minute she left, John and I sat down in the chilly, severe, candle-lit room and looked at one another aghast. It was too late to back down now—and here we were stranded in an alien place and feeling as forlorn and insecure as a couple of stray pups.

With the morning, we felt a little better—a sunny morning in the country in England is irresistible. But it was two or three weeks before we conquered the sensation of strangeness. The other boys, all English, were very polite to us, but aloof—as, indeed, we were too. At table, we would grow inwardly hysterical like a pair of ten-year-olds at things like their broad accents and habit of keeping the fork always in the left hand.

After a bit, however, we got over this silliness, became friendly with the boys, grew accustomed to our surroundings and settled down to work. Our one deviation from conforming was when John had his father send us some coal for the grates in our rooms and I had Mother send us some oil-lamps. Raised on American steam-heat and electricity, we couldn't adapt ourselves to the chill of the rooms—which the hardy Englishman doesn't notice—and to the shadowy desolation of a room lit by one flickering candle.

The headmaster, Mr. Malden, was a marvellous person—white-bearded, always impeccably groomed, brisk and incredibly precise in manner, a brilliant mind and altogether delightful person. He was famous all over England for his high record in turning out students who made university at the first go. When you left Malden's, you were equipped—and if you flunked, it was your own fault.



It isn't considered polite to whisper before company! But maybe Lew Ayres and Al Hill are plotting another grand gangster film.

Because I liked Malden and enjoyed studying with him, I got along well. I made my first half-term at Cambridge and was ready to enter Trinity College when John contracted a cold that developed into pneumonia and caused him to miss exams. I didn't want to go on without him so,

during his long convalescence in London with his father, I went to France and entered Grenoble, a university in the south.

That was marvellous. My principle excuse had been to perfect my French—but my real purpose was to tear off one perfect holiday. School was more or less incidental. I managed to cover a good deal of territory in the six months I was there. I fancied myself as a connoisseur of French vintage wines, of French feminine beauty, of French whoopee. I must have been insufferably callow, but I did have a grand time—and I *did* polish off my French.

That summer, I came home to America and California, to be with the family, then back to England and Trinity—I had been lucky enough to be one of twenty selected out of a hundred and twenty applicants for that historic and glamorous House.

Trinity was wonderful—it is thrilling to have a definite and rightful place in the very centre of tradition itself. I loved it with the frankly sentimental love I believe every Cambridge man harbors. Studies were routine; more sharply etched episodes were the lead in the May Week Show, holidays in London and rowing in the races, where I made my colors.

The next summer I came home again, and this time refused to go back to England, much as I loved it. Mother was not well and I didn't like the idea of being so far away. So, in the autumn, Princeton was startled and chagrined suddenly to find me in its midst.

Princeton, too, was stimulating—and good fun. I'm afraid I remember the fun more clearly than the work. Rowing there, too, I was in the boat that won the fall Regatta. I made my Triangle the first year and did the leading lady in "Napoleon Passes," with which we toured eighteen cities and stood them up at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

Acting was still foreign to my inclination. By this time, I had abandoned my idea of a diplomatic career and planned to go into Wall Street, in the office of a friend of my father. He was a great guy—showed me the romance of high finance, fired my ambition, offered me a berth in his company at a higher salary than most of my friends could hope to command when they left Princeton. I was all set, intent on preparing to become a magnate as soon as I got my degree!

And when some Hollywood friends wrote me that Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers were coming to Princeton to make "Varsity," my interest was so slight that I promptly forgot it!

Then things began happening fast—my life speeded up to a breathless pace. It started on the day that I received a note to report to Dean Stewart's office. He is a brother of Donald Ogden Stewart and dean of French and English drama. Wondering what the message was about, I walked into the office. Three strange men were seated there.

"Are you Phillips Holmes?" the tall, dark, scholarly-looking one asked.

I admitted it.

"Dr. Stewart has probably told you what we want to see you about. What do you think of the idea?"

"Oh, very good, very good," I said, not knowing why except that it seemed a convenient thing to say.

"Then you'll do it?"

"Well—" I hesitated ponderously. "I'd rather talk it over with Dr. Stewart first, and let you know."

As soon as they left, I found Dr. Stew-

art and asked what it was all about. And it was about the movies. The man who had talked to me was Frank Tuttle, a Princeton man himself, who had brought the "Varsity" company to the school on location—the company whose pending arrival I had completely forgotten. Tuttle had turned his script over to Dr. Stewart for advice and had also asked for a boy to play Buddy Rogers' room-mate in the picture. The doctor had suggested me, as an actor's son and with the Triangle experience behind me.

It entailed a trip to Hollywood for interiors and I wasn't very keen about losing all that time. But my friends persuaded me to go out and see what it was like—and bring them back souvenirs of Greta Garbo! I had previously refused to go out for First National when they made their little collection of college boys, but this time I decided it really might be a great idea. The company promised to send me back by plane in time for summer-school cram. So I did it. But even then the embryo financier didn't know what was happening to him.

After we had finished work on the campus, we came to Hollywood and finished the picture. Paramount offered me a contract. Studio wages looked very important to me—it would be years before I could make so much as an apprentice broker. And, at last, blood was beginning to tell—I found myself becoming interested in this business of acting. I flew east to consult Mother and Dad. After days and nights of talking, talking, talking—I still wasn't entirely sure I wanted to act and yet I thought I did; Mother and Dad had the usual theatrical family's horror of seeing their offspring become embroiled in the insanity of "show business" and, at the same time, the furtive hope that they will—we reached a unanimous "aye."

And I came back to Hollywood, keyed to a high pitch, all ready for a Career and liking the notion. The satisfaction of being my own man was tremendous. I was so eager to get to work that I could scarcely wait to get to the studio.

(The next issue of SCREENLAND will continue Phil Holmes' own story—his real career in Hollywood, with all its glamor and excitement—and all its hard knocks and discouragements. Don't miss it!)



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Hollywood's Bad Habits—Continued from page 29

scribble-pad habit—not only while talking at the telephone, but even while in general conversation. It always makes one feel that his mind is elsewhere. Any odd notebook or envelopes within his reach are covered with scrawls.

As befits his calling, Lawrence Tibbett sings all over the place at any old time. Unlike many opera singers, Lawrence doesn't spare his voice one iota. It's quite startling to hear him suddenly try out some new chords on the most unexpected occasions.

Adolphe Menjou persistently twiddles his little moustache.

Jack Oakie can be most disconcerting. He is quite liable to leave a lady standing in the middle of a public dining room while he rushes off to greet a man friend. In fact, keeping his mind on the lady is apparently beyond Jack's capacity. Conchita Montenegro has a fidgety trick of snapping and unsnapping the clasp on her purse. Richard Dix is very naughty about interrupting conversations with some remark that proves his mind was very much on other things—but he's always charmingly apologetic afterwards.

Dear old Joseph Cawthorn, notwithstanding his unimpeachable upbringing, loves to break Emily Post's dictums anent table manners. Oh, just watch him drink his coffee out of a saucer, leave his spoon in his cup, and, if he wants really to shock Mrs. Cawthorn, to eat with his knife. And oh, he will put his hat on the table!

Norman Kerry loves to mix his bacon and toast all up with his egg in a glass and spoon it out, no matter what breakfast company he is keeping. George Fawcett simply will feed his Polly Parrot at the table, to the strong disapproval of Mrs. Fawcett. De Witt Jennings adores "dunking"—you know, dipping his coffee cake in the coffee. He can also alarm hostesses by sub-consciously polishing the table silver on his napkin.

Genevieve Tobin is another naughty scribbler—scribbles on books, magazines, walls near telephones—oh, a very bad little girl! Writes people's names over and over when she is talking to them on the phone. Bette Davis is so shy that she always wants to run when she is introduced to anyone—just says "How do you do?" hurriedly and then begins arranging flowers or something.

John Boles, yes, really, is capable of going to sleep on a guest. He gets so sleepy that if he doesn't just drop right off in his chair, he will excuse himself and take a nap upstairs.

Lew Ayres loves to wear old clothes—will attend quite nice social functions most carelessly dressed, when he thinks he can get away with it. Only one hostess has called Lew down so far.

Dorothy Lee has a very funny little trick of making faces—she is so sympathetic with what one is talking about that she grimaces all the emotions as one talks. It's cute—when you get used to it!

And Betty Compson, such a nice mannered person herself, just will let her little dog dominate her tea parties. The wicked little thing can just sniff around all he likes and beg for morsels, with nary a chide from his mistress.

Edna Mae Oliver is too alarmingly frank; she meets one with a sort of challenge the first time—and loves remarking "My dear, your powder is streaked across your nose" and so forth. But she's really a dear.

Lowell Sherman quite deliberately disconcerts people—experiments with start-

lingly frank remarks and watches the effect. He says you get to know people better after you've seen their reactions under these circumstances—the bad boy.

Wheeler and Woolsey are naughty too, because they love playing tricks on their guests and breaking out into vaudeville stunts without warning.

Clara Bow is a tea fiend—drinks it with all meals, even the meat course, which our British friends regard as a gastronomical crime. Gary Cooper is thoroughly wicked about keeping engagements. He is dreadfully apt to turn up at the right house on the wrong day or *vice versa*. Mama tries to watch out for him but gets worn out with the job.

Jobyna says Dick Arlen's naughty habit is leaving electric lights burning where they shouldn't, and sending the bills up something awful.

Clive Brook suffers from the saddest of complaints, forgetting names. He will forget the names of people he knows really well, stand and flounder horribly when making introductions, and generally find himself in a continually explanatory mood.

Fay Wray is one of those girls who has a place for every thing and believes in keeping everything in its place. But she can never remember which place it was and therefore spends her young life hunting purses, gloves, lip-sticks, letters, books, etc., and is therefore usually tardy at engagements.



Charlie Farrell is back from his honeymoon with Virginia Valli and is all set to co-star again with Janet Gaynor in "Merely Mary Ann."

Warner Baxter likes to dodge undesirable visitors and will tell all sorts of polite fibs to avoid meeting such. But once one does catch him he makes up for everything handsomely. Eddie Lowe doesn't do any dodging, will make engagements with anyone quite charmingly, but somehow just has to phone that something has happened and he cannot come! Charlie Farrell drives them crazy on the lot practising on an old cornet—wonder if Virginia Valli has a notion what she is in for! Victor McLaglen loves to talk war—the inevitableness of another war—and so ruin the evening for all the people who believe that international brotherly love and peace are at hand.

Will Rogers borrows gum shamefully. We ought to support our own vices. Marguerite Churchill loves to throw knives, just to show off her skill—to the extreme alarm of her friends. Myrna Loy's worst habit is changing her appearance—she can look like a different girl every day—and then reproachfully chides her friends for not recognizing her.

And would you have supposed that little Janet Gaynor had a prodigious appetite for Italian spaghetti and gorges wickedly? Lois Moran loves to annoy her beaux by talking about high-brow books they haven't read. Jeanette MacDonald reads vast numbers of mystery novels. She is also very superstitious and can read calamity into the simplest action. I mean a black cat walking across her path not only spoils her day but that of anyone who is with her, too.

Edmund Breese annoys his meticulous wife by wearing old linen smocks around the house, usually messed with paint and varnish, because of his passion for carpentry. And oh, his nasty beret and pipe! William Janney's mama is in a constant state of nerves because Willie just will slide down the bannisters and leap wildly to the ground at the bottom.

The Gleason family suffers continual disgrace because James wears soft collars on all occasions, even with his tuxedo. And his preference for sweaters over coats is the despair of his tailor. Anthony Bushell's most annoying habit is that of turning the other cheek. He won't argue, but always—a trifle sarcastically—agrees with everybody.

William Beaudine is a miser—can't throw anything away, hoards every trifle, even unto bits of paper, string, rubber bands, silver paper. Lawrence Grant always leaves dresser drawers and cupboards open and never puts anything away.

Louise Fazenda keeps her car full of a weird assortment of truck, which may include some shirts of hubby's, make-up boxes, books, bundles of fan letters, baskets of cakes, bunches of flowers and bundles of clothing, so that she always seems to be a carrier—and it's a crime to treat a stylish Cadillac like that.

Irene Rich likes to make fudge and eats lots too much of it—says it's a sign of nervousness when she does.

If anyone essays to light three cigarettes on one match, just watch Norma Talmadge dash in and blow it out, no matter whom she shocks. Winnie Lightner's naughtiest habit is shouting whenever she feels like making a jolly lot of noise, no matter what the occasion. Joe E. Brown shames the family regularly by not recognizing a salad fork when he sees one, and blissfully using the meat fork. David Manners is a shameless gum-chewer. Joan Blondell eats chocolate eclairs in her fingers and licks the fingers afterwards.

Loretta Young, like Janet Gaynor, has a tireless, unappeasable appetite. Loretta always eats more than a refined young lady should.

Frank Fay is one of those bad boys who is always late for appointments, no matter who is being kept waiting.

Ronald Colman has a curious little habit of curling up his lips under his little moustache, as though he were about to say something sarcastic, although he rarely does.

Reginald Denny accepts invitations from clubs charmingly but always forgets to turn up. And Gloria Swanson—would you have supposed that Gloria, given a good start, could talk about babies for hours?

Living on Laughs—Continued from page 83

be strictly accurate scientifically or medically, but it sounded like common sense.

"Joe," he said, "I don't blame you for wanting to make people laugh. And I'm going to tell you what good you are doing when you cause your audience to guffaw. Do you realize that if a man gets ten good laughs in a day, it adds a day to his life?"

I was amazed. "Do you mean that?"

"Absolutely," he said. "I do mean that. You can depend on it. It has been figured out that when you laugh you bring into play certain muscles, many more than when you frown. That's the basic principle of my argument. The rest is too complicated to explain further, but it's the truth."

Never before had I looked at laughter quite so abstractly and statistically, but to show you that I was duly impressed, I had the stage manager of that show count the real, hearty laughs. Not the titters or little murmurs. I mean the real manly and womanly ones. According to his count the audience felt that way thirty-eight times in a single performance. So I became statistical myself. My average audience in that show numbered 2,000 persons. Thirty-eight times 2,000 is 76,000, according to my fingers. Therefore there were 76,000 laughs in one show, and we played eight shows a week, and that's 608,000 laughs a week. The show ran almost a year, and that's 30,400,000 laughs. Divide that by ten and you have 3,040,000 days added to the lives of the theatre-going public!

And if that theory of my doctor's is

true, think of the computations and complications I'd be getting into if I tried to estimate the number of days added to moviegoers' lives. Why, I'd have to figure it out on the basis of light years.

When I first began to be serious in a funny way I used to take quite a little pride in impromptu comedy. That was possible and, in fact, it was encouraged on the burlesque stage. Later, too, in musical comedy I would sometimes decide to change my entire gag routine during a performance. I would *ad lib* at a great rate, and it was fun. I really enjoyed myself.

In pictures, however, it's something else again. I am happy in pictures and I don't think I'll ever go back to the stage. But it's practically impossible to *ad lib* in the talkies.

Everything about the making of a talking picture is arranged with the precision of a fine watch. And cues mean a great deal not only to the other actors, but to the men in charge of the lighting, the cameramen and all the others who have non-acting, mechanical positions. A cue, either gesture or word, which has come too late because of an *ad libbing* comedian, can spoil a day's work. And retakes cost a great deal of money. An *ad libber* who won't reform and conform to these conditions can do ten times more harm than he can good. Even if a gag of that kind goes over it isn't worth the trouble or the wear and tear on the studio people's nerves.

And so, in pictures, our comedy is well thought out ahead of time. The director

and the comedian talk over the gags, and the spacing after the gags, so that laughter won't drown out the plot development and dialogue. Everything is decided to a nicety. And it's all a very serious business. Of course the movie-goer doesn't see that phase.

Sometimes even in this enlightened age a person will say to me: "Joe, you have the best racket in the world. You like to be funny and here you are, getting a swell salary for having a good time." Sez he! If he really wanted the truth he might ask Mrs. Brown or one of the boys, Don, thirteen years old, and Joe E. Jr., eleven. Right now Don and Joe attend Urban Military Academy in Hollywood. Well, they could bear witness to the fact that their father, who is known for his comedy performances, has never been completely satisfied with any performance he has given; that he has been known to mope because he hasn't been satisfied with the "rushes," or daily showings of the previous day's work on a picture. They could tell anyone who asked that their Dad plans a campaign of comedy with as much care as any general plans an attack. Goodness knows they have a good reason to be good students, for they know how attentive their father is to his own particular kind of home work.

But at least they have one relief. If he is serious about being funny, he can be just as funny in his attitude toward something serious. It's all very complicated, this serious funny business. It gets more and more like the Einstein theory. (My doctor's name isn't Einstein.)



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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

William Bakewell	Barbara Leonard
Lionel Barrymore	Joan Marsh
Wallace Beery	Adolphe Menjou
Charles Bickford	John Miljan
Lillian Bond	Ray Milland
Edwina Booth	Conchita Montenegro
John Mack Brown	Grace Moore
Harry Carey	Polly Moran
Joan Crawford	Karen Morley
Marion Davies	Conrad Nagel
Reginald Denny	Ramon Novarro
Kent Douglass	Ivor Novello
Marie Dressler	Edward Nugent
Cliff Edwards	Anita Page
Julia Faye	Marie Prevost
Clark Gable	Esther Ralston
Greta Garbo	Duncan Renaldo
John Gilbert	Norma Shearer
Gavin Gordon	Gus Shy
William Haines	Lawrence Tibbett
Hedda Hopper	Lewis Stone
Leila Hyams	Ernest Torrence
Dorothy Jordan	Raquel Torres
Buster Keaton	Lester Vail
Gwen Lee	Roland Young

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta	Dorothy Lee
Mary Astor	Everett Marshall
Evelyn Brent	Joel McCrea
Sue Carol	Jack Mulhall
Joseph Cawthorn	Pola Negri
Betty Compson	Edna Mae Oliver
Bebe Daniels	Roberta Robinson
Richard Dix	Lowell Sherman
Irene Dunne	Ned Sparks
Jobyna Howland	Leni Stengel
Arline Judge	Hugh Trevor
Arthur Lake	Bert Wheeler
Ivan Lebedeff	Robert Woolsey

Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Robert Allen	Winnie Lightner
George Arliss	Lucien Littlefield
John Barrymore	Lotti Lodi
Richard Barthelmess	Ben Lyon
Joan Blondell	Dorothy Mackaill
Joe E. Brown	David Manners
James Cagney	Marilyn Miller
Bebe Daniels	Mae Madison
Claudia Dell	Ona Munson
Irene Delroy	Marian Nixon
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.	Dorothy Peterson
Frank Fay	Walter Pidgeon
Gladys Ford	William Powell
James Hall	James Rennie
Walter Huston	Otis Skinner
Leon Janney	Polly Walters
Evalyn Knapp	H. B. Warner
Fred Kohler	Jack Whiting
Laura Lee	Edward Woods
	Loretta Young

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson	Robert Ames
Luana Alcaniz	Warner Baxter
Rex Bell	Edmund Lowe
Joan Bennett	Myrna Loy
Humphrey Bogart	Sharon Lynn
El Brendel	Jeannette MacDonald
Marguerite Churchill	Kenneth MacKenna
Joyce Compton	Mona Maris
Donald Dillaway	Victor McLaglen
Fifi Dorsay	Lois Moran
Charles Farrell	George O'Brien
John Garrick	Maureen O'Sullivan
Janet Gaynor	Will Rogers
Warren Hymer	David Rollins
Richard Keene	Rosalie Roy
J. M. Kerrigan	Lee Tracy
Marion Lessing	Spencer Tracy
Cecilia Loftus	John Wayne
	Marjorie White

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen	Skeets Gallagher
Jean Arthur	Wynne Gibson
William Austin	Harry Green
George Bancroft	Mitzi Green
Carman Barnes	Phillips Holmes
Clara Bow	Miriam Hopkins
Mary Brian	Carole Lombard
Clive Brook	Paul Lukas
Nancy Carroll	Fredric March
Ruth Chatterton	Rosita Moreno
Maurice Chevalier	Barry Norton
Claudette Colbert	Jack Oakie
Jackie Coogan	Warner Oland
Gary Cooper	Eugene Pallette
Frances Dee	Charles Rogers
Marlene Dietrich	Jackie Searl
Leon Errol	Sylvia Sydney
Stuart Erwin	Charles Starrett
Norman Foster	Lilyan Tashman
Kay Francis	Regis Toomey
	Fay Wray

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong	Bill Boyd
Constance Bennett	James Gleason

Send Birthday Congratulations to These Following July Stars:

John Gilbert	July 10th.
Lily Damita	July 10th.
Evelyn Laye	July 10th.
Joan Marsh	July 10th.
Sally Blane	July 11th.
Olive Borden	July 14th.
Ginger Rogers	July 16th.
Lupe Velez	July 18th.
Irene Delroy	July 21st.
Ken Maynard	July 21st.
Phillips Holmes	July 22nd.
Lila Lee	July 25th.
Alice White	July 25th.
Skeets Gallagher	July 28th.
Clara Bow	July 29th.
William Powell	July 29th.

Russell Gleason	Eddie Quillan
Alan Hale	Fred Scott
Ann Harding	Helen Twelvetrees

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres	Myrna Kennedy
John Boles	Barbara Kent
Kathryn Crawford	Mary Nolan
Robert Ellis	Eddie Philips
Sidney Fox	Slim Summerville
Jean Hersholt	Genevieve Tobin
Rosé Hobart	Lupe Velez
Dorothy Janis	John Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado	William Farnum
William Boyd	Al Jolson
Eddie Cantor	Evelyn Laye
Charlie Chaplin	Chester Morris
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Lily Damita	Gilbert Roland
Dolores Del Rio	Gloria Swanson
Douglas Fairbanks	Norma Talmadge

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor	Lloyd Hughes
Mischa Auer	Paul Hurst
Leo Carrillo	Ralph Ince
Helene Chadwick	Jeannette Loff
Helen Chandler	Wallace MacDonald
Dorothy Christy	Ken Maynard
June Collyer	Blanche Mehaffey
Marion Douglas	Una Merkel
Robert Edeson	Geneva Mitchell
George Fawcett	Charlie Murray
Albert Gran	Sally O'Neil
Ralph Graves	Jason Robards
Carmelita Geraghty	George Sidney
Hale Hamilton	Bob Steele
Neil Hamilton	Thelma Todd

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr.	Bert Lytell
Constance Cummings	Joan Peers
Richard Cromwell	Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt	Loretta Sayers
Buck Jones	Barbara Stanwyck

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase	Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	ZaSu Pitts
Ed Kennedy	Our Gang
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe	Eleanor Hunt
Ann Christy	Patsy O'Leary
Andy Clyde	Daphne Pollard
Harry Gribbon	Lincoln Stedman
	Nick Stuart

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland	Edward Everett
Eddie Dowling	Horton

The Rainy Thursday Girl

Continued from page 66

ing for "Barbara." Helen remembers that she stood in the alley by the stage door while her friend went inside. A man bundled up to the eyebrows who looked as though he were freezing to death stopped as he was entering the stage door. He shivered as he saw her half socks and short little mackinaw and told her to step inside out of the wind and the rain.

"I found out afterward it was Arthur Hopkins. He hated the cold and the rain. After he had talked to half a dozen children he called me over and asked me how I would like to play in 'Barbara.'"

Helen told him, she couldn't, thank you, because she was going to have tea with her mother.

"Come tomorrow and bring your mother," said the producer.

So Helen became an actress and found it so entrancing that it wasn't long before she knew her way around to all the theatres and would dicker for jobs like an old-timer.

"I was always most ambitious on rainy days. I'd let whole weeks of sunshiny days go by and never bother about going out to look for jobs. But let it start raining and I would dig up my old coat with the moth-eaten collar and start out to conquer the world. When there was a whole stretch of rainy weather I would have so many jobs lined up that I would make my little brother take one of them. Oooh, how he used to hate me for that! He didn't want to be an actor in those days."

Helen remembers when she was about eleven years old she played in Rex Beach's "The Barrier." There was a little boy and a little girl rôle in the play.

"I liked the boy's rôle best so I persuaded my little brother Leland to play the girl's part. He did it under duress and gave me a big hoot when the first night notices came out and the critics had me credited with the girl's part and he the boy's!"

When "The Wild Duck" was to be staged in New York Helen set her heart on a part in it. She was fifteen and just at the age, she said, when her hair seemed suddenly to go straight and she looked just like every other little girl of fifteen. In despair at the long, lanky locks, her mother did them up in rag curls.

"I wailed when I looked at my fuzzy head. On the way to the theatre the dampness frizzed up my hair worse than ever. I looked like a blonde pickaninny. It surprises me yet that I got the part."

As little Hedwig in "The Wild Duck" Helen received splendid notices without an exception.

During the years that followed, Helen played with John Barrymore in "Richard the Third" and with Lionel Barrymore in "Macbeth." She was the original *Margorie Jones* in "Penrod." "The Constant Nymph," "Hamlet," "Faust," "The Silver Cord," and "Mr. Pim Passes By" further established her ability in dramatic work.

Helen was a student at the Professional School for Children when she got her first picture work. It was in Allan Dwan's "The Music Master."

"All the other girls in my class seemed to be growing up into young beauties," said Helen, in explaining how she happened to get into film work. "I would hear about the spending money they earned doing little parts in pictures in addition to stage

It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher

THAT night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was joking. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed. I was sorry for her. But suddenly the room was hushed.

She played "Anitra's Dance"—played it with such soul fire that everyone swayed forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. "How did you do it?" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!"

"Well," she laughed, "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous

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work. And all because they had nice long eyelashes, smiles that photographed, and the general appearance of being young ladies instead of a child, as everyone regarded me."

Helen decided to slay her inferiority complex in regard to pictures once and for all. She would show them! When they had class discussions and the others got up and told about their experiences working in films, she would have something to say herself!

It would be raining the afternoon she walked to the Fox studio. She was splattered with mud by the time she reached the big red brick building on Tenth Avenue. Before she ducked inside she noticed a very long car parked outside with the initials "W.F." on the door. "Aha," she thought "the big boss himself is here." She did not know that Fox was not the one to interview for film work, that his interest was in the distribution end.

Inside, Helen found an office filled with hopefuls. She noticed that those who asked for the director were sent to the assistant director. And those who asked for the assistant director—waited.

"So I decided that the sensible thing was to ask for Mr. Fox," laughed Helen. In a few seconds she was scooted into an office and found she was standing before Allan Dwan.

"You have an appointment with Mr. Fox?" she was asked.

"No," replied a very dignified Miss Chandler, "I only said I wanted to see him."

After an astonished silence, the director asked her if she would like to take a test for "The Music Master." A make-up kit was handed her and, to use her own words, "she used a little bit of everything."

The test was hopeless, of course. Helen had never used a bit of make-up in all her stage work and knew nothing about handling the cosmetics.

Dwan scrutinized her face carefully and said: "Go wash your face and let's see how you look."

"So I washed my face clean and started my picture career—with plenty of things to talk about in class discussion from then on."

When Helen Chandler came to Hollywood to work in pictures it was March and raining—in spite of Hollywood Chamber of Commerce reports and Southern California weather enthusiasts.

And it was still raining, a few weeks later, when the romance started which today means that she signs checks for the water and gas bills of a Hollywood hilltop home with the distinguished signature, Mrs. Cyril Hume.

Helen met the noted novelist and film writer at a dinner party. Several days later she was just hoisting her umbrella to search for a cab to take her to a luncheon date with Joan Bennett when there was a toot of an automobile horn at the curb and Cyril Hume suggested taking her where she was going.

"Cy had a new green car that had a good engine but sat up in the air like a bath tub. He had just bought it that day and hadn't had a chance to get a perspective view of it. Incidentally, I embarrassed him for months afterward by getting in the wrong car. There were so many just like it—all long on good engines and short on good looks."

Several hours passed by over the luncheon table. When Helen finally left Joan Bennett and looked for a cab, she spied the green "tub" down the street, waiting. It was Cyril Hume.

"I thought you were a writer," she said.

"I was," he replied, "but today I'm a cab driver. Step in."

One Sunday afternoon the two were out riding. Helen said she, being used to the rolling country of Connecticut, liked hills. When they spied a hill in the distance, Helen said: "Oh, let's drive up there."

They drove and drove and drove and when night came they were still driving—and it was raining. The hill had begun to assume unending proportions.

"When we finally landed on top we found we were on Mt. Wilson, one of the highest mountains in Southern California," laughed Helen. "And I had an early call at the studio. We snatched a quick dinner and started back down again."

"It was so dark and rainy by the time we skidded to the bottom of the mountain again that we didn't know which way to turn. So when two little boys asked for a lift we said all right—provided they would direct us back to Hollywood. They agreed. But after we had dropped them off at their destination we found we were in some place called San Fernando. Seven times we drove back into San Fernando until we finally found the road back to Hollywood."

And she still likes the rain!

The Humes are one of those young couples who are always celebrating something. The anniversary of the day they met. Or the commemoration of the day they were engaged. Or a wedding anniversary.



Joe Donahue—you saw him in "Sunny" with Marilyn Miller, and you'll see him again in "The Reckless Hour," with Dorothy Mackaill.

During the last rain, a rain which Southern Californians will remember because it marooned beach residents and played havoc with lowlands—on that day the Cyril Humes were due for a celebration!

"I had a Ford convertible coupé that leaked," reports Helen. "I picked Cy up at the studio and we drove down to a beach club for luncheon. I remember there wasn't another soul in the club dining room that day except Cy and me. And coming home it got wetter and wetter. We found a fire truck stalled in the center of a big lake of water. The fireman called to us and Cy and I 'Forded' blithely through all the water and sent a rescue party back from the fire station. Oh, it was a big day!"

So the next time you wake up to find your bedroom windows drenched with showers, don't think the whole world is joining you in lugubrious groans.

Helen Chandler is probably up and out, signing new contracts, grabbing life by its horns, and finding the world all wet—and a delightful place to live in!

What Do Screen Stars Think About?

Continued from page 53

happiness life is just one indifferent experience after another," says Joan. "But when one is suddenly faced with a radiant reason for everything and a person to think for in every thinking second, a philosophy is a necessity.

"I believe that a certain portion of a person's life is spent in getting impressions about life, people, things and emotions. There seems to be no real logical reason for anything. Life is—just life!

"Then comes a person into that life to give it meaning. You want to be a success because of that person; you want to be able to give something beyond just body and empty, purposeless soul. You begin to look at life with entirely different eyes. You want to be things, do things, and think things!

"Philosophy comes when the consciousness is awakened to a purpose, and I believe my philosophy is to live my life so that I may serve Douglas Jr. in any need he may have, to make my life a worthy monument to him and his life. I want to be a success so that he may be proud of me. I want to help him in every activity of his life and to be a reason for his finding a purpose in life. I think this is just what we have meant to each other!"

Dear, beloved Marie Dressler! Comedienne, philosopher, philanthropist; chuckling, blunt, honest, forceful Marie, has a philosophy one would expect from a matured life which has been full to overflowing.

"Don't fight life!" warns Marie. "Have faith in the goodness of things and hang tightly to a confidence in the earnestness of life and a certain delivery from all obstacles to your objective. You might as well be like that; it doesn't do any good to be otherwise, does it?" she questioned with a chuckle.

"I have been hungry, I have been well fed; I have had everything, I have had nothing! I have found that to live life each second to the best of your ability, be game, and never to allow your perspective to become warped solves this little old problem of living as well as any other recipe one might follow. In other words, take life by the hand, not by the throat!"

Sounds like Marie Dressler, doesn't it?

John Boles majored in philosophy and allied sciences in college, so he goes deeply into human motives and human reactions.

"We all have potential possibilities to do a certain something. If we are wise we will cultivate that natural inclination and concentrate on lifting ourselves above the station to which we were born," says John Boles. "This is only possible where we have the initiative and force to push ourselves above and beyond our limitations."

He can explain all this very scientifically and as he talks his eyes glow and his fine face is alight with vivid interest. Some are born with one gift, believes John; some with others. What we individually do with these natural gifts determines the mark we will make in this world and what we will take with us into the next.

Billie Dove, the beautiful, the gracious, says, "Do not expect too much of life! Believe that everything that happens is for the best! Don't try to climb the ladder of life too fast, or you may find yourself out of breath and with no energy to go on, or you may fall mortally hurt at the bottom, with no more courage to try and climb again!"



A New Test for the Opportunity to Win \$2,500

SIGHTS like the one above were not uncommon in the days of settling our great West. Pony express riders were courageous, keen-eyed Indian fighters who risked their lives daily in keeping the growing frontier outposts in touch with civilization. It took a keen eye and great quickness of thought to keep from being slaughtered by bloodthirsty redskins and plundered of the important packets in their charge.

Here is a test of what keen-eyed observation might be necessary. The rider above has perceived an ambush, has goaded his horse into a frenzied dash for life and has wheeled in his saddle to cut down any pursuer who might get within rifle shot. There is no trace of an Indian to the casual observer, yet there are the faces of five Indians concealed in the picture. How sharp is your eye?

60 Grand Prizes, including prizes of \$2,500.00, \$1,100.00, \$1,000.00, \$900.00 and \$500.00 in value will be given in our newest advertising offer. First prize

will be \$1,785.00 cash or a Studebaker Commander eight-cylinder Sedan, and \$715.00 will be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness, making a total of \$2,500.00.

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Look carefully. If you can find at least 4 of the Indians' faces, lose no time, but mark them with a cross, tear out the picture and mail it to me. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of all charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. Send no money. There is no obligation. **BUT IF YOU CAN FIND AT LEAST 4 OF THE HIDDEN FACES, RUSH YOUR SOLUTION TODAY TO**

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FRECKLES

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Ugly Foes of a Fair Skin

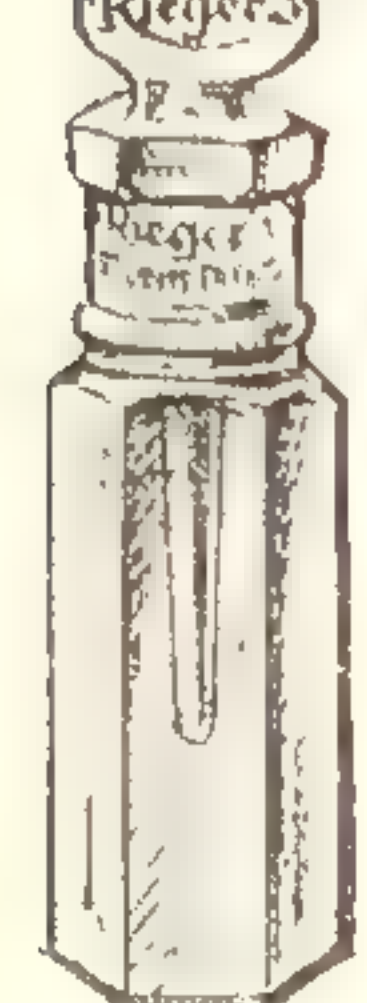


Even the fairest-skinned woman need no longer dread the sun and winds. Though they cover her face with ugly freckles, she can easily and safely fade out these homely blemishes in the privacy of her home with Othine-double strength.

It is seldom that more than an ounce jar of Othine is needed to clear the skin of the ugly, rusty-brown spots. After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream you will see that even the worst freckles are disappearing while the lighter ones have vanished entirely.

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Paul Rieger & Co., 179 First St., San Francisco

Billie cried herself to sleep for two nights because she lost the opportunity to play a part in a picture which afterwards never saw the light of day. Had she obtained this part she would have missed the opportunity to play a much more important part which gave her career a big boost toward stardom.

"Ever since that experience," says Billie, "I have never worried over the turn affairs might take. I may want something rather badly, but I always hold a reservation in my thought that maybe it is not the thing that is best for me."

"If you do this and do not plan your life too far in advance you will somehow find things working out for you better than you could have planned them. Leave yourself open at all times for the good things of life. Expect them! Do not ever be too sure that you know what is right for you to do, or that you must have a certain result! It's fatal!"

"There is a destiny that guides our lives far more wisely and correctly than all our own human planning could do. I cannot tell the number of times I have been wrong in my plans, and when I let go of them, things worked out more smoothly and rightly than I could have imagined!"

On the other hand, there is Mary Pickford who believes we shape our own destinies. We visualize a certain thing we want to happen in our lives. If we keep that always in the background of our

minds, we are almost certain sooner or later to experience that thing.

"Just the things we keep in the subconscious as desires, ambitions, longings, call them what you will, we will sooner or later bring into expression outwardly. We are creators of material things by our thoughts about them. But this takes a certain sort of concentration and forceful thinking which must be cultivated," says Mary.

"It takes study, knowledge and practice to be able to run our lives mentally. There are mental forces about which we know little as yet, but which are just as present as the physical forces which we do know about. It is these forces which human beings are discovering as the human mind reaches out for more and more knowledge and understanding. Some days our lives and our environment will all be controlled by a knowledge of ever present mental laws."

You see, after all it is rather a shame for folks to create the impression that our screen friends are all shallow, selfish, pleasure-loving people. If the truth were known there is not a harder working, more intense-living and vivid-thinking people in the world than screen players.

The so-called beautiful but dumb ones are anything but dumb, for they have known how to use life's greatest gifts to get where they want to go!

No—Hollywood's not so dumb!

John Barrymore Gives Dolores Costello

A New Voice—Continued from page 23

for a few hours a day. I have almost forgotten what the studio is like."

Now she says, "One never gets entirely away from the thrill of it," without managing entirely to contradict her earlier statement. "I know now I can be completely happy away from the studio but I hope I will be able to do justice to both my family and my profession."

The Barrymore tradition puts no stumbling blocks in the way of Dolores Costello's return to the screen. The Barrymore women have mixed family raising and curtain raising for at least three generations.

Barrymore's mother brought three children into the world during a comparatively short and very busy professional life. Her mother, John Barrymore's grandmother, did the same. When Dolores Costello announced her retirement from the screen and admitted the approach of an "interesting event," both she and her actor husband took care to add that she might, in due time, return to the profession. Barrymore has never urged his wife to give up her career entirely.

It is her own idea, the business of coming back to the screen with her fingers crossed. She hopes, and the studio hopes, and judging from the never-faltering influx of fan mail, the public hopes, that she will find the time and the energy and the desire to divide her time between the public as Dolores Costello and her family as Mrs. John Barrymore.

Her return to the studio was the occasion for quiet rejoicing among the "unknowns." One of the first to welcome her was Mrs. Gruber, who has for some years been matron of the Warner lot and who has personally seen to it that the dressing rooms assigned some years ago to Dolores Costello when first a star have never been profaned by any other occupant!

The more humble workers welcomed her with real affection. In many ways she has shared with her husband the reputation for indifference to the opinions of "important" people and never failing courtesy and understanding in her dealings with those generally considered of little importance. And the people of little importance, who somehow are very important indeed in the final analysis, were the ones who were happiest to see Dolores Costello come back to the studio.

There was, for instance, Elmer Fryer, portrait photographer for the combined Warner Brothers-First National Studios, who was once still cameraman on an early Costello picture. While Dolores Costello had been gone from studio and screen, Fryer had "arrived" in importance. His portrait studies have been widely copied all over the world.

Into his gallery came Dolores at the end of one of the first days she spent on the studio lot, preparing for her new picture. Mr. Barrymore was with her. They were to do something they had not done for a number of years, pose together for portraits.

Perhaps she had forgotten what Fryer just then was remembering. That once, years before, she had "gone to bat" for him when a studio shut-down loomed and salaries were being cut. Fryer had never forgotten her valuable help at that time even if she had.

For a short time Fryer worked behind his camera in silence. It was the first time in two years that Dolores Costello had submitted to the trying ordeal of studio still portraits. It was an important moment because these portraits would go over the world to be scanned by a curious public anxious to know if marriage and motherhood had "done anything" to the Madonna-like quality of Dolores Costello's beauty. Obviously she was nervous.

Then Fryer, who had been a "still man" and who had won fame and distinction as a portrait artist during the intervening two years since he had seen Miss Costello, came out from under his black velvet focusing box and away from the tell-tale ground glass which shows him, long before the subject knows, just what the public will eventually see in pictures he makes.

He went out in front of his camera and sat down beside Dolores Costello.

"You are more beautiful than ever, Dolores," he said directly and sincerely. "You will be pleased with what the camera will show you."

Important executives had told her similar things, of course, but Fryer's statement brought quick tears. She knew that he did not need to say such a thing, that some people might have considered it impertinent for him to have said it, but she knew too that one of the "unimportant" people who had worked faithfully with her in the past years when she, too, was climbing to success, would not deceive her.

For the first eleven months of her baby's life Dolores Costello devoted more attention and time to her child than the average mother. There was a nurse, naturally, but she often found herself left to her own devices while the mother took personal charge of little Dolores Ethel Mae.

Two short trips away from the baby were made during that period, but on the longer voyage south the child was taken along. It was after these trips away from

her baby that the mother agreed to listen to the insistence of the studio executives who wanted her to return to the screen. No picture work would take her away from the child more than a few hours at a time and she was convinced that such absence would in no way be detrimental to the child.

As a matter of fact the little girl probably did not know that her mother had returned to her career. There was always an hour for play with her in the morning and the "tuck-in" half hour every night; and in between the baby was taken, almost every day, for a ride to the studio where Miss Costello worked.

It was necessary for Miss Costello to lose some twelve pounds of weight. This was undertaken under a physician's observation. Exercise and a diet which consisted principally of spinach and asparagus, proved effective. Dolores Costello returned to the screen after a two years' absence weighing within a few ounces of her former screen weight. And she also decided she must have a new voice in keeping with the new rôles she was to play.

"I have always intended to return to my work," she explained to this first interviewer upon her return to the studio. "The only thing I was not certain about was the proper time. My baby comes first. But she has been so well and I have been so happy. If we both stay that way while I make pictures it will be fine. I will just have to wait and see."



Dolores Costello Barrymore and voice teacher John Barrymore—at home. You'll hear Dolores' new voice in "Expensive Women."

66

When and how to shampoo page 15

Once in two weeks is the average time . . . The ideal shampoo takes lots of water and soap . . . Rinse out and then go through the process again . . . removes the last traces of first wash . . . Gives the hair its sheen and gloss. The final rinse water should be . . .



for a clear skin . . . page 12

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for more attractive hands page 9

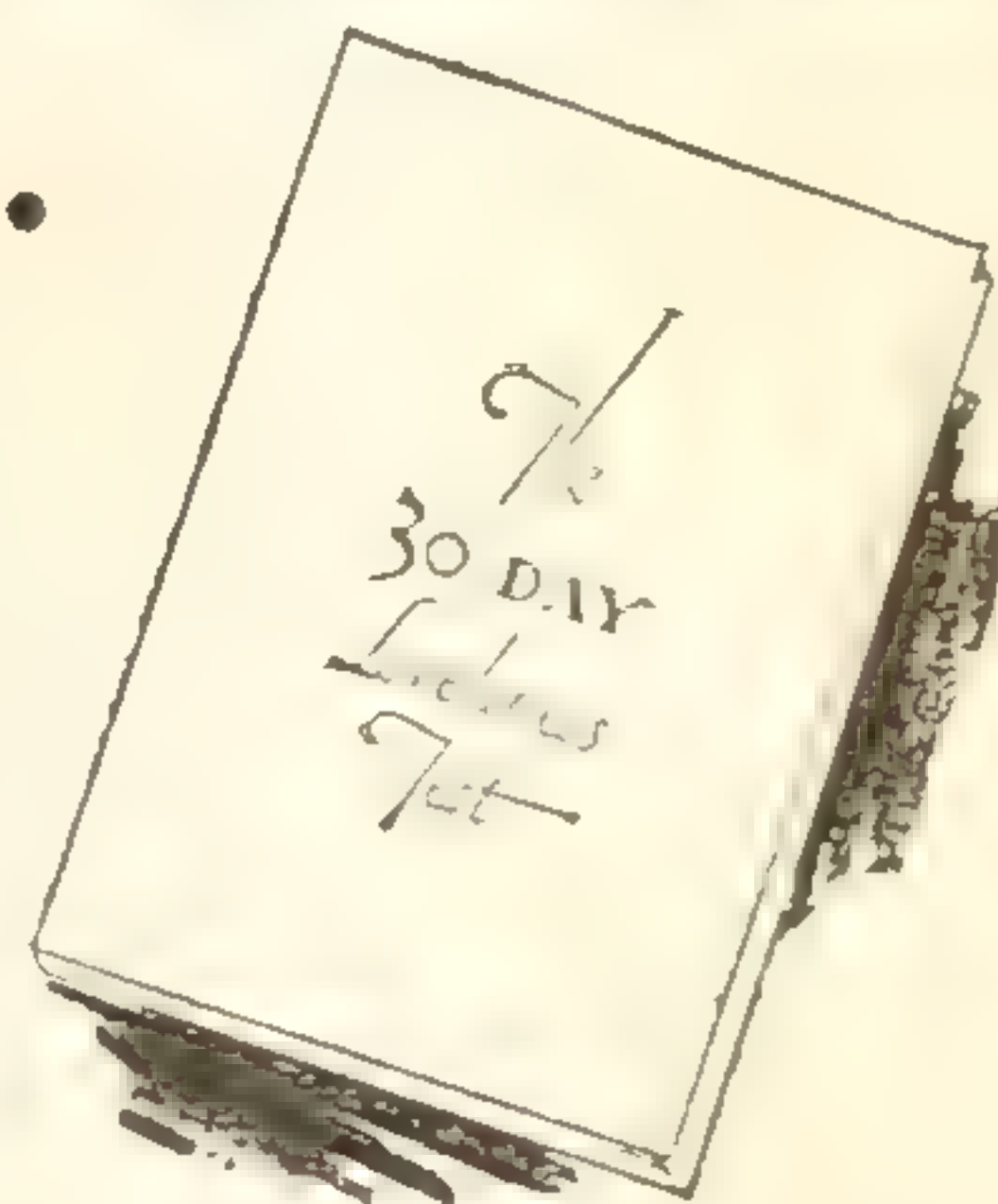
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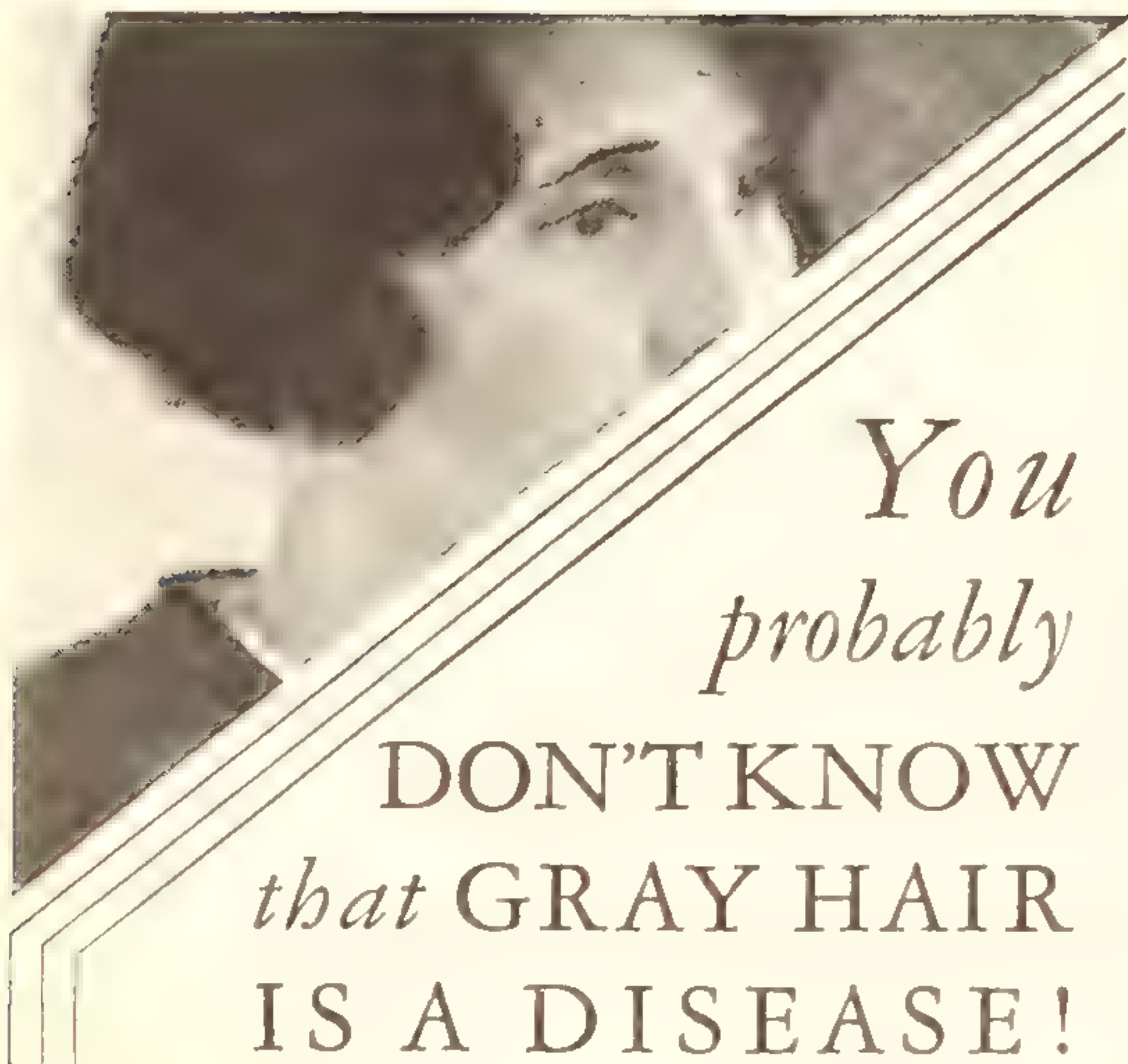
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The Prodigal Daughter—Continued from page 51



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plays she did bits in.

Gerald du Maurier cast her in "The Dancers" (done over here by Richard Bennett) and she registered vividly. Then she established herself in "Fallen Angels," starred in "The Green Hat" and "Her Cardboard Lover," and enchanted London in such various pieces as "Garden of Eden," "They Knew What They Wanted," "Let Us Be Gay" and, of all things, "Camille."

Tallulah reads reviews of her work, but when they are adverse she does not agree with them.

She sprinkles her conversation with good old Anglo-Saxon words, smiles beguilingly, and refers constantly to well-known Biblical characters.

She is a Lorelei by Lanvin; the little



Clive Brook and Tallulah Bankhead in a scene from "Tarnished Lady." This is Miss Bankhead's first American picture and she has scored a hit.

girl who was reared on Boccaccio instead of Mother Goose: the last of the mad Varicks trying on a green hat; Sappho sliding down the bannister.

She has light brown hair, a willowy figure that pleases her, and a slender, knowing face. She is not a beauty but she handles men as expertly as a Child's chef flips flapjacks.

"In London I was fearfully afraid of the press," she said. "You see they regard anything I do as news over there. Whatever I say is distorted; whatever I do, magnified. It's well enough to say that it's good publicity but it ceases to be entertaining when things are put in your mouth that you never dreamed of saying, when you are reported engaged to lads you've hardly known, when you are held up to gossip and ridicule almost daily."

Augustus John did a portrait of Tal-

lulah with which she was delighted. It was sent to her London home while she was being interviewed by a British newspaperwoman.

The painting was carefully unpacked and hung. Tallulah walked over to it enthusiastically and said "God, you're beautiful!" Whereupon the next day's papers headlined this remarkable version: "Goodness, But I'm a Beauty, Says Tallulah." The life of a star is not all roses, even in Piccadilly.

Tallulah is a composite of all the extravagant heroines she has ever played. She has a definite flair for the melodramatic, vitalizing an anecdote as thoroughly as though it were a third-act climax. She spends her emotional forces in a profligate manner, pouring herself into a trivial discussion as though it were a tremendously important matter.

"It was nice having my clothes made for me, in London," said Tallulah. "Worth, Chanel, and Molyneux all designed exquisite things for me, and were perfectly satisfied simply that I should wear them. In this country that is not done.

"Yet I spent everything I made over there. Here I hope to save a bit. After a day at the studio, so far at least, I've been too tired to do anything. No parties. Really! And I'm on the wagon. To keep my weight down. You see they want my face gently rounded but my figure slim. Quite. They forget that the figure takes on weight with the face. All part of the same system, you know.

"Anyway, the champagne I've had here has been vile. So it isn't difficult to be dry."

She was modest about her overwhelming success in London, but positive about her artistic ability. In speaking of "Her Cardboard Lover" I said that Leslie Howard stole the play from the star when it was produced in New York.

"He didn't steal it from me, in London," said Tallulah.

For all her egotism she was straightforward in telling how Somerset Maugham refused to permit her to play *Sadie Thompson* after seeing her in rehearsal. "It almost broke my heart," she said. "I loved that part."

Tallulah is the type that will always get her share of the breaks or find out why. She is distinctly feminist, asking no consideration merely because of her sex, yet getting what she wants by exerting a highly magnetic sex attraction.

As soon as she had started working for Paramount rumors were circulated about her temperament, but this is one of the standing charges leveled at almost any dynamic newcomer. When I saw Tallulah rehearsing for the camera she impressed me as a very earnest actress, thoroughly engrossed in the scene at hand.

Whether or not the citizenry will stand in line for Bankhead pictures remains to be seen. That portion of Manhattan that has seen her has put a frank approval on the Alabama flame.

Before I left I sneaked a look at her other profile: that was good, too!

Broadway has seen Tallulah Bankhead's new picture, "Tarnished Lady," and she is acclaimed by the critics as a serious Garbo-Dietrich-Landi menace. And she's our own home-brew even if she did have to make good in England before she was discovered by our movie producers. Anyway, Tallulah is back and she's here to stay this time! An original story by John Colton called "China" is scheduled for her second talking picture.

Tallulah came, we saw, she conquered!

Mexican Divorce—Continued from page 63

"I'm not arguing, am I?" asked Lola weakly as she climbed from the car, stepping gingerly over Montgomery's prostrate form.

"Well, get in the car, then," commanded Horace. "Alvin, you get out and take care of Montgomery. Maybe he'll need a doctor."

Alvin had given up argument and objection. With a sigh of resignation he stepped from his roadster and surveyed Montgomery, who was showing faint signs of life.

"You've got a surprise coming, old fella," he remarked. "You started out to marry a blonde and you'll wake up with your head in a gag man's lap."

He sat on the running board and lighted a cigarette, smoking complacently.

Horace started the motor, turned the car and headed back towards Los Angeles.

"Now who's the sap?" he demanded.

"What's this, a guessing game?" inquired Lola sweetly. "Did you chase us down, beat up poor old Kergan and kidnap me for the purpose of asking me riddles? By the way, what is this all about? Being the principal in the abduction I'm mildly

interested, you know. Why'd you come after me?"

Horace glanced down at her upturned face, caught the faint perfume of her hair and saw something bewildering in her eyes.

"Because I wanted you," he blurted. "I mean I wanted you to—I mean I didn't want to get into trouble. You see, there's a Mexican divorce and—well—"

Lola snuggled up to him and sighed contentedly.

"I heard you the first time," she said. "I knew all about that Mexican divorce. I was going to leave Kergan at San Diego. I was afraid—"

She paused.

"Afraid of what?" Horace asked.

"Afraid that you'd never find out what I've known for six months," answered Lola. "I was afraid you'd never think of coming after me. No, Horace, not now, please! There's a car coming. Park off the highway."

The car skidded off the pavement and halted beneath a tree where the sight of a young man kissing a young lady wouldn't divert drivers' minds from their business of driving.

Call Her Tobin—Continued from page 21

mesh hose and a nice coat of tan.

"You'd never think of wearing clothes like these on the streets of New York," she murmured, staring at the brown tips of her shoes, "unless you came in from Long Island or somewhere, would you, mother? But here, I always think of it as the country. Why, look down there—they keep chickens!"

Looking down the street from the very exclusive Chateau Elysée on the site of the old Ince home, there were indeed chickens. Feathered ones too, busily laying eggs! But Genevieve, having been born and brought up among the tall buildings of New York, loves the country, so she's perfectly contented with Hollywood.

She says movies are difficult even for an experienced actress, and wasn't she a child stage performer with her sister Vivian? The way you pitch your voice is something to relearn. On the stage you throw it toward the back of the hall naturally, but that is impossible with the microphone practically in front of you.

She didn't miss an audience in her first picture for her first scene was a comedy sequence, and as she said her lines she could see the grips, the extras, the cameramen, *et cetera*, grinning with their hands over their mouths to keep from laughing out loud, because it *was* funny, and their evident enjoyment gave her confidence. Now she doesn't miss the feel of an audience. Besides, lines are the important thing. It takes a great deal of rehearsing to get them just the way they should be said.

Tobin's first part was on Broadway. She landed in a featured part on the main stem—just like that. She was going to school in New York and her brother was going back to Yale after a vacation. He wanted to see a certain show so she called the manager to see if she could get a box and although she didn't get the box he asked her if she was grown up enough to do a part he had in mind. Certainly, said Genevieve, being then at the ripe old age of fifteen. So he said come on over. And she did. And her career was started. (This method of starting is not recommended

unless you have been on the stage very young and have been dandled on the knees of producers—while very young.)

A native New Yorker who first saw the electric lights about twenty-five years ago, she learned her *a b c's* in her birthplace and later attended the Institute de l'Etoile in Paris. Which probably explains her absorbing interest in fashions, for she designs many of her own clothes—and has ideas about the rest.

Howard Greer is her designer in Hollywood, Maybelle Manning in New York. You should see one lace creation in cream with "Empress Eugenie, isn't it, mother?" waistline. A mass of lovely flaring ruffles. A black lace with a lighter lace berth that looks as if it had come untacked in the back—"notice these jeweled chain shoulder straps, that's all I wear! It's darling to dance in. Lace is so flattering."

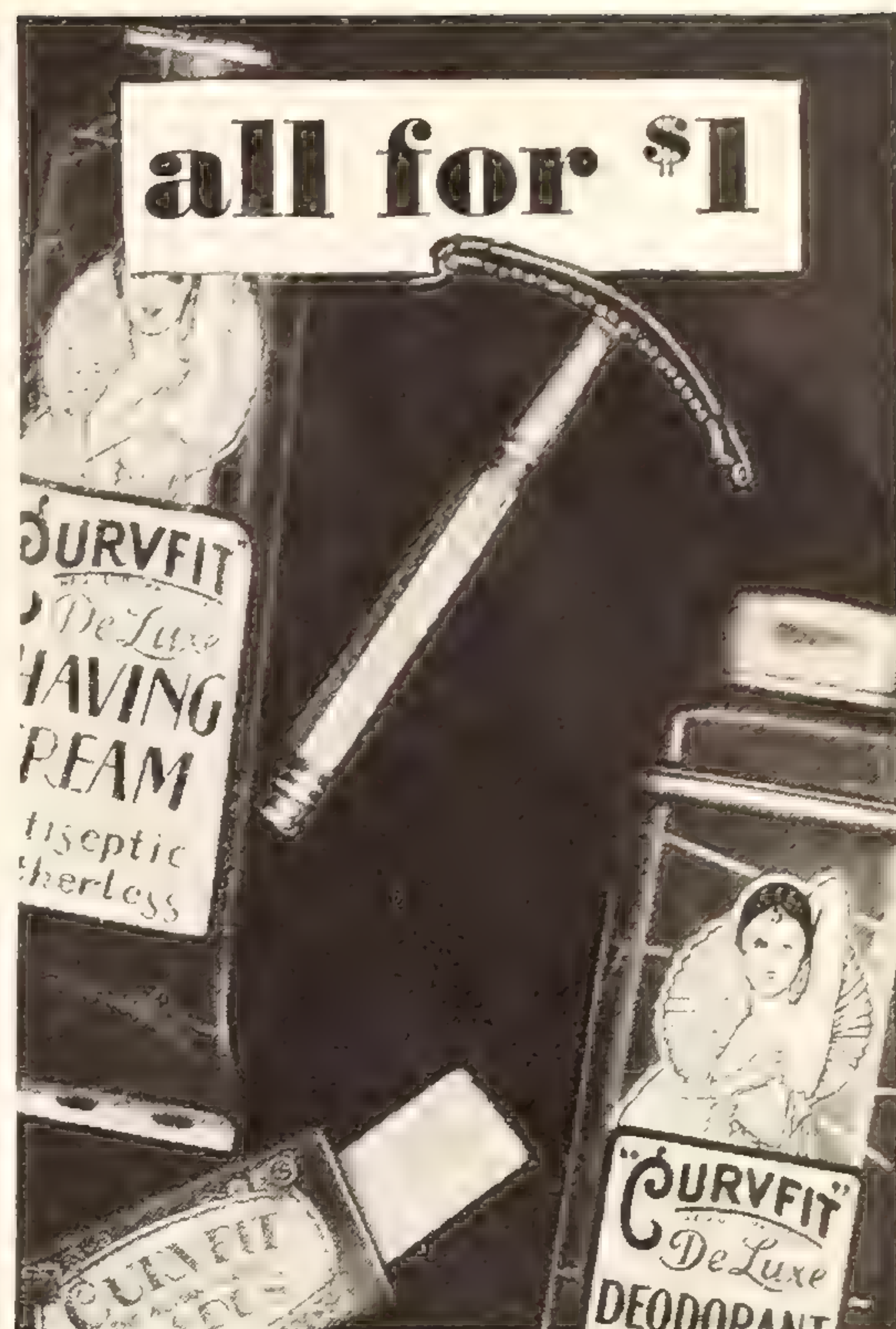
Besides clothes, Genevieve likes the movies. Lots. When a child she went seldom, but Sunday matinees at the Capitol theatre were treats for her and her sister. She adored seeing Lillian Gish. But she actually saw few of the old silent pictures. For there was always Ethel Barrymore or Jeanne Eagels to see and learn something from. Movies were for pure enjoyment. Thrilled with westerns. "Cimarron" is a perfect talkie!

At the grand premiere of "Seed" in Los Angeles, Genevieve Tobin, the minx of the picture, was dressed quite girlishly, while Lois Wilson, who plays the mother of five children in the picture, and who is a spinster in real life, wore a chic, sophisticated Parisian gown. So you never can tell about these "other women."

The girls received a tremendous ovation for their work in "Seed." Genevieve Tobin scored another hit and for Lois Wilson it was a victorious come-back after ten months minus work.

Genevieve has never married. But when she does she is quite willing to be persuaded to give up the stage. It depends, of course. After all, she has had her career and tasted the nice sweet dish of success—so if love and marriage comes along, it might be nice to try that.

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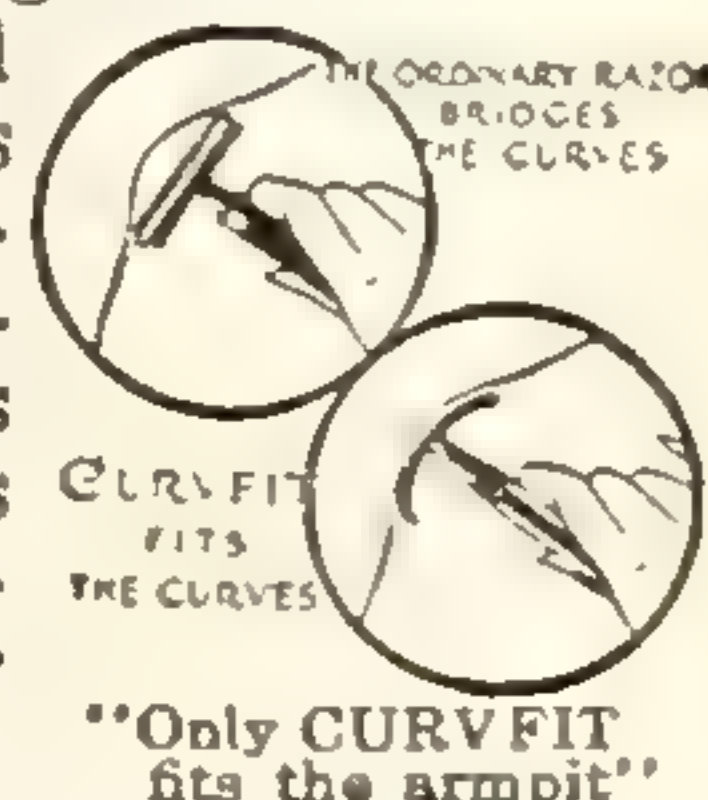
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**CAN YOU RECOGNIZE
THE STARS' SHADOWS?**

Revuettes—Continued from page 6

MR. LEMON OF ORANGE. Fox. If you are rabid El Brendel and Fifi Dorsay fans, you'll like this comedy—if not, it might prove tiresome.

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN. Warner Brothers. A melodrama with a railroad background and with Grant Withers and Regis Toomey staging a big fight over Mary Astor. Fair.

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood are riotous in this fast moving farce. Buster, as a synthetic Romeo, is a wow.*

QUICK MILLIONS. Fox. More proof that "crooks can't win." Spencer Tracy, Sally Eilers and Marguerite Churchill are worthy of better material than this.*

SUBWAY EXPRESS. Columbia. Murder in the subway. An interesting mystery story with Jack Holt, Aileen Pringle and Jason Robards as the principal players.

SWANNEE RIVER. Sono-Art. This melodrama has been kept in moth balls too long. The luscious Thelma Todd and Grant Withers are present, which helps considerably.

THE CONQUERING HORDE. Paramount. A typical "western" with Indians, villains, Richard Arlen as the he-man hero and Fay Wray as the girl.*

THE LIGHTNING FLYER. Columbia. The son of a railroad president makes good on his own—under an assumed name. James Hall and Dorothy Sebastian do good work but the story is poor.

THE NAUGHTY FLIRT. First National. This isn't naughty but just a nice unexciting film with Alice White, Paul Page and Myrna Loy.

THE PERFECT ALIBI. Radio. A neat murder mystery picture which has lots of suspense. C. Aubrey Smith and Warwick Ward carry off the acting honors.

THE PUBLIC ENEMY. First National. The most exciting gangster yarn to date. James Cagney, as a racketeer, is splendid. Jean Harlow and Joan Blondell are the femmes.*

THE SECRET SIX. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A clever racketeer film with Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone scoring. Marjorie Rambeau and Jean Harlow are the feminine contingent.*

THE SUNRISE TRAIL. Tiffany. A peppy little "horse opera" with an interesting story and Bob Steele and Blanche Mehaffy.

THREE ROGUES. Fox. Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon battle for a map, the spoils and the girl, Fay Wray. Entertaining.

Short Features:

BIRDS OF A FEATHER. Ideal. An interesting presentation of the varied bird life on the Isle of Bonaventure in Nova Scotia. For the bird lovers.

CINDERELLA BLUES. RKO Pathé. A fair fairy tale cartoon done in modern style. Fun for the kiddies.

DOLLAR DIZZY. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Charlie Chase inherits millions and all the gold-diggers chase him. A smart comedy with Thelma Todd as a vamp.

FRESHMAN LOVE. Vitaphone. A snappy short with Ruth Etting's songs against a collegiate background.

HELLO SUCKER. Vitaphone. Hugh O'Connell does a pretty good job with a pretty bad story. Just another night club comedy.

HEROES OF THE FLAME. Universal. And the fireman saved the child! Nice comedy drama with Tim McCoy as the hero.

HUNTING THRILLS. RKO Pathé. An alligator hunt in Florida. One of the most exciting shorts to date with thrills aplenty.

IN CONFERENCE. Educational. Harry Gribbon plays a Hollywood he-man with a falsetto voice; Andy Clyde and George Wilson are producers who want to cancel Harry's contract. Grand burlesque.

LET'S PLAY. Universal. Slim Summerville is a tough sergeant in the Orient. Slim and his buddy get into many mix-ups. Funny in spots.

MICKEY'S STAMPEDE. RKO. Mickey Mouse and his gang play football. Funny incidents and lots of action.

NIGHT CLUB REVELS. Vitaphone. Walter O'Keefe peps this one up with his humorous patter—the Collett Sisters and the Muriel Abbott Dancers are also present.

OPENING NIGHT. Vitaphone. A corking burlesque on premiere nights in New York with Dorothy Sands, Tom P. Jackson and Leo Hoyt handing out the laughs.

PARAMOUNT PICTORIAL. Paramount. Lowell Thomas conducts a brief but interesting tour of India. Educational as well as entertaining.

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS NO. 6. Columbia. Eddie Buzzell does a good job as master of ceremonies introducing Hollywood and sporting world celebrities.

THE COWCATCHER'S DAUGHTER. Educational. A clever cowboy burlesque with lots of laughs including Harry Gribbon, Marjorie Beebe and Andy Clyde.

THE FIREMAN. Universal. An Oswald cartoon with the rabbit taking his girl to the firemen's picnic but her pesty brother spoils the fun.

THE PUTTER. Warner Brothers. Whether you're a golf enthusiast or not, you'll like this. Dick Barthelmess introduces Bobby Jones and Bobby gives a few tips on golf. There's comedy, too, by Joe E. Brown and Frank Craven.

THE TRIANGLE MURDER. Educational. The latest of the William Burns detective series—all about a murder committed in the presence of the police. Interesting.

The Stage in Review—Continued from page 65

about to enter his office. A corking beginning, and we all settled down to yelp across the aisles, "Who do you think?"

The Finger of Suspicion (which needs manicuring, technically speaking, in two or three places in this play by Peter Leister) whirls around hither and thither and you like a weathervane in hell when it finally settles on *Policeman Dugan*, who first discovered the corpse. It rests there until this day. By the time you read this *Dugan* has probably been electrocuted and "The Rap" is being rehearsed for Hollywood.

Not a bad show. I enjoy these old dime-novel thrills, although approaching my hundredth birthday!

"Precedent"

The old Provincetown Theatre, with newly numbered seats, got all brushed up again for Mooney and Billings. The play

about these two martyrs (maybe) to labor was written by a Chicago lawyer, I. J. Golden. It is called "Precedent," and while it is crude in spots, labored in others, and at all times directly but not insistently propagandist, it must be confessed that it makes a solid appeal as simple photographic drama.

It is in ten scenes and follows the fortunes of *Delaney*, a labor organizer (who is a combination of Mooney-Billings), from the frame-up by a utilities magnate through all the faked evidence, the hearing before the Governor, and, finally, to a scene in the cell in this very year of grace and hokum.

The most delightful incident of the evening was the razzing and booing by the audience when the crooked State's attorney came before the curtain. A tribute to William Bonelli, who played the part. The rest of the company needed more drilling.

Truth About Cosmetics—Continued from page 94

those very chic compromises that clever girls will want to use. Like all Lenthéric products this "Huile Lenthéric" comes in a stunning bottle that you'll be proud to have on your dressing table.

Fashion says that we are going back to delicate, youthful complexions, to keep us in tune with the frilly new summer clothes. I think this will be pretty true and generally observed. And certainly girls who do observe it will have to change their whole make-up scheme. We all were pretty "red Indian" last summer, and violent lipsticks, dark powders, and oh-so-vivid rouges have become monotonous even though startling. To be an old-fashioned girl once more, even in appearance only, may be rather charming after all.

Primrose House has recognized this need and has put out a new powder in a shade called "Rose Petal." It is a warm pink tone, very soft and flattering. The powder is moderately heavy, as a summer powder should be, as too light a one blows off and too heavy a one gets your face all gummy on hot days. The packaging on this powder is delightful. The box is palest yellow outlined in silver with a big silver monogram on the fastener. And

these powder packages that close tightly are fine for traveling, as you probably learned many vacations ago. The Primrose Powder is priced \$3.00 but it will go a long way.

Two other houses, trying to be helpful along these lines, are putting out tiny "tint cards" giving dabs of their rouges and lipsticks in all their colors so that you may try them out at home and discover which colors are quite the best for you.

Coty, which always does things amusingly and cleverly, is putting out their little test card in the form of an artist's palette. Louis Philippe, who makes that divine Incarnat lipstick—the kind that won't come off—puts out a more modest little square card, but both houses have sweetly volunteered that they will be glad to send these cards to any of my readers who desire them. For the Coty card, address "Elizabette" of Coty, 714 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Louis Philippe you can reach at 100 Smith Street, Port Chester, N. Y., and just ask for their shade selector. I'm sure you will find both of these worth sending for and the products themselves are so well known they do not require additional recommendation. But if they did, I'd gladly give it.

Do you read Mary Lee every month? Don't miss her authoritative—and amusing—comment on the newest, smartest, and safest powders, soaps, perfumes, and other exciting cosmetics.



Bebe Daniels' pet hobby is perfumes in bottles of all shapes and sizes. Here's Bebe and her priceless perfume cabinet.



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Slams and Salvos—Continued from page 97

four year old child who demanded tearfully, "What are the boys doing to Charlie?" He was promptly hushed up.

I crept from the theatre. Give the audience back their custard pies—that's all they understand. Main Street—Broadway. Gopher Prairie—New York. They are not so far apart, after all.

LESTER ASHEIM,
1819 12th Avenue,
Seattle, Washington.

THAT RICH CHARM

Movieland to me will always be linked with that most charming star, Irene Rich. Passing by her attractive home one eve, I visualized in my mind her genuineness as I had seen it so often portrayed on the cinema screen. Hers is a lasting beauty and unaffected charm as I had always believed and always will. Who could forget her sincerity in "Ned McCobb's Daughter" and "Craig's Wife"? Someday, somehow, somewhere, I hope to meet her in person.

DOROTHY FANNING,
1231 Webster Street,
San Francisco, Calif.

SPEAK AMERICAN

It has taken me most of my life to learn to play Beethoven, and so when I saw a girl, like Joan Crawford was supposed to have been in "Dance, Fools, Dance," one assiduously engaged in the art of perfect smoking, perfect swimming, and perfect dancing—"snort off" the *Moonlight Sonata* (even à la Jazz) without a flaw, it made me realize what a wonderful thing a reproducing piano is!

How contradictory this girl! Cultured enough to say "bean" for been, but not cultured enough to spell exaggerate and parallel correctly.

It may be all right for Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, and other Englishmen to speak English as Englishmen speak it with their "beans," "cawn'ts," "leftenant," "lug-gage," *et cetera*, but for the sake and love of everything American, why not have Americans be natural and speak American?

H. E. SCHIMMEL,
14 N. W. 8th St.,
Faribault, Minn.

**A PLEA FOR BETTER
OPERETTAS**

I saw the German screen operetta, "Zwei Herzen im 3/4 Takt." It made me jealous of the Germans who can hear such plays frequently. Why can't we have plays like this? Our "singies," Jeanette MacDonald variety, are so artificial. The songs seem to be dragged in by the heels; action stops while the heroine breaks gaily into irrelevant song.

In this German operetta, the music belonged there; the songs were truly a part of the story; they were a delight to listen to.

I saw the play ten times, and it was in German, too, and the only German I know is *ja* and *nein*. I cannot remember ever having had the courage to sit through an American musical comedy twice. So, please, can't something be done about it? I'm dreadfully poor and I don't know how I'll ever raise enough money for passage to Germany!

EMILY H. HUCKER,
28 Elam Place,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Write in to this department—give us
your views of the stars and screenplays.



Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor played in a picture together and ever since then Hollywood has reported them engaged.

Screen News—Continued from page 93

years, turns very blonde. Aileen Pringle and Carmel Myers did it too. If Pola Negri comes back she'll find the brunette market very weak. Someone has even been trying to persuade Gloria Swanson to bleach.

Have to be rich to boss your own shows in Hollywood. It seems strange to hear of such people as Mary and Doug, Chester Morris, Ann Harding, Gloria Swanson, demanding "freedom" to select their own rôles and pictures. It transpires that Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and Buster Keaton are really the only ones who have been entirely "free" all these years.

Still, of course, Mary and Doug have been practically "free" except for certain financial overlords—and Mary told me only a few months ago that she was really happier when someone else had the responsibility of bossing her screen career. She wasn't at all sure her own judgment was best.

To promote a picture at the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles, the studio had Mary Brian act as an usher. "No one recognized me for ages," grins Mary, "but finally a boy said I was Mary Brian and the girl denied it. Presently she accosted me with 'Say, when did you quit making pictures?'"

Mae Marsh burst into fame under the D. W. Griffith banner in the days of "The Birth of a Nation" and "The White Rose." Then matrimony, babies—and now her small 11-year-old daughter wants to be shown. Was mother ever really an actress? So Mae is signed with Fox and is all excited as to whether she can make the grade in talkies so the three babies will continue to be proud of her.

Another "women" complex on the way. Titles run in vogues—"Women of All Nations," "Women Love Once," "God's Gift to Women," "Expensive Women,"—and "The Impatient Virgin," "Lady of Resource," "Confessions of a Co-Ed," "Merely Mary Ann," "Débutante," "Susan Lennox," "Girls Together," "The Behaviour of Mrs. Crane," "Queen of Hollywood," "The Registered Woman," "Left-Over Ladies," "Meet the Wife," "Good Bad Girl," "The Miracle Woman," "Night Nurse," "Gold Dust Gertie," all give ample indication that the day of the all-male picture's triumph was short-lived. Feminism on the war path again!

When the poor men do get into the titles they have to be "Blind Husbands," "Travelling Husbands," "Virtuous Husbands," or become involved in "Bachelor Apartments."

The unsung doubles who "stand in" for the stars have formed a Hollywood Doubles Revue which promises to be a good vaudeville stunt. Geraldine D'Vorack, who has "stood in" for Garbo, is to be featured.

Adele Watson is an interesting Hollywood character—she has played minor rôles, such as maids, in pictures for fourteen years. In fact, while stars come and go, Adele goes on forever, making a first class living. But it was not ever thus—time was when Adele could take a glorious high E flat and played in musical comedy with John Barrymore, 25 years ago. But because she never was much on looks, her job was to be in the front row of the chorus, right behind the star, who would get all the credit and applause for those clear high E flats.

Can you picture the confident, successful Bebe Daniels of today once applying to Harold Lloyd for a job as his leading lady when she was only 15 years old, and garbed in an old blue suit belonging to her auntie? They turned her away saying they wanted a blonde—but her salesmanship was good in those days, too—and she duly won the job, which lasted four years.

Coupled with William Farnum's comeback to the screen, his wife sues him for divorce, after many years of married life.

All the same, I recently gathered some data on the Darbies and Joans of Hollywood—anyway, those married more than 10 years, and there were 57 couples. These included such people as the George Arlisses, Joseph Cawthorns, George Fawcetts, Cecil De Milles, Claude Gillingwaters, Claire McDowell and her Charlie Mailles and so on. Dear old Mr. and Mrs. Jay Hunt take the bunch of orange blossoms with 53 years of happy married life together and still sweethearts. Jay, by the way, is writing his memoirs.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., undertook the task of writing hundreds of appealing letters to all the actors for contributions to the Actors' Relief Fund this year. But they report that they were such engaging letters that they all rushed for their check books right away!

A cute little blonde we are likely to hear from is Polly Walters, age 19, dainty and fairylike. She is the little pest who plagues everyone in "Expensive Women" and does it diabolically well. Polly has a contract with Warners, which she secured in New York while she was vaudevilleing with Eddie Cantor. They sent her west, but when she arrived the Hollywood studio had never heard of her and snubbed her. Five days later she was about to return to New York with hauteur when the contract arrived.

She is the most self-possessed atom, chews gum nonchalantly, has the loveliest soulful eyes, an adorable mouth which quivers with mischief, and giggles deliciously when she explains that, strictly in the play, Warren Williams has to kick her in the pants.

Polly comes from Columbus, Ohio, where she went to the Roosevelt Grammar School, and almost got through the North High School. "Oh, I was a simply awful pupil," she assures one with shocked seriousness, as she waggles her blonde curls. She also assures us she has never been in love yet, thank you!

So Polly is quite different from this new vogue for the older women which has almost crowded the baby cuties off the screen. It's your Ruth Chattertons, Norma Shearers, Constance Bennetts, and all the married ladies who are snatching the bouquets in films today, and it's the experienced older girls who are being snapped up by the studios on all sides à la Lois Wilson, Doris Kenyon, Dolores Costello, Eleanor Boardman, and so on. Baby Stars are practically *non est*—but oh, those darlings had a long, long session, in which screen actresses were considered passé at 25.

When the lady stars vote like good citizens in Hollywood—which many of them do—they have to sign themselves Bebe Lyon, Ann Bannister, Dolores Barrymore, Norma Thalberg, etc. It causes no end of flutter at the voting stations when these dazzling dames undertake this civic duty and clerks brag of having handed them their voting slips.

TRY TO GUESS THESE EYES!



This darling of the New York stage, who is now appearing in Universal Pictures' sensation "Seed," is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall, weighs 105 lbs., and has reddish gold hair and green eyes. See below*.

so soothing to golfers' eyes!

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When
were
you
Born



Irene looks more like a débutante than an actress. Her next picture will be "The Great Lover," opposite Adolphe Menjou.

DUNNE LUCK

But it isn't all luck—talent plays a large part in Irene Dunne's success

By
Evelyn Ballarine

covered Dr. Dunne—er—Griffin. He remained in the background. He's a handsome man! The Griffins have been married for three years and the marriage has been kept a secret for publicity reasons. It isn't considered good publicity for a screen heroine to have a husband. However, it isn't Irene's fault that you didn't know she was married, as she is very proud of her doctor husband.

Irene entered pictures when the vogue for song and dance films was at its peak. She had (and still has) a lovely soprano voice and stage experience, having played in "Sweetheart Time," "Irene," "The Clinging Vine," and in the road company of "Show Boat." Radio Pictures signed her and Irene made her début in "Leathernecking," but let's

WHEN an actress gives a tea to the press, that's nothing. But when an actress' bosses give a tea for her—that's something! A girl should know that when the company to whom she is under contract tenders her that kind of reception, it means stardom. And if Irene Dunne doesn't know it—we're telling her!

But getting an interview at one of these teas is about as hard as learning how to play the piccolo via the correspondence course. However, undaunted, we arrived unfashionably early determined to talk with Miss Dunne before the other scribblers arrived. We sat with Miss Dunne in a little room while she performed the last minute rites, such as powdering her tip-tilted nose, before facing her guests.

I don't know whether this is going to be disillusioning or not—but Irene doesn't look any more like an actress than you, or you, or you! She looks more like a débutante. Irene was dressed in a smart gray crêpe frock with a touch of jade and a wide band of gray fox fur on the sleeves of her dress. She wore a smart gray turban with a jade clip and gray shoes and stockings. She isn't beautiful but she is charming. She looks intelligent and what's more she *is*!

Irene's hair is blonde and her eyes are blue. Her startling success in "Cimarron" hasn't affected her unfavorably; in fact, she wears the same head-size as she did when she played in road-show musical comedies, and she has both feet firmly on the ground.

Before the tea had reached that glowy, chummy stage, whispers went the rounds that Miss Dunne is really Mrs. F. D. Griffin; and that her husband, a doctor, was also one of the guests. By the process of elimination we dis-

not go into that—it was a pretty bad picture. The only bright spot in the film was when Irene sang—and she sang only one song!

After that Irene sat and sat, waiting for a studio call for months, but nothing happened and she was discouraged. Then suddenly came the announcement that Miss Dunne was to have the coveted rôle of *Sabra Cravat* in "Cimarron." There was a wail of disappointment—many well known and established stars had taken tests for the part—and it was given to Irene Dunne, an unknown, and a musical comedy actress at that! It was incredible—imagine a musical comedy actress playing a dramatic rôle! It isn't necessary to go into a rave about Irene's acting in "Cimarron"—it's a well-known fact. Anyway, let's get back to the tea before it gets cold.

Irene had sung over the radio the night before for the first time, and was a little worried about how she went over. (She needn't have been.) She had been seeing Broadway plays and was particularly impressed with Herbert Marshall's performance in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." And she was quite thrilled because she was leaving for Honolulu the following day, for a vacation.

We asked Miss Dunne if she liked pictures and she said, "Of course, I like playing in pictures, but the stage is my first love and always will be." So that's that. Miss Dunne is studying for the concert stage and is aiming at the Metropolitan Opera and it's our guess that she'll make it.

However, it will be a long time before we lose Irene to the stage because Radio has her under a long term starring contract. And besides, she likes the talkies and the microphone likes her and the fans like her, so figure it out for yourself!

As told to Princess Pat by 10,000 Men

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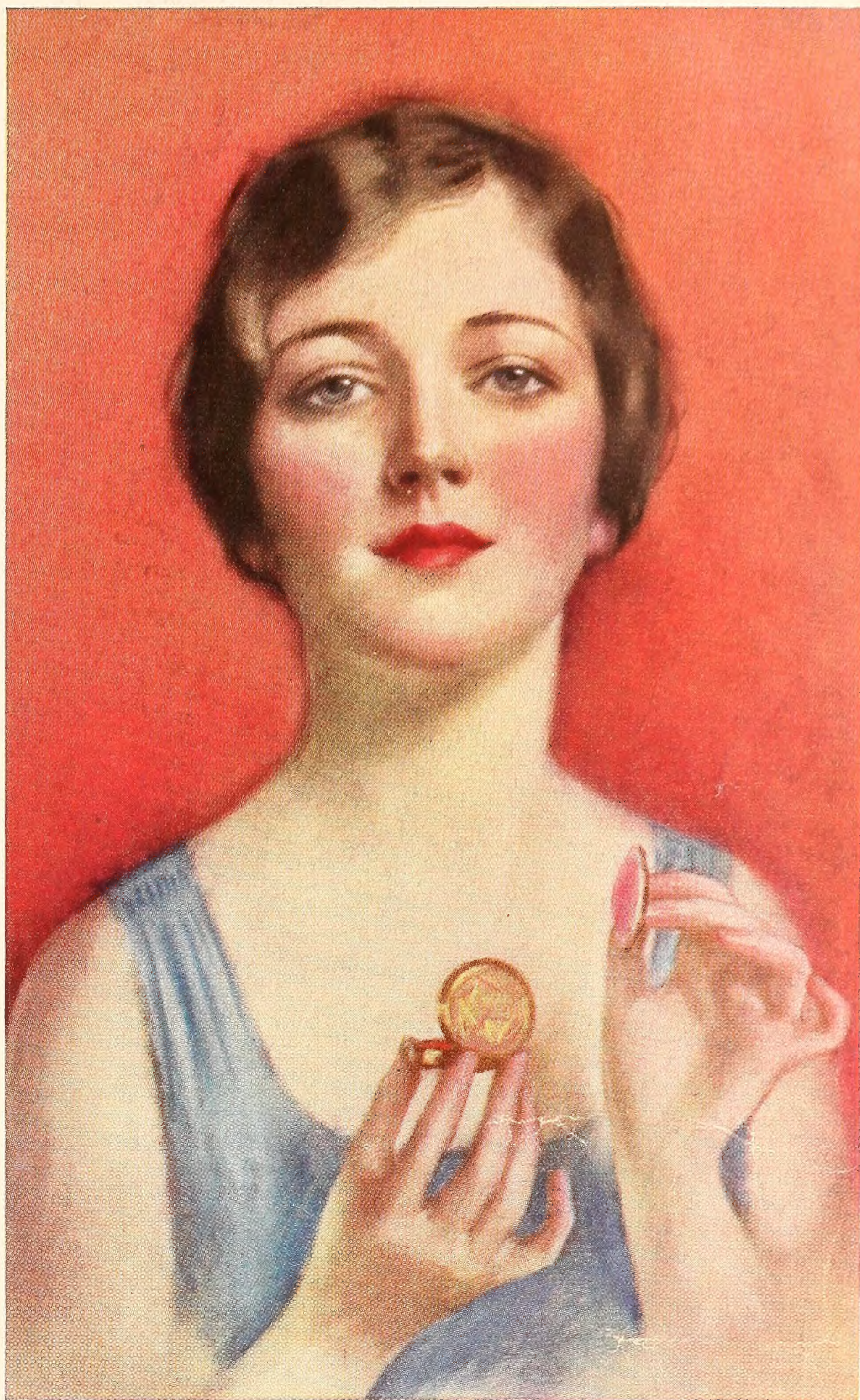
The men, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind, for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge does look unreal.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world*. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Powder Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing almond base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent almond base—instead of starch.

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